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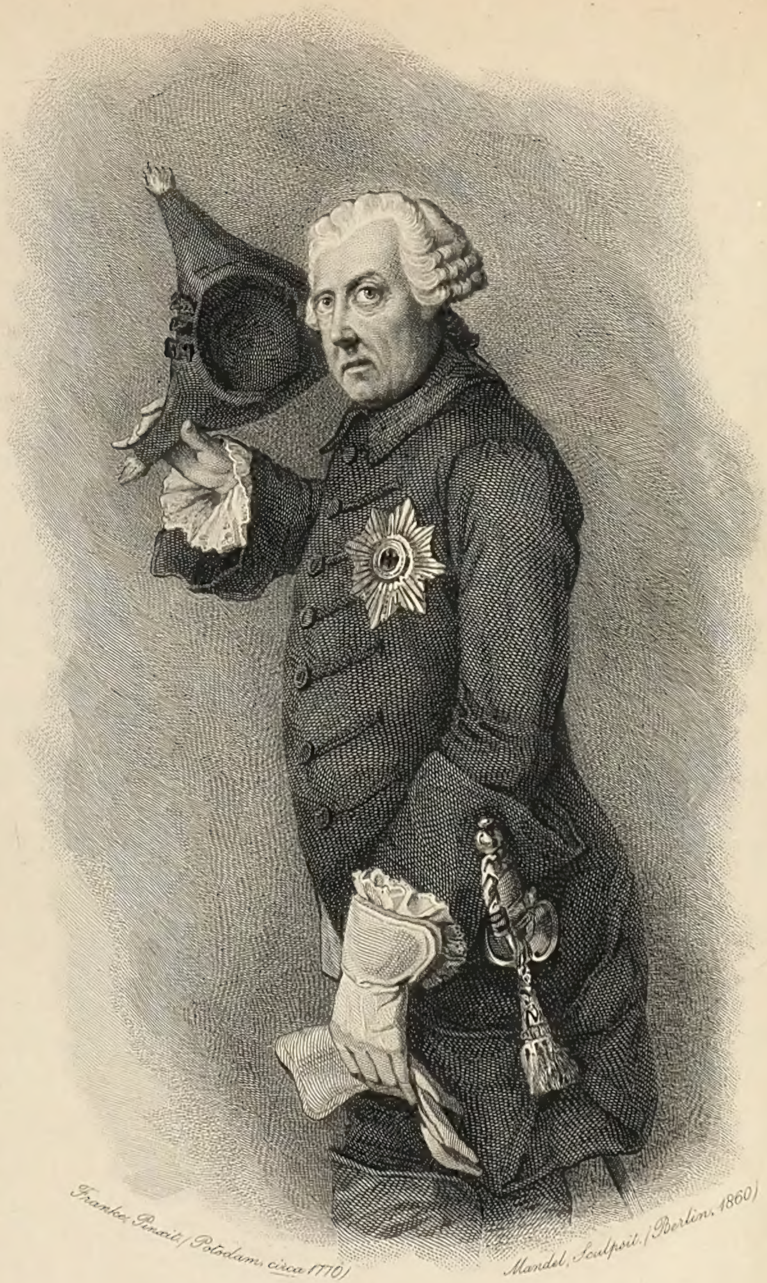
THOMAS CARLYLE

IN THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XVII

HISTORY OF
FREDERICK THE GREAT

VI



Franke, Pinxit. (Potsdam, circa 1770)   Mandel, Sculpsit. (Berlin, 1860)

FRIEDRICH II KÖNIG IN PREUSSEN.

(Ætatis 58.)

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THOMAS CARLYLE

HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA
CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME VI

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BOOK XVII

THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR: FIRST CAMPAIGN

1756—1757

CHAPTER I

WHAT FRIEDRICH HAD READ IN THE MENZEL DOCUMENTS

The ill-informed world, entirely unaware of what Friedrich had been studying and ascertaining, to his bitter sorrow, for four years past, was extremely astonished at the part he took in those French-English troubles; extremely provoked at his breaking-out again into a Third Silesian War, greater than all the others, and kindling all Europe in such a way. The ill-informed world rang violently, then and long after, with a Controversy, 'Was it of his beginning, or Not of his beginning?' Controversy, which may in our day be considered as settled by unanimous mankind; finished forever; and can now have no interest for any creature.

Omitting that, our problem is (were it possible in brief compass), To set forth, by what authentic traits there are, —not the 'ambitious,' 'audacious,' voracious and highly condemnable Friedrich of the Gazetteers,—but the thrice-intricately situated Friedrich of Fact. What the Facts privately known to Friedrich were, in what manner known; and how, in a more complex crisis than had yet been, Friedrich demeaned himself: upon which latter point, and those cognate to it, readers ought not to be ignorant, if now fallen indifferent on so many other points of the Affair. What a loud-roaring, loose and empty matter is this tornado of vociferation, which men call 'Public Opinion'! Tragically howling round a man; who has to stand silent the while; and scan, wisely under pain of death, the altogether inarticulate, dumb and inexorable matter which the gods call Fact! Friedrich did read his terrible Sphinx-riddle; the Gazetteer tornado did pipe and blow. King Friedrich, in contrast with his environment at that time, will most likely never be portrayed to modern men in his real proportions, real aspect and attitude then and there,—which are silently not a little heroic and even pathetic, when well seen into;—and, for certain, he is not portrayable at present, on our side of the Sea. But what hints and fractions of feature we authentically have, ought to be given with exactitude, especially with brevity, and left to the ingenuous imagination of readers.

The secret sources of the Third Silesian War, since called 'Seven-Years War, go back to 1745; nay, we may say, to the First Invasion of Silesia in 1740. For it was in Maria Theresa's incurable sorrow at loss of Silesia, and her inextinguishable hope to reconquer it, that this and all Friedrich's other Wars had their origin. Twice she had signed Peace with Friedrich, and solemnly ceded Silesia to him: but that too, with the Imperial Lady, was by no means a finis to the business. Not that she meant to break her Treaties; far from her such a thought,—in the conscious form. Though, alas, in the unconscious, again, it was always rather near! Practically, she reckoned to herself, these Treaties would come to be broken, as Treaties do not endure forever; and then, at the good moment, she did purpose to be ready. 'Silesia back to us; Pragmatic Sanction complete in every point! Was not that our dear Father's will, monition of all our Fathers and their Patriotisms and Traditionary Heroisms; and in fact, the behest of gods and men?' Ten years ago, this notion had been cut-down to apparent death, in a disastrous manner, for the second time. But it did not die in the least: it never thinks of dying; starts always anew, passionate to produce itself again as action valid at last; and lives in the Imperial Heart with a tenacity that is strange to observe. Still stranger, in the envious Valet-Heart,—in that of Brühl, who had far less cause!

The Peace of Dresden, Christmas 1745, seemed to be an act of considerable magnanimity on Friedrich's part. It was, at the first blush of it, 'incredible' to Harrach, the Austrian Plenipotentiary; whose embarrassed, astonished bow we remember on that occasion, with English Villiers shedding pious tears. But what is very remarkable withal is a thing since discovered:[1] That Harrach, magnanimous signature hardly yet dry, did then straightway, by order of his Court, very privately inquire of Brühl, 'There is Peace, you see; what they call Peace:—but our *Treaty of Warsaw*, for Partition of this magnanimous man, stands all the same; doesn't it?' To which, according to the Documents, Brühl, hardly escaped from the pangs of death, and still in a very pale-yellow condition, had answered in effect, 'Hah, say you so? One's hatred is eternal;—but that man's iron heel! Wait a little; get Russia to join in the scheme!'—and hung back; the willing mind, but the too terrified! And in this way, like a famishing dog in sight of a too dangerous leg of mutton, Brühl has ever since rather held back; would not reëngage at all, for almost two years, even on the Czarina's engaging; and then only in a cautious, conditional and hypothetic manner,—though with famine increasing day by day in sight of the desired viands. His hatred is fell; but he would fain escape with back unbroken.

How Friedrich discovered the Mystery. Concerning Menzel and Weingarten

Friedrich has been aware of this mystery, at least wide awake to it and becoming ever more instructed, for almost four years. Traitor Menzel the Saxon Kanzellist,—we, who have prophetically read what he had to confess when laid hold of, are aware, though as yet, and on to 1757, it is a dead secret to all mortals but himself and 'three others,'—has been busy for Prussia ever since 'the end of 1752.' Got admittance to the Presses; sent his first Excerpt 'about the time of Easter-Fair 1753,'—time of Voltaire's taking wing. And has been at work ever since. Copying Despatches from the most secret Saxon Repositories; ready always on Excellency Maltzahn's indicating the Piece wanted; and of late, I should think, is busier than ever, as the Saxon Mystery, which is also an Austrian and Russian one, gets more light thrown into it, and seems to be fast ripening towards action of a perilous nature. The first Excerpts furnished by Menzel, readers can judge how enigmatic they were. These Menzel Papers, copies mainly of Petersburg or Vienna *Despatches* to Brühl, with Brühl's *Answers*,—the principal of which were subsequently printed in their best arrangement and liveliest point of vision,[1]—are by no means a luminous set of Documents to readers at this day. Think what a study they were at Potsdam in 1753, while still in the chaotic state; fished-out, more or less at random, as Menzel could lay hold of them, or be directed to them; the enigma clearing itself only by intense inspection, and capability of seeing in the dark!

---

[1] *Infra*, next Note (p. 4).

It appears,—if you are curious on the anecdotic part,—

> 'Winterfeld was the first that got eye on this dangerous Saxon Mystery; some Ex-Saxon, about to settle in Berlin, giving hint of it to Winterfeld; who needed only a hint. So soon as Winterfeld convinced himself that there was weight in the affair, he imparted it to Friedrich:

---

[1] In Friedrich's Manifestos, chiefly in *Mémoire Raisonné sur la Conduite des Cours de Vienne et de Saxe* (Compiled from the *Menzel Originals*, so soon as these were got hold of: Berlin, Autumn 1756). A solid and able Paper; rapidly done, by one Count Herzberg, who rose high in after-times. Reprinted, with many other 'Pieces' and 'Passages,' in *Gesammelte Nachrichten und Urkunden*,—which is a 'Collection' of such (2 voll., 113 Nos. small 8vo, no Place, 1757, my Copy of it).

"Scheme of partitioning, your Majesty, of picking quarrel, then overwhelming and partitioning; most serious scheme, Austrian-Russian as well as Saxon; going on steadily for years past, and very lively at this time!" If true, Friedrich cannot but admit that this is serious enough: important, thrice over, to discover whether it is true;—and gives Winterfeld authority to prosecute it to the bottom, in Dresden or wherever the secret may lie. Who thereupon charged Maltzahn, the Prussian Minister at Dresden, to find some proper Menzel, and bestir himself. How Maltzahn has found his Menzel, and has bestirred himself, we saw. Thief-keys were made to pattern in Berlin; first set did not fit, second did; and stealthy Menzel gains admittance to that Chamber of the Archives, can steal thither on shoes of felt when occasion serves, and copy what you wish,—for a consideration. Intermittently, since about Easter-Fair 1753. Three persons are cognisant of it, Winterfeld, Maltzahn, Friedrich; three, and no more. Probably the abstrusest study, and the most intense, going-on in the world at that epoch.[1]

'At a very early stage of the Menzel Excerpts it became manifest that certain synchronous Austrian Ditto would prove highly elucidative; that, in fact, it would be indispensable to get hold of these as well. Which also Winterfeld has managed to do. A deep-headed man, who has his eyes about him; and is very apt to manage what he undertakes. One Weingarten Junior, a Secretary in the Austrian Embassy at Berlin (Excellency Peubla's second Secretary), has his acquaintanceships in Berlin Society; and for one thing, as Winterfeld discovers, is "madly in love" with some Chambermaid or quasi-chambermaid (let us call her Chambermaid), "Daughter of the Castellan at Charlottenburg." Winterfeld, through the due channels, applied to this Chambermaid, "Get me a small secret Copy of such and such Despatches, out of your Weingarten; it will be well for you and him; otherwise perhaps not well!" Chambermaid, hope urging, or perhaps hope and fear, did her best; Weingarten had to yield the required product and products, as required. By this Weingarten, from some date not long after Menzel's first mysterious Dresden Excerpts, the necessary Austrian glosses, so far as possible to Weingarten on the indications given him, have been regularly had, for the two or three years past.

'Weingarten first came to be seriously suspected June 1756 (Weingarten Junior, let us still say, for there was a Senior of unstained fidelity); "June 15th," Excellency Peubla pointedly demands him from Friedrich and the Berlin Police: "Weingarten Junior, my *second* Secretär, fugitive and traitor; hidden somewhere!"[2] Excellency Peubla is answered, 24th June: "We would so fain catch him, if we could! We have tried at Stendal,—not there: tried his Mother-in-law; knows nothing: have forborne laying-up his poor Wife and Children; and hope her Imperial Majesty will have pity on that poor creature, who is fallen so miserable."[1] So that Excellency Peubla had nothing for it but to compose himself; to honour the unstainable fidelity of Weingarten Senior by a public piece of promotion, which soon ensued; and let the Junior run. Weingarten Junior, on the first suspicion, had vanished with due promptitude,—was not to be unearthed again. We perceive he has married his Charlottenburg Beauty, and there are helpless babies. It seems "he lived long years after, in the Altmark, as a Herr von Weiss,"—his reflections manifold, but unknown.[2] What is much notabler, Cogniazzo, the Austrian Veteran, heard Weingarten's *Master*, Graf von Peubla, talk of the "*grand mystère*," soon after, and how Friedrich had heard of it, not from Weingarten alone, but from Gross-Fürst *Peter*, Russian Heir-Apparent![3]

---

[1] Retzow, *Charakteristik des Siebenjährigen Krieges* (Berlin, 1802), i. 23.

[2] '*Berlin, 22d June*: Every research making for Mr. Weingatten,—in vain hitherto' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi., *i.e.* for 1756, p. 363).

'As to Menzel, he did not get away. Menzel, as we saw, lasted in free activity till 1757; and was then put under lock and key. Was not hanged; sat prisoner for twenty-seven years after; overgrown with hair, legs and arms chained together, heavy iron-bar uniting both ankles; diet bread-and-water;—for the rest, healthy; and died, not very miserable it is said, in 1784. Shocking traitors, Weingarten and he.'

Yes, a diabolical pair, they, sure enough:—and the thing they betrayed against their Masters, was that a celestial thing? Servants of the Devil do fall out; and Servants not of the Devil are fain, sometimes, to raise a quarrel of that kind!—

The then world, as we said, was one loud uproar of logic on the right reading and the wrong of those Sibylline Documents: 'Did your King of Prussia interpret them aright, or even try it? Did not he use them as a cloak for highway robbery, and swallowing of a peaceable Saxony, bad man that he surely is?' For Friedrich's demeanour, this time again, when it came to the acting point, was of eminent rapidity; almost a swifter lion-spring than ever; and it brought on him, in the aerial or vocal way, its usual result: huge clamour of rage and logic from uninformed mankind. Clamorous rage and logic, which has now sunk irresuscitably dead;—nothing of it much worth mentioning to modern readers, scarcely even its *Hic Jacet* (in Footnotes, for the benefit of the curious!)—and it is, at last, a thing not doubtful to anybody that Friedrich, in that matter, did read aright. So that now the loud uproar is reduced to one small question with us, What did he read in those Menzel Documents? What fact lying in them was it that Friedrich had to read? Here, smelted-down by repeated roastings, is succinct answer;—for the ultimate fragment of incombustible, here as elsewhere, will go into a nutshell, once the continents of Diplomatist-Gazetteer logic and disorderly stable-litter, threatening to heap themselves over the very stars, have been faithfully burnt away.

---

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 713.

[2] Retzow, i. 37.

[3] Cogniazzo, i. 225.

Readers heard of a 'Union of Warsaw,' early in 1745, concluded by the Sea-Powers and the Saxon-Polish and Hungarian Majesties: very harmless *Union* of Warsaw, public to all the world,—but with a certain thrice-secret '*Treaty* of Warsaw' (between Polish and Hungarian Majesty themselves two, the Sea-Powers being horror-struck by mention of it) which had followed thereupon, in an eager and wonderful manner. Thrice-secret Treaty, for Partitioning Friedrich, and settling the respective shares of his skin. Treaty which, to denote its origin, we called of Warsaw; though it was not finished there (shares of skin so difficult to settle), and 'Treaty of *Leipzig*, 18th May 1745,' is its *alias* in Books:—of which Treaty, as the Sea-Powers had recoiled horror-struck, there was no whisper farther, to them or to the rest of exoteric mankind;—though it has been one of the busiest Entities ever since. From the Menzel Documents, I know not after what circuitous gropings and searchings, Friedrich first got notice of that Treaty:[1] figure his look on discovering it!

We said it was the remarkablest bit of sheepskin in its Century. Readers have heard too, That it was proposed to Brühl, by a grateful Austria, directly on signing the Peace of Dresden: 'Our Partition-Treaty stands all the same, does it not?'—and in what humour Brühl answered: 'Hah? Get Russia to join!' Both these facts, That there is a Treaty of Warsaw, and that this is the Austrian-Saxon temper and intention towards him and it, Friedrich learned from the Menzel Documents. And if the reader will possess himself of these two facts, and understand that they are of a germinative, most vital quality, indestructible by the times and the chances; and have been growing and developing themselves, day and night ever since, in a truly wonderful manner,—the reader knows in substance what Menzel had to reveal.

---

[1] Now printed in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 40-42.

Russia was got to join;—there are methods of operating on Russia, and kindling a poor fat Czarina into strange suspicions and indignations. In May 1746, within six months of the Peace of Dresden, a Treaty of Petersburg, new version of the Warsaw one, was brought to parchment; Czarina and Empress-Queen signing,—Brühl dying to sign, but not daring. How Russia has been got to join, and more and more vigorously bear a hand; how Brühl's rabidities of appetite, and terrors of heart, have continued ever since; how Austria and Russia,—Brühl aiding with hysterical alacrity, haunted by terror (and at last mercifully *excused* from signing),—have, year after year, especially in this last year 1755, brought the matter nearer and nearer perfection; and the Two Imperial Majesties, with Brühl to rear, wait only till they are fully ready, and the world gives opportunity, to pick a quarrel with Friedrich, and overwhelm and partition him, according to covenant: This, wandering through endless mazes of detail, is in sum what the Menzel Documents disclose to Friedrich and us. How, in a space of ten years, the small seedgrain of a Treaty of Warsaw, or Treaty of Petersburg, planted and nourished in that manner, in the Satan's Invisible World, has grown into a mighty Tree there,—prophetic of Facts near at hand; which were extremely sanguinary to the Human Race for the next Seven Years.

This is the sum-total: but for Friedrich's sake, and to illustrate the situation, let us take a few glances more, into the then Satan's Invisible World, which had become so ominously busy round Friedrich and others. The Czarina, we say, was got to engage; 22d May 1746, there came a Treaty of Petersburg duly valid, which is that of Warsaw under a new name: and still Brühl durst not, for above a year coming,—not till August 15th, 1747;[1] and then, only in a hypothetic half-and-half way, with fear and trembling, though with hunger unspeakable, in sight of the viands. A very wretched Brühl, as seen in these Menzel Documents. On poor Polish Majesty Brühl has played the sorcerer, this long while, and ridden him, as he would an enchanted quadruped, in a shameful manner: but how, in turn (as we study Menzel), is Brühl himself hag-ridden, hunted by his own devils, and leads such a ghastly phantasmal existence yonder, in the Valley of the Shadow of *Clothes*,—mere Clothes, metaphorical and literal![1] Wretched Brühl, agitated with hatreds of a rather infernal nature, and with terrors of a not celestial, comes-out on our sympathies, as a dog almost pitiable,—were that possible, with twelve tailors sewing for him, and a Saxony getting shoved over the precipices by him.

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[1] *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 459.

A famishing dog in the most singular situation. What he dare do, he does, and with such a will. But there is almost only one thing safe to him: that of egging-on the Czarina against Friedrich; of coining lies to kindle Czarish Majesty; of wafting on every wind rumours to that end, and continually besieging with them the empty Czarish mind. Brühl has many Conduits, 'the Sieur de Funck,' 'the Sieur Gross,' plenty of Legationary Sieurs and Conduits;—which issue from all quarters on Petersburg, and which find there a Reservoir, and due Russian *service-pipes*, prepared for them; —and Brühl is busy. 'Commerce of Dantzig to be ruined,' suggests he, 'that is plain: look at his Asiatic Companies, his Port of Embden. Poland is to be stirred-up;—has not your Czarish Majesty heard of his intrigues there? Courland, which is almost become your Majesty's,—cunningly snatched by your Majesty's address, like a valuable moribund whale adrift among the shallows,—this bad man will have it out to sea again, with the harpoons in it; fairly afloat amid the Polish Anarchies again!' These are but specimens of Brühl. Or we can give such in Brühl's own words, if the reader had rather. Here are Two, which have the advantage of brevity:

1°. * * The Sieur de Funck, Saxon Minister at Petersburg, wrote to Count Brühl, 9th July 1755 (says an inexorable Record),

'That the Sieur Gross' (now Minister of Russia at Dresden, who vanished out of Berlin like an angry sky-rocket some years ago) 'would do a good service to the Common Cause, if he wrote to his Court, "That the King of Prussia had found a channel in Courland, by which he learned all the secrets of the Russian Court;"' and Sieur Funck added, 'that it was expected good use could be made of such a story with her Czarish Majesty.'—To which Count Brühl replies, 23d July, 'That he has instructed the Sieur Gross, who will not fail to act in consequence.'

---

[1] '*Montrez-moi des vertus, pas des culottes* (Have you no virtues, then, to show me; nothing but pairs of breeches)!' exclaimed an impatient French Traveller, led about in Brühl's Palace one day: Archenholtz, *Geschichte des Siebenjährigen Krieges*, i. 63.

2°. Sieur Prasse, same Funck's Secretary of Legation, at Petersburg, writes to Count Brühl, 12th April 1756:

'I am bidden signify to your Excellency that it is greatly wished, in order to favour certain views, you would have the goodness to cause arrive in Petersburg, by different channels, the following intelligence: "That the King of Prussia, on pretext of Commerce, is sending officers and engineers into the Ukraine, to reconnoitre the Country and excite a rebellion there." And this advice, be pleased to observe, is not to come direct from the Saxon Court, nor by the Envoy Gross, but by some third party,—to the end there may be no concert noticed;—as they' (*l'on*, the 'service-pipes,' and managing Excellencies, Russian and Austrian) 'have given the same commission to other Ministers, so that the news shall come from more places than one.

'They' (the said managing Excellencies) 'have also required me to write to the Baron de Sack,' our Saxon Minister in Sweden, 'upon it, which I will not fail to do; and they assured me that our Court's advantage was not less concerned in it than that of their own; adding these words' (comfortable to one's soul), '"The King of Prussia" (in 1745) "gave Saxony a blow which it will feel for fifty years; but we will give him one which he will feel for a hundred."'

To which beautiful suggestion Excellency Brühl answers, 2d June 1756: 'As to the Secret Commission of conveying to Petersburg, by concealed channels, Intelligence of Prussian machinations in the Ukraine, we are still busy finding-out a right channel; and they' (*l'on*, the managing Excellencies) 'shall very soon, one way or the other, see the effect of my personal inclination to second what is so good an intention, though a little artful (*un peu artificieuse*,'—*un peu*, nothing to speak of)![1]

Fancy a poor fat Czarina, of many appetites, of little judgment, continually beaten-upon in this manner by these Saxon-Austrian artists and their Russian service-pipes. Bombarded with cunningly-devised fabrications, every wind freighted for her with phantasmal rumours, no ray of direct daylight visiting the poor Sovereign Woman; who is lazy, not malignant if she could avoid it: mainly a mass of esurient oil, with alkali on the back of alkali poured-in, at this rate, for ten years past; till, by pouring and by stirring, they get her to the state of *soap* and froth! Is it so wonderful that she does, by degrees, rise into eminent suspicion, anger, fear, violence and vehemence against her bad neighbour? One at last begins to conceive those insane whirls, continual mad suspicions, mad procedures, which have given Friedrich such vexation, surprise and provocation in the years past.

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[1] *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 424-5; and *ib.* 472.

Friedrich is always specially eager to avoid ill-will from Russia; but it has come, in spite of all he could do and try. And these procedures of the Czarish Majesty have been so capricious, unintelligible, perverse, and his feeling is often enough irritation, temporary indignation,—which we know makes Verses withal! I can nowhere learn from those Prussian imbroglios of Books, what the Friedrich Sayings or Satirical Verses properly were: Retzow speaks of a *Produkt*, one at least, known in interior Circles.[1] *Produkt* which decidedly requires publication, beyond anything Friedrich ever wrote;—though one can do without it too, and invoke Fancy in defect of Print. The sharpness of Friedrich's tongue we know; and the diligence of birds of the air. To all her other griefs against the bad man, this has given the finish in the tender Czarish bosom;—and like an envenomed drop has set the saponaceous oils (already dosed with alkali, and well in solution) foaming deliriously over the brim, in never-imagined deluges of a hatred that is unappeasable;—very costly to Friedrich and mankind. Rising ever higher, year by year; and now risen, to what height judge by the following:

At Petersburg, 14*th*-15*th May* 1753, 'There was Meeting of the Russian Senate, with deliberation held for these two days; and for issue this conclusion come to:

'"That it should be, and hereby is, settled as a fundamental maxim of the Russian Empire, Not only to oppose any farther aggrandisement of the King of Prussia, but to seize the first convenient opportunity for overwhelming (*écraser*), by superior force, the House of Brandenburg" (Hear, hear !), "and reducing it to its former state of mediocrity."'[1] Leg of mutton to be actually gone into. With what an enthusiasm of 'Hear, hear!' from Brühl and kindred parties; especially from Brühl,—who, however, dare not yet bite, except hypothetically, such his terrors and tremors. Or, look again (same Senate,

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[1] Retzow, i. 34.

At Petersburg, October 1755): 'To which Fundamental Maxim, articulately fixed ever since those Maydays of 1753, the august Russian Sanhedrim, deliberating farther in October 1755, adds this remarkable extension,

'"That it is our resolution to attack the King of Prussia without farther discussion, whensoever the said King shall attack any Ally of Russia's, or shall himself be attacked by any of them." Hailed by Brühl, as natural, with his liveliest approval. "A glorious Deliberation, that, indeed!" writes he: "It clears the way of action for Russia's Allies in this matter; and for us too; though nobody can blame us, if we proceed with the extremest caution,"'—and rather wait till the Bear is nearly killed.[2]

Many marvels Friedrich had deciphered out of this Weingarten-Menzel Apocalypse of Satan's Invisible World; and one often fancies Friedrich's tone of mind, in his intense inspecting of that fateful continent of darkness, and his labyrinthic stepping by degrees to the oracular points, which have a light in them when flung open. But in respect of practical interest, this of October 1755 (which would get to Potsdam probably in few weeks after) must have surpassed all the others. Marvels many, one after the other:[3] no doubt left, long since, of the constant disposition, preparation and fixed intention to partition him. But here, in this last indication by the Russian Senate,—which kindles into dismal evidence so many other enigmatic tokens,—there has an ulterior oracular point disclosed itself to Friedrich; in vaguer condition, but not less indubitable, and much more perilous: namely, That now, at last (end of 1755), the Two Imperial Majesties, very eager both, consider that the time is come. And are,—as Friedrich looks abroad on the Austrian-Russian marchings of troops, campings, and unusual military symptoms and combinations,—visibly preparing to that end.

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[1] *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 421.

[2] *Ibid.* i. 422.

[3] For example, or n recapitulation: a Treaty of Warsaw or Leipzig, to partition him (18th May 1745); Treaty of Petersburg (22d May 1746, new form of Warsaw Treaty, with Czarina superadded); tremulous Quasi-Accession thereto of his Polish Majesty (most tremulous, hypothetic Quasi-Accession, 'Yes-*and*-No,' 15th August 1747, and often afterwards); first Deliberation of the Russian Senate, 15th May 1753; etc., etc.

'They have agreed to attack me next Year (1756), if they can; and next again (1757), without *if*:' so Friedrich, putting written word and public occurrence together, gradually reads; and so, all readers will see, the fact was,—though Imperial Majesty at Schönbrunn, as we shall find, strove to deny it when applied to; and scouted, as mere fiction and imagination, the notion of such an 'Agreement.' Which I infer, therefore, *not* to have existed in parchment; not in parchment, but only in reality, and as a mutual Bond registered in—shall we say 'in Heaven,' as some are wont?—registered, perhaps, in *Two* Places, very separate indeed! No truer 'Agreement' ever did exist;—though a devout Imperial Majesty denies it, who would shudder at the lie direct.

Poor Imperial Majesty: who can tell her troubles and straits in this abstruse time! Heaven itself ordering her to get back the Silesia of her Fathers, if she could;—yet Heaven always looking dubious, surely, upon this method of doing it. By solemn Public Treaties signed in sight of all mankind; and contrariwise, in the very same moments, by Secret Treaties, of a fell nature, concocted underground, to destroy the life of these! Imperial Majesty flatters herself it may be fair: 'Treaty of Dresden, Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; Treaties wrung from me by force, the Tyrannic Sea-Powers screwing us; Kaunitz can tell! A consummate Kaunitz; who has provided remedies. Treaties do get broken. Besides, I will not go to War, unless *he* the Bad One of Prussia do!'—Alas, your noble Majesty, plain it at least is, your love of Silesia is very strong. And consummate Kaunitz and it have led you into strange predicaments. The Pompadour, for instance:

who was it that answered, '*Je ne la connais pas;* I don't know her, I'? How gladly would the Imperial Maria Theresa, soul of Propriety, have made that answer! But she did not; she had to answer differently. For Kaunitz was imperative: 'A kind little Note to the Pompadour; one, and then another and another; it is indispensable, your Imperial Majesty!' And Imperial Majesty always had to do it. And there exist in writing, at this hour, various flattering little Notes from Imperial Majesty to that Address; which begin, '*Ma Cousine,*' '*Princesse et Cousine,*' say many witnesses; nay, '*Madame ma très chère Sœur,*' says one good witness:[1]—Notes which ought to have been printed, before this, or given at least to the Museums. 'My Cousin,' 'Princess and Cousin,' 'Madame my dearest Sister': Oh, high Imperial Soul, with what strange bedfellows does Misery of various kinds bring us acquainted!

Friedrich was blamably imprudent in regard to Pompadour, thinks Valori: 'A little complaisance might have'—What might it not have done!—'But his Prussian Majesty would not. And while the Ministers of all the other Powers' allied with France 'went assiduously to pay their court to Madame, the Baron von Knyphausen alone, by his Master's order, never once went' ('Don't! *Je ne la connais pas*'),—'while the Empress-Queen was writing her the most flattering letters. The Prince of Prussia, King's eldest Brother, wished ardently to obtain her Portrait, and had applied to me for it; as had Prince Henri to my Predecessor. The King, who has such gallant and seductive ways when he likes, could certainly have reconciled this celebrated Lady,'—a highly important Improper Female to him and others.[2]

Yes; but he quite declined, not counting the costs. Costs may be immediate; profits are remote,—remote, but sure. Costs did indeed prove considerable, perhaps far beyond his expectation; though, I flatter myself, they never awoke much remorse in him, on that score!—

Friedrich's Enigma, towards the end of 1755 and onwards, is becoming frightfully stringent; and the solution, 'What practically will be the wise course for me?' does not lessen in abstruse intricacy, but the reverse, as it grows more pressing. A very stormy and dubious Future, truly! Two circumstances in it will be highly determinative: one of them evident to Friedrich; the other unknown to him, and to all mortals, except two or three. *First,*

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[1] Hormayr (cited in Preuss, i. 433 n.,—as are Duclos; Montgaillard; *Mémoires de Richelieu,* etc.).

[2] Valori, i. 320.

That there will be an English-French War straightway; and that, as usual, the French, weaker at sea, will probably attack Hanover;—that is to say, bring the War home to one's own door, and ripen into fulfilment those Austrian-Russian Plots. This is the evident circumstance; fast coming on; visible to Friedrich and to everybody. But that, in such event, Austria will join, not with England, but with France: this is a *second* circumstance, guessable by nobody; known only to Kaunitz and a select one or two; but which also will greatly complicate Friedrich's position, and render his Enigma indeed astonishingly intricate, as well as stringent for solution!

CHAPTER II

ENGLISH DIPLOMACIES ABROAD, IN PROSPECT OF A FRENCH WAR

Britannic Majesty, I know not at what date, but before the launching of that poor Braddock thunderbolt, much more after the tragic explosion it made, had felt that French War was nearly inevitable, and also that the French method would be, as heretofore, to attack Hanover, and wound him in that tender part. There goes on, accordingly, a lively Foreign Diplomatising, on his Majesty's part, at present,—in defect, almost total, of Domestic Preparation, military and other;—Majesty and Ministers expecting salvation from abroad, as usual. Military preparation does lag at a shameful rate: but, on the other hand, there is a great deal of pondering, really industrious considering and contriving, about Foreign Allies, and their subsidies and engagements. That step, for example, the questionable Seizure of the French Ships *without* Declaration of War, was a contrivance by diplomatic Heads (of bad quality): 'Seize their ships,' said some bad Head, after meditating; 'put their ships in *sequestration*, till they do us justice. If they won't, and go to War,—then *they* are the Aggressors, not we; and our Allies have to send their auxiliary quotas, as per contract!' So the Ships were seized; held in sequestration, 'till many of the cargoes (being perishable goods, some even fish) rotted.'[1] And in return, as will be seen, not one auxiliary came to hand: so that the diplomatic Head had his rotted cargoes, and much public obloquy, for his pains. Not a fortunate stroke of business, that!—

Britannic Majesty, on applying at Vienna (through Keith, Sir or Mr. Robert Keith, the *first* Excellency of that name, for there are two, a father and a son, both Vienna Excellencies), was astonished to learn That, in such event of an Aggression, even on Hanover, there was no coöperation to be looked for here. Altogether cold on that subject, her Imperial Majesty seems; regardless of Excellency Keith's remonstrances and urgencies; and, in the end, is flatly negatory: 'Cannot do it, your Excellency; times so perilous, bad King of Prussia so minatory,'—not to mention, *sotto voce*, that we have turned on our axis, and the wind (thanks to Kaunitz) no longer hits us on the same cheek as formerly!

'Cannot? Will not?' Britannic Majesty may well stare, wide-eyed; remembering such gigantic Subsidisings and Alcides Labours, Dettingens, Fontenoys, on the per-contra side. But so stands the fact: 'No help from an ungrateful Vienna;—quick, then, seek elsewhere!' And Hanbury and the Continental British Excellencies have to bestir themselves as they never did. Especially Hanbury; who is directed upon Russia,—whom alone of these Excellencies it is worth while to follow for a moment. Russia, on fair subsidy, yielded us a 35,000 last War (willingly granted, most useful, though we had no fighting out of them, mere terror of them being enough): beyond all things, let Hanbury do his best in Russia!

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[1] Smollet's *History of England*; etc. etc.

Hanbury, cheerfully confident, provides himself with the requisites, store of bribe-money as the chief;—at Warsaw withal, he picks-up one Poniatowski (airy sentimental coxcomb, rather of dissolute habits, handsomest and windiest of young Polacks): 'Good for a Lover to the Grand-Duchess, this one!' thinks Hanbury. Which proved true, and had its uses for Hanbury;—Grand-Duchess and Grand-Duke (Catherine and Peter, whom we saw wedded twelve years ago, Heirs-Apparent of this Russian Chaos) being an abstrusely situated pair of Spouses; well capable of something political, in private ways, in such a scene of affairs; and Catherine, who is an extremely clever creature, being out of a lover just now. A fine scene for the Diplomatist, this Russia at present. Nowhere in the world can you do so much with bribery; quite a standing item, and financial necessary-of-life to Officials of the highest rank there, as Hanbury well knows.[1] That of Poniatowski proved, otherwise too, a notable stroke of Hanbury's; and shot the poor Polish Coxcomb aloft into tragic altitudes, on the sudden, as we all know!

Hanbury's immense dexterities, and incessant labours at Petersburg, shall lie hidden in the slop-pails: it is enough to say, his guineas, his dexterities and auxiliary Poniatowskis did prevail; and he triumphantly signed his Treaty (Petersburg, 30th September), 'Subsidy-Treaty for 55,000 men, 15,000 of them cavalry,' not to speak of '40 to 50 galleys' and the like; 'to attack whomsoever Britannic Majesty bids: annual cost a mere 500,000*l.* while on service; 100,000*l.* while waiting.'[2] And, what is more, and what our readers are to mark, the 55,000 begin on the instant to assemble,—along the Livonian Frontier or Lithuanian, looking direct into

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[1] His Letters (in Raumer), *passim*.

[2] In *Adelung*, vii. 609.

Preussen. Diligently rendezvousing there; 55,000 of them, nay, gradually 70,000; no stinginess in the Czarina to her Ally of England. A most triumphant thing, thinks Hanbury: Could another of you have done it? Signed, ready for ratifying, 30th September 1755 (bad Braddock news not hindering);—and *before* it is ratified (this also let readers mark), the actual Troops getting on march.

Hanbury's masterpiece, surely; a glorious triumph in the circumstances, and a difficult, thinks Hanbury. Had Hanbury seen the inside of the cards, as readers have, he would not have thought it so triumphant. For years past,—especially since that 'Fundamental maxim, May 14th-15th, 1753,' which we heard of,—the Czarina's longings had been fixed. And here now,—scattering money from both hands of it, and wooing us with diplomatic finessings,—is the Fulfilment come! 'Opportunity' upon Preussen; behold it here.

The Russian Senate again holds deliberation; declares (on the heel of this Hanbury Treaty), 'in October 1755,' what we read above, That its Anti-Prussian intentions are—truculent indeed. And it is the common talk in Petersburg society, through Winter, what a dose the ambitious King of Prussia has got brewed for him,[1] out of Russian indignation and resources, miraculously set afloat by English guineas. A triumphant Hanbury, for the time being,—though a tragical enough by and by!

The triumphant Hanbury Treaty becomes, itself, Nothing or less;—but produces a Friedrich Treaty, followed by Results which surprise Everybody

King Friedrich's outlooks, on this consummation, may well seem to him critical. The sore longing of an infuriated Czarina is now let loose, and in a condition to fulfil itself! To Friedrich these Petersburg news are no secret; nor to him are the Petersburg private intentions a thing that can

[1] *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 429, etc.

be doubted. Apart from the Menzel-Weingarten revelations, as we noticed once, it appears the Grand-Duke Peter (a great admirer of Friedrich, poor confused soul) had himself thrice-secretly warned Friedrich, That the mysterious Combination, Russia in the van, would attack him next Spring;—'not Weingarten that betrayed our *Grand Mystère*; from first hand, that was done!' said Excellency Peubla, on quitting Berlin not long after.[1] The Grand Mystery is not uncertain to Friedrich; and it may well be very formidable,—coupled with those Braddock explosions, Seizures of French ships, and English-French War imminent, and likely to become a general European one; which are the closing prospects of 1755. The French King he reckons not to be well disposed to him; their old Treaty of 'twelve years' (since 1744) is just about running out. Not friendly, the French King, owing to little rubs that have been; still less the Pompadour;—though who could guess how implacable she was at 'not being known (*ne la connais pas*)'! At Vienna, he is well aware, the humour towards him is mere cannibalism in refined forms. But most perilous of all, most immediately perilous, is the implacable Czarina, set afloat upon English guineas!

With a hope, as is credibly surmised, that the English might soothe or muzzle this implacable Czarina, Friedrich, directly after Hanbury's feat in Petersburg, applied at London, with an Offer which was very tempting there: 'Suppose your Britannic Majesty would make, with me, an express '*Neutrality Convention*'; mutual Covenant to keep the German Reich entirely free of this War now threatening to break out? To attack jointly, and sweep home again with vigour, any and every Armed Non-German setting foot on the German soil!' An offer most welcome to the Heads of Opposition, the Pitts and others of that Country; who wish dear Hanover safe enough (safe in Davy-Jones's locker, if that would do); but are tired of subsidising, and fighting and tumulting, all the world over, for that high end. So that Friedrich's Proposal is grasped at; and after a little manipulation, the thing is actually concluded.

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[1] Cogniazzo, *Geständnisse eines Œsterreichischen Veterans* (as cited above), i. 225. 'September 16th, 1756,' Peubla left Berlin (Rödenbeck, i. 298),—three months after Weingarten's disappearance.

By no means much manipulation, both parties being willing. There was uncommonly rapid surgery of any little difficulties and discrepancies; rapid closure, instant salutary stitching-together of that long unhealable Privateer Controversy, as the main item: '20,000*l.* allowed to Prussia for Prussian damages; and to England, from the other side, the remainder of Silesian Debt, painfully outstanding for two or three years back, is to be paid-off at once;'—and in this way such '*Neutrality Convention of Prussia with England*' comes forth as a Practical Fact upon mankind. Done at Westminster 16th January 1756. The stepping-stone, as it proved, to a closer Treaty of the same date next Year; of which we shall hear a great deal. The stepping-stone, in fact, to many large things;—and to the ruin of our late 'Russian-Subsidy Treaty' (Hanbury's masterpiece), for one small thing. 'That is a Treaty signed, sure enough,' answer they of St. James's; 'and we will be handsome about it to her Czarish Majesty; but as to *ratifying* it, in its present form,—of course, never!'

What a clap of thunder to Excellency Hanbury; his masterpiece found suddenly a superfluity, an incommodity! The orthodox English course now is, 'No foreign soldiers at all to be allowed in Germany;' and there are the 55,000 tramping on with such alacrity. 'We cannot ratify that Treaty, Excellency Hanbury,' writes the Majesty's Ministry, in a tone not of gratitude: 'you must turn it some other way!' A terrible blow to Hanbury, who had been expecting gratitude without end. And now, try how he might, there was no turning it another way; this, privately, and this only, being the Czarina's own way. A Czarina obstinate to a degree; would not consent, even when they made her the liberal offer, 'Keep your 55,000 at home; don't attack the King of Prussia with them; you shall have your Subsidy all the same!' 'No, I won't!' answered she,—to Hanbury's amazement. Hanbury had not read the Weingarten-Menzel Documents;—what double double of toil and trouble might Hanbury have saved himself and others, could he have read them!

Hanbury could not, still less could the Majesty's Ministry, surmise the Czarina's secret at all, now or for a good while coming. And in fact, poor Hanbury, busy as a Diplomatic bee, never did more good in Russia, or out of it. By direction of the Majesty's Ministry, Hanbury still tried industriously, cash in both hands; tried various things: 'Assuage the Czarina's mind; reconcile her to King Friedrich;'—all in vain. 'Unite Austria, Russia and England, can't you, then?—in a Treaty against the Designs of France:' how very vain! Then, at a later stage, 'Get us the Czarina to mediate between Prussia and Austria' (so very possible to sleek them down into peace, thought Majesty's Ministry):—and unwearied Hanbury, cunning eloquence on his lips, and money in both hands, tries again, and ever again, for many months. And in the way of making ropes from sand, it must be owned there never was such twisting and untwisting, as that appointed Hanbury. Who in fact broke his heart by it;—and died mad, by his own hand, before long.[1] Poor soul, after all!—Here are some Russian Notices from him (and he has many curious, not pertinent here), which are still worth gleaning.

Petersburg, 2d October 1755. * * 'The health of the Empress' (Czarina Elizabeth, *Catin du Nord*, age now forty-five) 'is bad. She is affected with spitting of blood, shortness of breath, constant coughing, swelled legs and water on the chest; yet she danced a minuet with me,' lucky Hanbury. 'There is great fermentation at Court. Peter' (Grand-Duke Peter) 'does not conceal his enmity to the Schuwalofs' (paramours of *Catin*, old and new); 'Catherine' (Grand-Duchess, who at length has an Heir, unbeautiful Czar Paul that will be, and 'miscarriages' not a few) 'is on good terms with Bestuchef' (corruptiblest brute of a Chancellor ever known, friend to England by England's giving him 10,000*l.*, and the like trifles, pretty frequently; Friedrich's enemy, chiefly from defect of that operation)—she is 'on good terms with Bestuchef. I think it my duty to inform the King' (great George, who will draw his prognostics from it) 'of my observations upon her; which I can the better do, as I often have conversations with her for hours together, as at supper my rank places me always next to her,' twice-lucky Hanbury.

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[1] Hanbury's 'Life' (in *Works*, vol. iii.) gives sad account.

'Since her coming to this Country, she has, by every method in her power, endeavoured to gain the affections of the Nation: she applied herself with diligence to study their language; and speaks it at present, as the Russians tell me, in the greatest perfection. She has also succeeded in her other aim; for she is esteemed and beloved here in a high degree. Her person is very advantageous, and her manners very captivating. She has great knowledge of this Empire; and makes it her only study. She has parts; and Great-Chancellor (brute Bestuchef) 'tells me that nobody has more steadiness and resolution. She has, of late, openly declared herself to me in respect of the King of Prussia';—hates him a good deal, 'natural and formidable enemy of Russia;' 'heart certainly the worst in the world' (and so on; but will see better by and by, having eyes of her own):—'she never mentions the King of England but with the utmost respect and highest regard; is thoroughly sensible of the utility of the union between England and Russia; always calls his Majesty the Empress's best and greatest Ally' (so much of nourishment in him withal, as in a certain web-footed Chief of Birds, reckoned chief by some); 'and hopes he will also give his friendship and protection to the Grand-Duke and herself.—As for the Grand-Duke, he is weak and violent; but his confidence in the Grand-Duchess is so great, that sometimes he tells people, that though he does not understand things himself, his Wife understands everything. Should the Empress, as I fear, soon die, the Government will quietly devolve on them.'[1]

Catherine's age is twenty-six gone; her Peter's twenty-seven: one of the cleverest young Ladies in the world, and of the stoutest-hearted, clearest-eyed;—yoked to a young Gentleman much the reverse. Thank Hanbury for this glimpse of them, most intricately-situated Pair; who may concern us a little in the sequel.—And, in justice to poor Hanover, the sad subject-matter of Excellency Hanbury's Problems and

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[1] Hanbury's Despatch, 'October 2d, 1755' (Raumer, pp. 223-225); Subsidy Treaty still at its floweriest.

Futilities in Russia and elsewhere, let us save this other Fraction by a very different hand; and close that Hanbury scene:

> 'Friedrich himself was so dangerous,' says the Constitutional Historian once: 'Friedrich, in alliance with France, how easy for him to catch Hanover by the throat at a week's notice, throw a death-noose round the throat of poor Hanover, and hand the same to France for tightening at discretion! Poor Hanover indeed; she reaps little profit from her English honours: what has she had to do with these Transatlantic Colonies of England? An unfortunate Country, if the English would but think; liable to be strangled at any time, for England's quarrels: the Achilles'-heel to invulnerable England; a sad function for Hanover, if it be a proud one, and amazingly lucrative to some Hanoverians. The Country is very dear to his Britannic Majesty in one sense, very dear to Britain in another! Nay, Germany itself, through Hanover, is to be torn-up by War for Transatlantic interests,—out of which she does not even get good Virginia tobacco, but grows bad of her own. No more concern than the Ring of Saturn with these over-sea quarrels; and can, through Hanover, be torn to pieces by War about them. Such honour to give a King to the British Nation, in a strait for one; and such profit coming of it:—we hope all sides are grateful for the blessings received!'

There has been a Counter-Treaty going on at Versailles in the Interim; which hereupon starts out, and tumbles the wholly astonished European Diplomacies heels-over-head

To expectant mankind, especially to Vienna and Versailles, this Britannic-Prussian Treaty was a great surprise. And indeed it proved the signal of a general System of New Treaties all round. The first signal, in fact,—though by no means the first cause,—of a total circumgyration, summerset, or tumble heels-over-head in the Political relations of Europe altogether, which ensued thereupon; miraculous, almost as the Earthquake at Lisbon, to the Gazetteer and Diplomatic mind, and incomprehensible for long years after. First signal we say, by no means that it was the first cause, or indeed that it was a cause at all,—the thing being determined elsewhere long before; ever since 1753, when Kaunitz left it ready, waiting only its time.

Kaiser Franz, they say, when (probably during those Keith urgencies) the joining with France and turning against poor Britannic Majesty was proposed in Council at Vienna, opened his usually silent lips; and opined with emphasis against such a course, no Kaunitz or creature able to persuade Kaiser Franz that good would come of it;—though, finding Sovereign Lady and everybody against him, he held his peace again. And returned to his private banking operations, which were more extensive than ever, from the new troubles rising. 'Lent the Empress-Queen, always on solid securities,' says Friedrich, 'large sums, from time to time, in those Wars; dealt in Commissariat stores to right and left; we ourselves had most of our meal from him this year.'[1] Kaiser Franz was, and continued, of the old way of thinking; but consummate Kaunitz, and the High Lady's fixed passion for her Schlesien, had changed everybody else. The ulterior facts are as follows, abbreviated to the utmost.

September 22d, 1755, a few days before Hanbury's Subsidy-feat at Petersburg, which took such a whirl for Hanbury, there had met for the first time at Versailles, more especially at Babiole, Pleasure-House of the Pompadour, a most select Committee of Three Persons: Graf van Stahremberg, Austrian Ambassador; Pompadour herself; and a certain infinitely elegant Count and Reverence de Bernis (beautiful Clerico-Mundane Gentleman, without right Benefice hitherto, but much in esteem with the Pompadour);—for deepest practical consideration in regard to closure of a French-Austrian Alliance. Reverend Count (subsequently Cardinal) de Bernis has sense in Diplomacy; has his experiences in Secular Diplomatic matters; a soft-going cautious man, not yet official, but tending that way: whom the Pompadour has brought with her as henchman, or *un*ghostly counsellor, in this intricate Adventure.

Stahremberg, instructed from home, has no hesitation; nor has Pompadour herself, remembering that insolent '*Je ne la*

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 8.

connais pas,' and the per-contra '*Ma Cousine,*' '*Princesse et Sœur*':—but Bernis, I suppose, looks into the practical difficulties; which are probably very considerable, to the Official French eye, in the present state of Europe and of the public mind. From September 22d, or autumnal equinox, 1755, onward to this Britannic-Prussian phenomenon of January 1756, the Pompadour Conclave has been sitting,—difficulties, no doubt, considerable. I will give only the dates, having myself no interest in such a Committee at Babiole; but the dates sufficiently betoken that there were intricacies, conflicts between the new and the old. Hitherto the axiom always was, 'Prussia the Adjunct and Satellite of France': now to be entirely reversed, you say?

July 1755, that is two months before this Babiole Committee met, a Duc de Nivernois, respectable intelligent dilettante French Nobleman, had been named as Ambassador to Friedrich, 'Go, you respectable wise Nivernois, Nobleman of Letters so-called; try and retain Friedrich for us, as usual!' And now, on meeting of the Babiole Committee, Nivernois does not go; lingers, saddled and bridled, till the very end of the Year; arrives in Berlin January 12th, 1756. Has his First Audience January 14th: a man highly amiable to Friedrich; but with proposals,—wonderful indeed.

The French, this good while back, are in no doubt about War with England, a right hearty War; and have always expected to retain Prussia as formerly,—though rather on singular terms. Some time ago, for instance, M. de Rouillé, War-Minister, requested Knyphausen, Prussian Envoy at Paris: 'Suggest to your King's Majesty what plunder there is at Hanover. Perfectly at liberty to keep it all, if he will plunder Hanover for us!'[1] Pleasant message to the proud King; who answered with the due brevity, to the purport, 'Silence, Sir!'—with didactic effects on the surprised Rouillé. Who now mends his proposal; though again in a remarkable way. Instructs Nivernois, namely, 'To offer King Friedrich the Island of Tobago, if he will renew Treaty, and take arms for us. Island of Tobago (a deserted, litigated, but pretty Island, were it ever ours), will not that entice this King, intent on Commerce?' Friedrich, who likes Nivernois and his polite ways, answers quizzingly: 'Island of Tobago? Island of Barataria your Lordship must be meaning; Island of which I cannot be the Sancho Panza!'[2] And Nivernois found he must not mention Tobago again.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iv. 29.

[2] *Ibid.* 31.

For the rest, Friedrich made no secret of his English Treaty; showed it with all frankness to Nivernois, in all points: 'Is there, can the most captious allege that there is, anything against France in it? My one wish and aim, that of Peace for myself: judge!' Nivernois stayed till March; but seems to have had, of definite, only Tobago and good words; so that nothing farther came of him, and there was no Renewal of Treaty then or after. Thus, in his third month (March 1756), practical Nivernois was recalled, without result;—instead of whom fat Valori was sent; privately intending 'to do nothing but observe, in Berlin.' From all which, we infer that the Babiole Committee now saw land; and that Bernis himself had decided in the affirmative: 'Austria, not Prussia; yes, Madame!' To the joy of Madame and everybody. For, it is incredible, say all witnesses, what indignation broke-out in Paris when Friedrich made this new 'defection,' so they termed it; revolt from his Liege Lord (who had been so exemplary to him on former occasions!), and would not bite at Tobago when offered. So that the Babiole Committee went on, henceforth, with flowing sea; and by May-day (1*st May* 1756) brought out its French-Austrian Treaty in a completed state. 'To stand by one another,' like Castor and Pollux, in a manner; '24,000, reciprocally, to be ready on demand'; nay, I think something of 'subsidies' withal,—*to* Austria, of course. But the particulars are not worth giving; the Performance, thanks to a zealous Pompadour, having quite outrun the Stipulation, and left it practically out of sight, when the push came. Our Constitutional Historian may shadow the rest:

'France and England going to War in these sad circumstances, and France and Austria being privately prepared' (by Kaunitz and others) 'to swear everlasting friendship on the occasion, instead of everlasting enmity as heretofore; unexpected changes, miraculous to the Gazetteers, became inevitable;—nothing less, in short, than explosion or topsy-turvying of the old Diplomatic-Political Scheme of Europe. Old Dance of the Constellations flung heels-over-head on the sudden; and much pirouetting, jigging, setting, before they could change partners, and continue their august dance again, whether in War or Peace. No end to the industrious wonder of the Gazetteer mind, to the dark difficulties of the Diplomatic. What bafflings, agonistic shufflings, impotent gazings into the dark; what seductive fiddling, and being fiddled to! A most sad function of Humanity, if sometimes an inevitable one; which ought surely at all times to be got over as briefly as possible. To be written of, especially, with a maximum of brevity; human nature being justly impatient of talk about it, beyond the strictly needful.'

Most true it is, and was most miraculous, though now quite forgotten again, Political Europe had to make a complete whirl-round on that occasion. And not in a day, and merely saying to itself, 'Let me do summerset!' as idle readers suppose,—but with long months of agonistic shuffle and struggle in all places, and such Diplomatic fiddling and being fiddled to, as seldom was before. Of which, these two instances, the Bernis and the Hanbury, are to serve as specimen; two and no more: a universe of extinct fiddling compressed into two nutshells, if readers have an ear.

CHAPTER III

FRENCH-ENGLISH WAR BREAKS OUT

THE French, in reality a good deal astonished at the Prussian-Britannic Treaty, affected to take it easy: 'Treaty for Neutrality of Germany?' said they: 'Very good indeed. Perhaps there are places nearer us, where our troops can be employed to more advantage!'[1]—hinting vocally, as henceforth their silent procedures, their diligence in the dockyards, moving of troops coastward and the like, still more clearly did, That an Invasion of England itself was the thing next to be expected.

England and France are, by this time, alike fiercely determined on War; but their states of preparation are very different. The French have War-ships again, not to mention Armies which they always have; some skilful Admirals withal, —La Gallisonnière, our old Canada friend, is one, very busy at present;—and mean to try seriously the Question of Sea-Supremacy once more. If an Invasion did chance to land, the state of England would be found handy beyond hope! How many fighting regiments England has, I need not inquire, nor with what strategic virtue they would go to work;—enough to mention the singular fact (recently true, and still, I perceive, too like the truth), That of all their regiments, 'only Three are in this Country,' or have Colonels even nominated. Incredible; but certain. And the interesting point is, his Grace of Newcastle dare not have Colonels, still less higher Officers nominated; because Royal Highness of Cumberland would have the naming of them, and they would be enemies to his Grace.[1] In such posture stands the Envy of surrounding Nations at this moment.

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[1] Their 'Declaration' on it (Adelung, vii. 613).

'Hire Hessians,' cry they; 'hire Hanoverians; if France land on us, we are undone!'—and continue their Parliamentary Eloquences in a most distressful manner. 'Apply to the Dutch, at any rate, for their 6,000 as per Treaty,' cries everybody. Which is done. But the Dutch piteously wring their hands: 'Dare not, your Majesty; how dare we, for France and our neglected Barrier! Oh, generous Majesty, excuse us!'—and the generous Majesty has to do it; and leave the Dutch in peace, this time. Hessians, Hanoverians, after eloquence enough, are at last got sent for, to guard us against this terrible Invasion: about 10,000 of each kind; and do land,—the native populations very sulky on them ('We won't billet you, not we; build huts, and be—!'), with much Parliamentary and Newspaper Commentary going on, of a distressful nature. 'Saturday 15th May 1756, Hessians disembark at Southampton; obliged to pitch Camp in the neighbourhood: Friday 21st May, the Hanoverians, at Chatham, who hut themselves Canterbury way;'—and have (what is the sum-total of their achievements in this Country) a case of shoplifting, 'pocket-handkerchief, across the counter, in open day'; one case (or what seemed to be one, but was not);[2] 'and the fellow not to be tried by *us* for it!' which enrages the constitutional heart. Alas, my heavy-laden constitutional heart;

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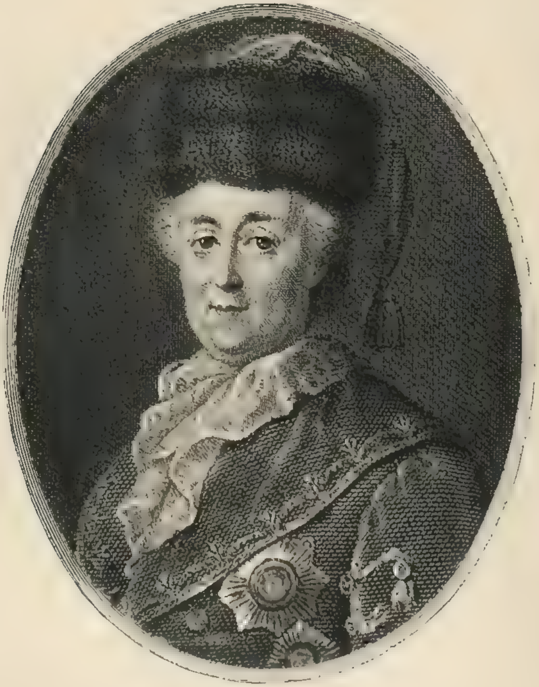
[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, ii. 19 (date, 'March 25th, 1755'; and how long after, is not said: but see Pitt's Speeches, *ib.*, all through 1756, and farther).

[2] 'At Maidstone, 13th September 1756;' Hanoverian soldier, purchasing a handkerchief, imagines he has purchased two (not yet clipt asunder), haberdasher and he having no language in common: *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1756, pp. 259, 448, etc.; Walpole, *sæpiùs*.



Catherine II, Empress of Russia

but what can we do? These drilled louts will guard us, should this terrible Invasion land. And indeed, about three weeks *before* these louts arrived, the terrible Invasion had declared itself to have been altogether a feint; and had lifted anchor, quite in the opposite direction, on an errand we shall hear of soon!

About the same date, I observe 'the first regiment of Foot-guards practising the Prussian drill-exercise in Hyde-Park'; and hope his Grace of Newcastle and the Hero of Culloden (immortal Hero, and aiming high in Politics at this time) will, at least, have fallen upon some method of getting Colonels nominated. But the wide-weltering chaos of platitudes, agitated by hysterical imbecilities, regulating England in this great crisis, fills the constitutional mind with sorrow; and indeed is definable, once more, as amazing! England is a stubborn Country; but it was not by procedures of the Cumberland-Newcastle kind that England and her Colonies, and Sea-and-Land Kingdoms, was built together; nor by these, except miracle intervene, that she can stand long against stress! Looking at the dismal matter from this distance, there is visible to me in the foggy heart of it one lucent element, and pretty much one only; the individual named William Pitt, as I have read him: if by miracle that royal soul could, even for a time, get to something of Kingship there? Courage; miracles do happen, let us hope!—This is whitherward the grand Invasion had gone:

Toulon, 10th April 1756. La Gallisonnière, our old Canadian friend, a crooked little man of great faculty, who has been busy in the dock-yards lately, weighs anchor from Toulon; '12 sail of the line, 5 frigates and above 100 transport-ships'; with the grand Invasion-of-England Armament on board: 16,000 picked troops, complete in all points, Maréchal Duc de Richelieu commanding.[1] Weighs anchor; and, singular to see, steers, not for England, and the Hessian-Hanover Defenders (who would have been in such excellent time); but direct for Minorca, as the surer thing! Will seize Minorca; a so-called inexpugnable Possession of the English,—Key of their Mediterranean Supremacies; — really inexpugnable enough; but which lies in the usual dilapidated state, though by chance with a courageous old Governor in it, who will not surrender quite at once.

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[1] Adelung, viii. 70.

April 18*th*, La Gallisonnière disembarks his Richelieu with a Sixteen Thousand, unopposed at Port-Mahon, or Fort St. Philip, in Minorca; who instantly commences Siege there. To the astonishment of England and his Grace of Newcastle, who, except old Governor Blakeney, much in dilapidation ('wooden platforms rotten,' 'batteries out of repair,' and so on), have nothing ready for Richelieu in that quarter. The story of Minorca; and the furious humours and tragic consummations that arose on it, being still well known, we will give the dates only.

Fort St. Philip, April 18*th—May* 20*th*. For a month, Richelieu, skilful in tickling the French troops, has been besieging, in a high and grandiose way; La Gallisonnière vigilantly cruising; old Blakeney, in spite of the rotten platforms, vigorously holding out; when,—May 19th, La Gallisonnière descries an English fleet in the distance; indisputably an English fleet; and clears his decks for a serious Affair just coming. *Thursday* 20*th May*, Admiral Byng accordingly (for it is he, son of that old seaworthy Byng, who once 'blew out' a minatory Spanish Fleet and 'an absurd Flame of War' in the Straits of Messina, and was made Lord Torrington in consequence,—happily now dead)—Admiral Byng does come on; and gains himself a name badly memorable ever since. Attacks La Gallisonnière, in a wide-lying, languid, hovering, uncertain manner:—'Far too weak,' he says; 'much disprovided, destitute, by blame of Ministry and of everybody' (though about the strength of La Gallisonnière, after all);—is almost rather beaten by La Gallisonnière; does not, in the least, beat him to the right degree:—and sheers off, in the night-time, straight for Gibraltar again. To La Gallisonnière's surprise, it is said; no doubt to old Blakeney and his poor Garrison's, left so, to their rotten platforms and their own shifts.

Blakeney and Garrison stood to their guns in a manful manner, for above a month longer; day after day, week after week, looking over the horizon for some Byng or some relief appearing, to no purpose! *June* 14*th*, there are three available breaches; the walls, however, are very sheer (a Fortress hewn in the rock): Richelieu scanning them dubiously, and battering his best, for about a fortnight more, is ineffectual on Blakeney.

June 27*th*, Richelieu, taking his measures well, tickling French honour well, has determined on storm. Richelieu, giving order of the day, 'Whosoever of you is found drunk shall *not* be of the storm-party' (which produced such a teetotalism as nothing else had done),—storms, that night, with extreme audacity. The Place has to capitulate: glorious victory; honourable defence: and Minorca gone.

And England is risen to a mere smoky whirlwind, of rage, sorrow and darkness, against Byng and others. Smoky darkness, getting streaked with dangerous fire. 'Tried?' said his Grace of Newcastle to the City Deputation: 'Oh indeed he shall be tried immediately; he shall be hanged directly!'—assure yourselves of that.[1] And Byng's effigy was burnt all over England. And mobs attempt to burn his Seat and Park; and satires and caricatures and firebrands are coming out: and the poor Constitutional Country is bent on applying surgery, if it but knew how. Surgery to such indisputable abominations was certainly desirable. The new Relief Squadron, which had been despatched by Majesty's Ministry, was too late for Blakeney, but did bring home a superseded Byng.

Spithead, Tuesday 27th July, The superseded Byng arrives; is punctually arrested, on arriving: 'Him we will hang directly:—is there anything else we can try' (except, perhaps, it were hanging of ourselves, and our fine methods of procedure), 'by way of remedying you?'—War against France, now a pretty plain thing, had been 'declared,' 17th May (French counter-declaring, 9th June): and, under a Duke of Newcastle and a Hero of Culloden, not even pulling one way, but two ways; and a Talking-Apparatus full of discords at this time, and pulling who shall say how many ways,—the prospects of carrying-on said War are none of the best. Lord Loudon, a General without skill, and commanding, as Pitt declares, 'a scroll of Paper hitherto' (a good few thousands marked on it, and perhaps their Colonels even named), is about going for America; by no means yet gone, a long way from gone: and, if the Laws of Nature be suspended—Enough of all that!

King Friedrich's Enigma gets more and more stringent

Friedrich's situation, in those fatally questionable months, and for many past (especially from January 16th to July),—readers must imagine it, for there is no description possible. In many intricacies Friedrich has been; but never, I reckon, in any equal to this. Himself certain what the Two Imperial Women have vowed against him; self and Winterfeld certain of that sad truth; and all other mortals ready to deny it, and fly delirious on hint of it, should he venture to act in consequence! Friedrich's situation is not unimaginable, when (as can now be done by candid inquirers who will take trouble enough) the one or two internal facts of it are disengaged from the roaring ocean of clamorous delusions which then enveloped them to everybody, and are held steadily in view, said ocean being well run-off to the home of it very deep underground. Lies do fall silent; truth waits to be recognised, not always in vain. No reader ever will conceive the strangling perplexity of that situation, now so remote and extinct to us. All I can do is, to set-down what features of it have become indisputable; and leave them as detached traceries, as fractions of an outline, to coalesce into something of image where they can.

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[1] Walpole, ii. 231: Details of the Siege, *ib.* 218-225; in *Gentleman's Magazine,* xxvi. 256, 312-313, 358; in Adelung, viii; etc. etc.

Winterfeld's opinion was, for some time past, distinct: 'Attack them; since it is certain they only wait to attack us!' But Friedrich would by no means listen to that. 'We must not be the aggressor, my friend; that would spoil all. Perhaps the English will pacify the Russian *Catin* for me; tie her, with packthreads, bribes and intrigues, from stirring? Wait, watch!' Fiery Winterfeld, who hates the French, who despises the Austrians, and thinks the Prussian Army a considerable Fact in Politics, has great schemes: far too great for a practical Friedrich. 'Plunge into the Austrians with a will: Prussian Soldiery,—can Austrians resist it? Ruin them, since they are bent on ruining us. Stir-up the Hungarian Protestants; try all things. Home upon our implacable enemies, sword drawn, scabbard flung away! And the French,—what are the French? Our King should be Kaiser of Teutschland; and he can, and he may:—the French would then be quieter!' These things Winterfeld carried in his head; and comrades have heard them from him over wine.[1] To all which Friedrich, if any whisper of them ever got to Friedrich, would answer one can guess how.

It is evident, Friedrich had not given-up his hope (indeed, for above a year more, he never did) that England might, by profuse bribery,—'such the power of bribery in that mad Court!'—assuage, overnet with backstairs packthreads, or in some way compesce the Russian delirium for him. And

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[1] Retzow, i. 43, etc.

England, his sole Ally in the world, still tender of Austria, and unable to believe what the full intentions of Austria are; England demands much wariness in his procedures towards Austria; reiterating always, 'Wait, your Majesty! Oh, beware!'—

His own Army, we need not say, is in perfect preparation. The Army,—let us guess, 150,000 regular, or near 200,000 of all arms and kinds,[1]—never was so perfect before or since. Old Captains in it, whom we used to know, are grayer and wiser; young, whom we heard less of, are grown veterans of trust. Schwerin, much a Cincinnatus since we last saw him, has laid down his plough again, a fervid 'little Marlborough' of seventy-two;—and will never see that beautiful Schwerinsburg, and its thriving woods and farm-fields, any more. Ugly Walrave is not now chief Engineer; one Balbi, a much prettier man, is. Ugly Walrave (Winterfeld suspecting and watching him) was found out; convicted of 'falsified accounts,' of 'sending plans to the Enemy,' of who knows all what;—and sits in Magdeburg (in a thrice-safe prison-cell of his own contriving), prisoner for life.[2] The Old Dessauer is away, long since; and not the Old alone. Dietrich of Dessau is now 'Guardian to his Nephew,' who is a Child left Heir there. Death has been busy with the Dessauers:—but here is Prince Moritz, 'the youngest, more like his Father than any of them.' Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, Moritz of Dessau, Keith, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern: no one of these people has been idle, in the ten years past. Least of all, has the Chief Captain of them,—whose diligence and vigilance in that sphere, latterly, were not likely to decline!

Friedrich's Army is in the perfection of order. Ready at the hour, for many months back; but the least motion he makes with it is a subject of jealousy. Last year, on those

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[1] Archenholtz (i. 8) counts vaguely '160,000' at this date.

[2] Arrested at Potsdam 12th February 1748, and after trial put into the *Stern* at 'Magdeburg; sat there till he died, 16th January 1773' (*Militair Lexikon* iv. 150-151).

Russian advancings and alacrities, he had marched some Regiments into Pommern, within reach of Preussen, should the Russians actually try a stroke there: 'See!' cried all the world; 'See!' cried the enlightened Russian Public. This year 1756, from June onwards and earlier, there are still more fatal symptoms, on the Austrian side: great and evident War-preparations; Magazines forming; Camps in Bohemia, Moravia; Camp at Königsgrätz, Camp at Prag,—handy for the Silesian Border. Friedrich knows they have deliberated on their Pretext for a War, and have fixed on what will do,—some new small Prussian-Mecklenburg brabble, which there has lately been; paltry enough recruiting-quarrel, such as often are (and has been settled mutually some time ago, this one, but is capable of being ripped-up again);—and that, on this cobweb of a Pretext, they mean to draw sword when they like. Russia too has its Pretext ready. And if Friedrich hint of stirring, England whispers hoarse, England and other friends, 'Wait, your Majesty! Oh, beware!' To keep one's sword at its sharpest, and, with an easy patient air, one's eyes vigilantly open: this is nearly all that Friedrich can do, in neighbourhood of such portentous imminencies. He has many critics, near and far;—for instance:

Berlin, 31*st July* 1756, Excellency Valori writes to Versailles: * * 'to give you account of a Conversation I have had, a day or two ago, with the Prince of Prussia' (August Wilhelm, Heir-Apparent), 'who honours me with a particular confidence,'—and who appears to be, privately, like some others, very strong in the Opposition view. 'He talked to me of the present condition of the King his Brother, of his Brother's apprehensions, of his military arrangements, of the little trust placed in him by neighbours, of their hostile humour towards him, and of many other things which this good Prince' (little understanding them, as would appear, or the dangerous secret that lay under them) 'did not approve of. The Prince then said,'—listen to what the Prince of Prussia said to Valori, one of the last days of July 1756,—

'There is an Anecdote which continually recurs to me, in the passes we are got to at present. Putting the case we might be attacked by Russia, and perhaps by Austria, the late Rothenburg was sent' (as readers know), 'on the King's part, to Milord Tyrconnel, to know of him what, in such case, were the helps he might reckon on from France. Milord enumerated the various helps; and then added' (being a blusterous Irishman, sent hither for his ill tongue): '"Helps enough, you observe, Monsieur; but, *morbleu*, if you deceive us, you will be squelched (*vous serez écrasés*)!" The King my Brother was angry enough at hearing such a speech: but, my dear Marquis,' and the Prince turned full upon me with a face of inquiry, 'Can the thing actually come true? And do you think it can be the interest of your Master' (and his Scarlet Woman) 'to abandon us to the fury of our enemies? Ah, that cursed Convention' (Neutrality-Convention with England)! 'I would give a finger from my hand that it had never been concluded. I never approved of it; ask the Duc de Nivernois, he knows what we said of it together. But how return on our steps? Who would now trust us?' This Prince appeared 'to be much affected by the King his Brother's situation' (of which he understood as good as nothing), 'and agreed that he,' the King his Brother, 'had well deserved it.'[1]

This is not the first example, nor the last, of August Wilhelm's owning a heedless, goodnatured tongue; considerably prone to take the Opposition side, on light grounds. For which if he found a kind of solacement and fame in some circles, it was surely at a dear rate! To his Brother, that bad habit would, most likely, be known; and his Brother, I suppose, did not speak of it at all; such his Brother's custom in cases of the kind.—Judicious Valori, by way of answer, dilated on the peculiar esteem of his Majesty Louis xv. for the Prussian Majesty,—'so as my Instructions direct me to do'; and we hear no more of the Prince of Prussia's talk, at this time; but shall in future; and may conjecture a great deal about the atmosphere Friedrich had now to live in. A Friedrich undergoing, privately, a great deal of criticism: 'Mad tendency to war; lust of conquest; contempt for his neighbours, for the opinion of the world;—no end of irrational tendencies':[2] from persons to whom the secret of his Problem is deeply unknown.

One wise thing the English have done: sent an Excellency Mitchell, a man of loyalty, of sense and honesty, to be their Resident at Berlin. This is the noteworthy, not yet much noted, Sir Andrew Mitchell; by far the best Excellency England ever had in that Court. An Aberdeen Scotchman, creditable to his Country: hard-headed, sagacious; sceptical of shows; but capable of recognising substances withal, and of standing loyal to them, stubbornly if needful; who grew to a great mutual regard with Friedrich, and well deserved to do so; constantly about him, during the next seven years; and whose Letters are among the perennially valuable Documents on Friedrich's History.[1]

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[1] Valori, ii. 129-131.

[2] See Valori, ii. 124-151 ('July 27th—August 21st').

Mitchell is in Berlin since June 10th. Mitchell, who is on the scene itself, and looking into Friedrich with his own eyes, finds the reiterating of that 'Beware, your Majesty!' which had been his chief task hitherto, a more and more questionable thing; and suggests to him at last: 'Plainly ask her Hungarian Majesty, What is your meaning by those Bohemian Campings?' 'Pshaw,' answers Friedrich: 'Nothing but some ambiguous answer, perhaps with insult in it!'—nevertheless thinks better; and determines to do so.[2]

CHAPTER IV

FRIEDRICH PUTS A QUESTION AT VIENNA, TWICE OVER

July 18th, 1756, Friedrich despatches an Express to Graf von Klinggräf, his Resident at Vienna (an experienced man, whom we have seen before in old Carteret, 'Conference-of-Hanau' times), To demand audience of the Empress; and, in the fittest terms, friendly and courteous, brief and clear, to put that question of Mitchell's suggesting. 'Those unwonted Armaments, Camps in Böhmen, Camps in Mähren, and military movements and preparations,' Klinggräf is to say, 'have caused anxiety in her Majesty's peaceable Neighbour of Prussia; who desires always to continue in peace; and who requests hereby a word of assurance from her Majesty, that these his anxieties are groundless.' Friedrich himself hopes little or nothing from this; but he has done it to satisfy people about him, and put an end to all scruples in himself and others. The Answer may be expected in ten or twelve days.

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[1] Happily secured in the British Museum; and now in the most perfect order for consulting (thanks to Sir F. Madden 'and three-years labour' well invested):—should certainly, and will one day, be read to the bottom, and cleared of their darknesses, extrinsic and intrinsic (which are considerable), by somebody competent.

[2] Mitchell Papers.

And, about the same time,—likely enough, directly after, though there is no date given, to a fact which is curious and authentic,—Friedrich sent for two of his chief Generals, to Potsdam, for a secret Conference with Winterfeld and him. The Generals are, old Schwerin and General Retzow Senior,—Major-General Retzow, whom we used to hear of in the Silesian Wars,—and whose Son reports on this occasion. Conference is on this Imminency of War, and as to what shall be done in it. Friedrich explains in general terms his dangers from Austria and Russia, his certainty that Austria will attack him; and asks, Were it, or were it not, better to attack Austria, as is our Prussian principle in such case? Schwerin and Retzow,—Schwerin first, as the eldest; and after him Retzow, 'who privately has charge from the Prussian Princes to do it,'—opine strongly: That indications are uncertain, that much seems inevitable which does not come; that in a time of such tumultuous whirlings and unexpected changes, the true rule is, Watch well, and wait.

After enough of this, with Winterfeld looking dissent but saying almost nothing, Friedrich gives sign to Winterfeld;—who spreads out, in their lucidest prearranged order, the principal Menzel-Weingarten Documents; and bids the two Military Gentlemen read. They read; with astonishment, are forced to believe; stand gazing at one another;—and do now take a changed tone. Schwerin, 'after a silence of everybody for some minutes,'—'bursts-out like one inspired: 'If War is to be and must be, let us start tomorrow; seize Saxony at once; and in that rich corny Country form Magazines for our Operations on Bohemia!'' [1]

That is privately Friedrich's own full intention. Saxony, with its Elbe River as Highway, in his indispensable pre-

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[1] Retzow, i. 39.

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liminary for Bohemia: and he will not, a second time, as he did in 1744 with such results, leave it in an *un*secured condition. Adieu then, Messieurs; silent: *au revoir*, which may be soon! Retzow Junior, a rational, sincere, but rather pipeclayed man, who is wholly to be trusted on this Conference, with his Father for authority, has some touches of commentary on it, which indicate (date being 1802) that till the end of his life, or of Prince Henri his Patron's, there remained always in some heads a doubt as to Friedrich's wisdom in regard to starting the Seven-Years War, and to Schwerin's entire sincerity in that inspired speech. And still more curious, that there was always, at Potsdam as elsewhere, a Majesty's Opposition Party; privately intent to look at the wrong side; and doing it diligently,—though with lips strictly closed for most part; without words, except well-weighed and to the wise: which is an excellent arrangement, for a Majesty and Majesty's Opposition, where feasible in the world!—

From Retzow I learn farther, that Winterfeld, directly on the back of this Conference, took a Tour to the Bohemian Baths, 'To Karlsbad, or Töplitz, for one's health'; and wandered about a good deal in those Frontier Mountains of Bohemia, taking notes, taking sketches (not with a picturesque view); and returned by the Saxon Pirna Country, a strange stony labyrinth, which he guessed might possibly be interesting soon. The Saxon Commandant of the Königstein, lofty Fortress of those parts, strongest in Saxony, was of Winterfeld's acquaintance: Winterfeld called on this Commandant; found his Königstein too high for cannonading those neighbourhoods, but that there was at the base of it a new Work going on; and that the Saxons were, though languidly, endeavouring to bestir themselves in matters military. Their entire Army at present is under 20,000; but, in the course of next Winter, they expect to have it 40,000. Shall be of that force, against Season 1757. No doubt Winterfeld's gatherings and communications had their

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uses at Potsdam, on his getting home from this Tour to Töplitz.

Meanwhile Klinggräf has had his Audience at Vienna; and has sped as ill as could have been expected. The Answer given was of supercilious brevity; evasive, in effect null, and as good as answering, That there is no answer. Two Accounts we have, as Friedrich successively had them, of this famed passage: *first*, Klinggräf's own, which is clear, rapid, and stands by the essential; *second*, an account from the other side of the scenes, furnished by Menzel of Dresden, for Friedrich's behoof and ours; which curiously illustrates the foregoing, and confirms the interpretation Friedrich at once made of it. This is Menzel's account; in other words, the Saxon Envoy at Vienna's, stolen by Menzel.

July 26th, it appears, Klinggräf, — having applied to Kaunitz the day before, who noticed a certain flurry in him, and had answered carelessly, 'Audience? Yes, of course; nay, I am this moment going to the Empress: only you must tell me about what?'—was admitted to the Imperial Presence, he first of many that were waiting. Imperial Presence held in its hand a snip of Paper, carefully composed by Kaunitz from the data, and read these words: '*Die bedenklichen Umstände*, The questionable circumstances of the Time have moved me to consider as indispensably necessary those measures which, for my own security and for defence of my Allies, I am taking, and which otherwise do not tend the least towards injury of anybody whatsoever;'—and adding no syllable more, gave a sign with her hand, intimating to Klinggräf that the Interview was done. Klinggräf strode through the Antechamber,' 'visibly astonished,' say onlookers, at such an Answer had. Answer, in fact, 'That there is no answer,' and the door flung in your face![1]

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 772. In Valori, ii. 128, Friedrich's little Paper of *Instructions* to Klinggräf; this Vienna *Answer* to it, *ib.* 138: see *ib.* 138, 162; and *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, ii. 214-221.

Friedrich, on arrival of report from Klinggräf, and without waiting for the Menzel side of the scenes, sees that the thing is settled. Writes again, however (August 2d, probably the day after, or the same day, Klinggräf's Despatch reached him); instructing Klinggräf To request 'a less oracular response'; and specially, 'If her Imperial Majesty (Austria and Russia being, as is understood, in active League against him) will say, That Austria will not attack him this year or the next?' Draw-up memorial of that, Monsieur Klinggräf; and send us the supercilious No-Answer: till which arrive we do not cross the Frontier,—but are already everywhere on march to it, in an industrious, cunningly devised, evident and yet impenetrably mysterious manner.

Excellency Valori never saw such activity of military preparation: such Artillery, '2,000 big pieces in the Park here'; Regiments, Wagon-trains, getting under way everywhere, no man can guess whitherward; 'drawn-up in the Square here, they know not by what Gate they are to march.' By three different Gates, I should think;—mysteriously, in Three Directions, known only to King Friedrich and his Adjutant-General, all these Regiments in Berlin and elsewhere are on march. Towards Halle (Leipzig way); towards Brietzen (Wittenberg and Torgau way); towards Bautzen neighbourhood,—towards Three settled Points of the Saxon Frontier; will step across the instant the supercilious No-Answer comes to hand. Are to converge about Dresden and the Saxon Switzerland;—about 65,000 strong, equipped as no Army before or since has been;—and take what luck there may be.

Brühl and Polish Majesty's Army, still only about 18,000, have their apprehensions of such visit: but what can they do? The Saxon Army draws-out into Camp, at sight of this mysterious marching; strong Camp 'in the angle of Elbe and Mulde Rivers';—then draws-in again; being too weak for use. And is thinking, Menzel informs us, to take post in the stony labyrinthic Pirna Country: such the advice an

Excellency Broglio has given;—French Excellency, now in Dresden; Maréchal de Broglio's Son, and of little less explosive nature than his Father was. Brühl and Polish Majesty, guessing that the hour is come, are infinitely interested. Interested, not flurried. 'Austrian-Russian Anti-Prussian Covenant!' say Brühl and Majesty, rather comfortably to themselves: 'We never signed it. *We* never would sign anything; what have we to do with it? Courage; steady; To Pirna, if they come! Are not Excellency Broglio, and France, and Austria, and the whole world at our back?'

It was full three weeks before Klinggräf's Message of Answer could arrive at Berlin. Of Friedrich in the interim, launching such a world-adventure, himself silent, in the midst of a buzzing Berlin, take these indications, which are luminous enough. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick is to head one of the Three 'Columns.' Duke Ferdinand, Governor of Magdeburg, is now collecting his Column in that neighbourhood, chiefly at Halle; whitherward, or on what errand, is profoundly unknown. Unknown even to Ferdinand, except that it is for actual Service in the Field. Here are two Friedrich Letters (ruggedly Official, the first of them, and not quite peculiar to Ferdinand), which are worth reading:

The King to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick

'Potsdam, 15th August 1756.

'For time of Field-Service I have made the arrangement, That for the Subaltern Officers of your regiment, over and above their ordinary Equipage-moneys, there shall, to each Subaltern Officer, and once for all, be Eight Thalers' (twenty-four shillings sterling) 'advanced. That sum' (eight thalers per subaltern) 'shall be paid to the Captain of every Company; and besides this there shall, monthly, Two Thalers be deducted from the Subaltern's Pay, and be likewise paid-over to the Captain:—in return for which, He is to furnish Free Table for the Subalterns throughout the Campaign, and so long as the regiment is in the field.

'Of the Two Baggage-carts per Company, the regiment shall take only One, and leave the other at home. No Officer, let him be who or of what title he will, Generals not excepted, shall take with him the least of Silver Plate, not even a silver spoon. Whoever wants, therefore, to keep table, great or small (*Tafel oder Tisch*), must manage the same with tin utensils;—without exception, be he who he will.

'Each Captain shall take with him a little Cask of Vinegar; of which, as soon as the regiments get to Camp, he must give me reckoning, and I will then have him repaid. This Vinegar shall solely and exclusively be employed for this purpose, That in places where the water is bad, there be poured into it, for the soldiers, a few drops of the vinegar, to correct the water, and thereby preserve them from illnesses.

'So soon as the regiment gets on march, the Women who have permission to follow are put under command of the Profoss; that thereby all plunderings and disorders may the more be guarded against. If the Captains and Officers take Grooms (*Jäger*) or the like Domestics, there can muskets be given to these, that use may be had of them, in case of an attack in quarters, or on march, when a *Wagenburg* (wagon-fortress) is to be formed. * *—FRIEDRICH.'[1]

Same to Same (Confidential, this one)

'Potsdam, 24th August.

* * 'Make as if you were meaning to go into Camp at Halle. The reason why I stop you is, that the Courier from Vienna has not yet come. We must therefore reassure the Saxon neighbourhood. * * I have been expecting answer from hour to hour; cannot suitably begin a War-Expedition till it come; do therefore apprise Your Dilection, though under the deepest secrecy.

'And it is necessary, and my Will is, That, till farther order, you keep all the regiments and corps belonging to your Column in the places where they are when this arrives. And shall, meanwhile, with your best skill mask all this, both from the Town of Halle, and from the regiments themselves; making, in conformity with what I said yesterday, as if you were a Corps of Observation come to encamp here, and were waiting the last orders to go into camp.—FRIEDRICH.'[2]

And in regard to the Vienna Courier, and Friedrich's attitude towards that Phenomenon, read only these Two Notes:

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[1] Preuss, ii. 6, 7.

[2] *Ib.* 7, 8.

1°. *Friedrich to the Prince of Prussia and the Princess Amelia* (at Berlin)

Potsdam, '25th August' 1756.

'MY DEAR BROTHER, MY DEAR SISTER,—I write to you both at once, for want of time. I will follow the advice you are so good as give me; and will take leave of the Queen' (our dear Mamma) 'by Letter. And that the reading of my Letter may not frighten her, I will send it by my Sister, to be presented in a favourable moment.

'I have yet got no Answer from Vienna; by Klinggräf's account, I shall not receive it till tomorrow' (came this night). 'But I count myself surer of War than ever; as the Austrians have named Generals, and their Army is ordered to march, from Kolin to Königsgrätz'—Schlesien way. 'So that, expecting nothing but a haughty Answer, or a very uncertain one, on which there will be no reliance possible, I have arranged everything for setting-out on Saturday next. Tomorrow, so soon as the news comes, I will not fail to let you know. Assuring you that I am, with a perfect affection, my dear Brother and my dear Sister,—Yours,—F.'[1]

Answer comes from Klinggräf that same night. Once more, an Answer almost worse than could have been expected. 'The "League with Russia against you" is non-extant, a thing of your imagination. Have not we already answered?'[2] Whereupon,

2°. *Friedrich to the Prince of Prussia*

Potsdam, '26th August' 1756.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have already written to the Queen; softening things as much as I could' (Letter lost). 'My Sister, to whom I addressed the Letter, will deliver it.

'You have seen the Paper I sent to Klinggräf. Their Answer is, "That they have not made an Offensive Alliance with Russia against me." The Answer is impertinent, high and contemptuous; and of the Assurance that I required' (as to This Year and Next), 'not one word. So that the sword alone can cut this Gordian Knot. I am innocent of this War; I have done what I could to avoid it; but whatever be one's love of peace, one cannot and must not sacrifice to that, one's safety and one's honour. Such, I believe, will be your opinion too, from the sentiments I know in you. At present, our one thought must be, To do War in such a way as may cure our Enemies of their wish to break Peace again too soon. I embrace you with all my heart. I have had no end of business (*terriblement à faire*).'—F.[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 155.

[2] In *Gesammelte Urkunden*, i. 217: Klinggräf's second question (done by Letter this time), '18th August'; Maria Theresa's Answer, '21st August.'

The March into Saxony, in Three Columns

Ahead of that last Note, from an earlier hour of the same day, Thursday 26th August, there is speeding forth, to all Three Generals of Division, this Order (take Duke Ferdinand's copy):

'I hereby order that Your Dilection (*Ew. Liebden*), with all the regiments and corps in the Column standing under your command, Shall now, without more delay, get on march, on the 29th inst.; and proceed, according to the March-Tables and Instructions already given, to execute what Your Dilection has got in charge.'—F.

The same Thursday 26th, Excellency Mitchell, informed by Podewils of the King's wish to see him at Potsdam, gets under way from Berlin; arrives 'just time enough to speak with the King before he sat down to supper.' Very many things to be consulted of, and deliberatively touched upon, with Mitchell and England; no end of things and considerations, for England and King Friedrich, in this that is now about to burst-forth on an astonished world!—Over in London, we observe, just in the hours when Mitchell was harnessing for Potsdam, and so many Orders and Letters were speeding their swiftest in that quarter, there is going forward, on Tower-Hill yonder, the following Operation:

'*London, Thursday 26th August* 1756. About five in the afternoon, a noted Admiral' (only in Effigy as yet; but who has been held in miserable durance, and too-actual question of death or life, ever since his return: 'O, yes indeed! Hang *him* at once,'—if that can be a remedy!) 'was, after having been privately shown to many ladies and gentlemen, brought,—in an open sedan, guarded by a number of young gentlemen under arms, with drums beating, colours flying,—to Tower-Hill, where a Gallows had been erected for him at six the same morning. He was richly dressed, in a blue and gold coat, buff waistcoat, trimmed, etc. in full uniform. When brought under the Gallows, he stayed a small space, till his clergyman (a chimney-sweeper) had given him some admonitions: that done, he was drawn, by pulleys, to the top of the Gallows, which was twenty feet high; every person expressing as much satisfaction as if it had been the real man.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 116.

'He remained there, guarded by the above volunteers, without any molestation, two hours; when, upon a supposition of being obstructed by the Governor of the Tower, some sailors appeared, who wanted to pull him down, in order to drag him along the streets. But a fire being kindled, which consisted of tar-barrels, fagots, tables, tubs, etc., he was consumed in about half an hour.'[1]

That is their employment on Tower-Hill, over yonder, while Mitchell is getting under way to see Friedrich.

Mitchell continued at Potsdam over Friday; and was still in eager consultation that night, when the King said to him, with a certain expressiveness of glance: '*Bon soir*, then;—Tomorrow morning about four!' And on the morrow, Saturday 28th, Mitchell reports hurriedly:

* * 'Am just returned to Berlin, in time to write to your Lordship. This morning, between four and five, I took leave of the King of Prussia. He went immediately upon the Parade; mounted on horseback; and, after a very short exercise of his Troops, put himself at their head; and marched directly for Belitz' (half way to Brietzen, *Treuen*brietzen as they call it); 'where, Tomorrow, he will enter the Saxon Territory,'—as, at their respective points, his two other Columns will;—and begin, who shall say what terrible game; incalculable to your Lordship and me, with such Operations afoot on Tower-Hill![2]—

Seven Hussar Regiments of Duke Ferdinand's Column got the length of Leipzig that Sunday Evening 29th; and took possession of the place.[3] Duke Ferdinand to right of the King, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern to left,—the Three Columns cross the Border, at points, say 80 miles from one another; occasionally, on the march, bending to rightwards and leftwards, to take-in the principal Towns, and make settlements there, the two might be above 100 miles from Friedrich on each hand. The length of march for each Column,—Ferdinand 'from Leipzig, by Chemnitz, Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, to the Village of Cotta' (Pirna neighbourhood, south of Elbe); Bevern, 'through the Lausitz, by Bautzen, to Lohmen' (same neighbourhood, north of Elbe); King Friedrich, to Dresden, by the course of the Elbe itself,—was not far from equal, and may be called about 150 miles. They marched with diligence, not with hurry; had their pauses, rest-days, when business required. They got to their ground, with the simultaneousness appointed, on the eleventh or twelfth day.

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[1] Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi. 409).

[2] Mitchell Papers, vi. 804 ('To Lord Holderness, 28th August 1756').

[3] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 731, his 'Proclamation' there, '29th August 1756.'

The middle Column, under the King, where Marshal Keith is second in command, goes by Torgau (detaching Moritz of Dessau to pick-up Wittenberg, and ruin the slight works there); crosses the Elbe at Torgau, September 2d; marches, cantoning itself day after day, along the southern bank of the River; leaves Meissen to the left, I perceive, does not pass through Meissen; comes first at Wilsdruf on ground where we have been,—and portions of it, I doubt not, were billeted in Kesselsdorf; and would take a glance at the old Field, if they had time. There is strict discipline in all the Columns; the authorities complying on summons, and arranging what is needful. Nobody resists; townguards at once ground arms, and there is no soldier visible;—soldiers all ebbing away, whitherward we guess.[1]

At Wilsdruf, Friedrich first learns for certain, that the Saxon Army, with King, with Brühl and other chief personages, are withdrawn to Pirna, to the inexpugnable Königstein and Rock-Country. The Saxon Army had begun assembling there, September 1st, directly on the news that Friedrich was across the Border; September 9th, on Friedrich's approach, the King and Dignitaries move off thither, from Dresden, out of his way. Excellency Broglio has put them on that plan. Which may have its complexities for Friedrich, hopes Broglio, —though perhaps its still greater for some other parties concerned! For Brühl and Polish Majesty, as will appear by and by, nothing could have turned out worse.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 732-3; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 81.

Meanwhile Friedrich pushes on: 'Forward all the same.' Polish Majesty, dating from Struppen, in the Pirna Country, has begun a Correspondence with Friedrich, very polite on both hands; and his Adjutant-General, the Chevalier Meagher ('Chevalier de *Marre*,' as Valori calls him,—*Ma'ar*, as he calls himself in Irish) has just had, at Wilsdruf, an Interview with Friedrich; but is far from having got settlement on the terms he wished. Polish Majesty magnanimously assenting to 'a Road through his Country for military purposes'; offers 'the strictest Neutrality, strictest friendship even; has done, and will do, no injury whatever to his Prussian Majesty' —('Did we ever *sign* anything?' whisper comfortably Brühl and he to one another);—'expects, therefore, that his Prussian Majesty will march on, whither he is bound; and leave him unmolested here.'[1]

That was Meagher's message; that is the purport of all his Polish Majesty's Eleven Letters to Friedrich, which precede or follow,—reiterating with a certain ovine obstinacy, insensible to time or change, That such is Polish Majesty's fixed notion: 'Strict neutrality, friendship even; and leave me unmolested here.'[2] 'Strict neutrality, yes: but disperse your Army, then,' answers Friedrich; 'send your Army back to its cantonments: I must myself have the keeping of my Highway, lest I lose it, as in 1744.' This is Friedrich's answer; this at first, and for some time coming; though, as the aspects change, and the dangerous elements heap themselves higher, Friedrich's answer will rise with them, and his terms, like the Sibyl's, become worse and worse. This is the utmost that Meagher, at Wilsdruf, can make of it; and this, in conceivable circumstances, will grow less and less.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 774.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 235-260 ('29th August—10th September—18th September,' 1756), are collected now, the Eleven Letters, with their Answers.

Next day, September 9th, Friedrich, with some Battalions, entered Dresden, most of his Column taking Camp near by, General Wylich had entered yesterday, and is already Commandant there. Friedrich sends, by Feldmarschall Keith, highest Officer of his Column, his homages to her Polish Majesty:—nothing given us of Keith's Interview; except, by a side-wind, 'That Majesty complained of those Prussian Sentries walking about in certain of her corridors' (with an eye to Something, it may be feared!)—of which, doubtless, Keith undertook to make report. Friedrich himself waits upon the Junior Princes, who are left here: is polite and gracious as ever, though strict, and with business enough; lodges, for his own part, 'in the Garden-House of Princess Moczinska';—and next morning leads off his Column, a short march eastward, to the Pirna Country; where, on the right and on the left, Ferdinand at Cotta, Bevern at Lohmen (if readers will look on their Map*), he finds the other Two in their due positions. Headquarter is Gross-Sedlitz (westernmost skirt of the Rock-region); and will have to continue so, much longer than had been expected.

The Diplomatic world in Dresden is in great emotion; more especially just at present. This morning, before leaving, Friedrich had to do an exceedingly strict thing: secure the Originals of those Menzel Documents. Originals indispensable to him, for justifying his new procedures upon Saxony. So that there has been, at the Palace, a Scene this morning of a very high and dissonant nature,—'Marshal Keith' in it, 'Marshal Keith making a second visit' (say some loose and false Accounts);—the facts being strictly as follows.

Far from removing those Prussian sentries complained of

* Map, p. 86.

last night, here seems to be a double strength of them this morning. And her Polish Majesty, a severe, hard-featured old Lady, has been filled with indignant amazement by a Prussian Officer,—Major von Wangenheim, I believe it is,—requiring, in the King of Prussia's name, the Keys of that Archive-room ; Prussian Majesty absolutely needing sight, for a little while, of certain Papers there. 'Enter that room? Archives of a crowned Head? Let me see the living mortal that will dare to do it!'—one fancies the indignant Polish Majesty's answer; and how, calling for materials, she 'openly sealed the door in question,' in Wangenheim's presence. As this is a celebrated Passage, which has been reported in several loose ways, let us take it from the primary source, Chancery style and all. Graf von Sternberg, Austrian Excellency, writing from the spot and at the hour, informs his own Court, and through that all Courts, in these solemnly Official terms:

'*Dresden*, 10*th September* 1756. The Queen's Majesty, this forenoon, has called to her all the Foreign Ministers now at Dresden; and in Highest Own Person has signified to us, How, the Prussian intrusions and hostilities being already known, Highest said Queen's Majesty would now simply state what had farther taken place this morning:

'"Highest said Queen's Majesty, to wit, had, in her own name, requested the King of Prussia, in conformity with his assurances" (by Keith, yesternight) "of paying every regard for Her and the Royal Family, To remove the Prussian Sentries pacing about in those Corridors,"—Corridors which lead to the Secret Archives, important to some of us!—"Instead of which, the said King had not only doubled his Sentries there; but also, by an Officer, demanded the Keys of the Archive-apartment" (just alluded to)! "And as the Queen's Majesty, for security of all writings there, offered to seal the door of it herself, and did so, there and then,—the said Officer had so little respect, that he clapped his own seal thereon too.

'"Nor was he content therewith,"—not by any means!—"but the same Officer" (having been with Wylich, Commandant here), "came back, a short time after, and made for opening of the door himself. Which being announced to the Queen's Majesty, she in her own person (*Höchstdieselbe*, Highest-the-Same) went out again; and standing before the Door, informed him, 'How Highest-the-Same had too much regard to his Prussian Majesty's given assurance, to believe that such order could proceed from the King.' As the Officer, however, replied, 'That he was sorry to have such an order to execute; but that the order was serious and precise; and that he, by not executing it, would expose himself to the greatest responsibility,' Her Majesty continued standing before the Door; and said to the Officer, 'If he meant to use force, he might upon Her make his beginning.'" There is for you, Herr Wangenheim!—

"'Upon which said Officer had gone away, to report anew to the King" (I think, only to Wylich the Commandant; King now a dozen miles off, not so easily reported to, and his mind known); "and in the mean while Her Majesty had called to her the Prussian and English Ambassadors" (Mahlzahn and Stormont; sorry both of them, but how entirely resourceless,—especially Mahlzahn!), "and had represented and repeated to them the above; beseeching that by their remonstrances and persuasions they would induce the King of Prussia, conformably with his given assurance, to forbear. Instead, however, of any fruit from such remonstrances and urgencies, final Order came, 'That, Queen's Majesty's own Highest Person notwithstanding, force must be used.'

'"Whereupon her Majesty, to avoid actual mistreatment, had been obliged to"—to become passive, and, no Keys being procurable from her, see a smith with his picklocks give these Prussians admission. Legation-Secretary Plessmann was there (Menzel one fancies sitting, rather pale, in an adjacent room);[1] and they knew what to do. Their smith opens the required box for them (one of several 'all lying packed for Warsaw,' says Friedrich); from which soon taking what they needed, Wangenheim and Wylich withdrew with their booty, and readers have the fruit of it to this day. "Which unheard-of procedure, be pleased, Your Excellencies, to report to your respective Courts."'"[2]

Poor old Lady, what a situation! And I believe she never saw her poor old Husband again. The day he went to Pirna (morning of yesterday, September 9th, Friedrich entering in the evening), these poor Spouses had, little dreaming of it, taken leave of one another forevermore. Such profit lies in your Brühl. Kings and Queens that will be governed by a Jesuit Guarina, and a Brühl of the Twelve Tailors, sometimes pay dear for it. They, or their representatives, are sure to do so. Kings and Queens,—yes, and if that were all: but their poor Countries too? Their Countries;—well, their Countries did not hate Beelzebub, in his various shapes, *enough.* Their Countries should have been in watch against Beelzebub in the shape of Brühls;—watching, and also 'praying' in a heroic manner, now fallen obsolete in these impious times!

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[1] Suprà, vol. v. 404.

[2] *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 222 (or 'No 26' of that Collection); *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 83.

CHAPTER V

FRIEDRICH BLOCKADES THE SAXONS IN PIRNA COUNTRY

FRIEDRICH reckons himself to have 65,000 men in Saxony. Schwerin is issuing from Silesia, through the Glatz Mountains, for Bohemia, at the head of 40,000. The Austrian force is inferior in quantity, and far from ready:—Two 'Camps' in Bohemia they have; the chief one under Browne (looking, or intending, this Saxon way), and a smaller under Piccolomini, in the Königshof-Kolin region:—if well run into from front and rear, both Browne and Piccolomini might be beautifully handled; and a gash be cut in Austria, which might incline her to be at peace again! Nothing hinders but this paltry Camp of the Saxons; itself only 18,000 strong, but in a Country of such strength. And this does hinder, effectually while it continues: 'How march to Bohemia, and leave the road blocked in our rear?'

The Saxon Camp did continue,—unmanageable by any method, for five weeks to come; the season of war-operations gone, by that time:—and Friedrich's First Campaign, rendered mostly fruitless in this manner, will by no means check the Austrian truculencies, as by his velocity he hoped to do. No; but, on the contrary, will rouse the Austrians, French and all Enemies, to a tenfold pitch of temper. And bring upon himself, from an astonished and misunderstanding

Public, such tempests and world-tornados of loud-roaring obloquy, as even he, Friedrich, had never endured before.

To readers of a touring habit this Saxon Country is perhaps well known. For the last half-century it has been growing more and more famous, under the name of 'Saxon Switzerland (*Sächsische Schweitz*),' instead of 'Misnian Highlands (*Meissnische Hochland*),' which it used to be called. A beautiful enough and extremely rugged Country; interesting to the picturesque mind. Begins rising, in soft Hills, on both sides of the Elbe, a few miles east of Dresden, as you ascend the River; till it rises into Hills of wild character, getting ever wilder, and riven into wondrous chasms and precipices. Extends, say almost twenty miles up the River, to Tetschen and beyond, in this eastern direction; and with perhaps ten miles of breadth on each side of the River: area of the Rock-region, therefore, is perhaps some four hundred square miles. The Falkenberg (what we should call *Hawks-crag*), north-eastward in the Lausitz, the Schneeberg (*Snow Mountain*), south-eastward on the Bohemian border, are about thirty-five miles apart: these two are both reckoned to be in it,—its last out-posts on that eastern side. But the limits of it are fixed by custom only, and depend on no natural condition.

We might define it as the Sandstone *neck* of the Metal Mountains: a rather lower block, of Sandstone, intercalated into the Metal-Mountain range, which otherwise, on both hands, is higher, and of harder rocks. Southward (as *shoulder* to this sandstone *neck*) lies, continuous, broad and high, the 'Metal-Mountain range' specially so-called: northward and north-eastward there rise, beyond that Falkenberg, many mountains, solitary or in groups,—'the Metal Mountains' fading-out here into 'the Lausitz Hills,' still in fine picturesque fashion, which are Northern Border to the great Bohemian 'Basin of the Elbe,' after you emerge from this Sandstone Country.

Saxon Switzerland is not very high anywhere; 2,000 feet is a notable degree of height: but it is torn and tumbled into stone labyrinths, chasms and winding rock-walls, as few regions are. Grows pinewood, to the topmost height; pine-trees far aloft look quietly down upon you, over sheer precipices, on your intricate path. On the slopes of the Hills is grass enough; in the intervals are Villages and husbandries, are corn and milk for the laborious natives,—who depend mainly on quarrying and pine-forest work: pines and freestone, rafts of long slim pines, and big stone barges, are what one sees upon the River there. A Note, not very geological, says of it:

'Elbe sweeps freely through this Country, for ages and æons past; curling himself a little into snake-figure, and with increased velocity, but silent mostly, and trim to the edge, a fine flint-coloured river;—though in æons long anterior, it must have been a very different matter for torrents and water-power. The Country is one huge Block of Sandstone, so many square miles of that material; ribbed, channelled, torn and quarried, in this manner,—by the ever-busy elements, for a million of Ages past! Chiefly by the Elbe himself, since he got to be a River, and became cosmic and personal; ceasing to be a mere watery chaos of Lakes and Deluges hereabouts. For the Sandstone was of various degrees of hardness; tenacious as marble some parts of it, soft almost as sand other parts. And the primordial diluviums and world-old torrents, great and small, rushing down from the Bohemian Highlands, from the Saxon Metal Mountains, with such storming, gurgling and swashing, have swept away the soft parts, and left the hard standing in this chaotic manner, and bequeathed it all to the Elbe, and the common frosts and rains of these human ages.

'Elbe has now a trim course; but Elbe too is busy quarrying and mining, where not artificially held-in;—and you notice at every outlet of a Brook from the interior, north side and south side, how busy the Brook has been. Boring, grinding, undermining; much helped by the frosts, by the rains. Æons ago, the Brook was a lake, in the interior; but was every moment labouring to get out; till it has cut for itself that mountain gullet, or sheerdown chasm, and brought-out with it an Alluvium or Delta,—on which, since Adam's time, human creatures have built a Hamlet. That is the origin, or unwritten history, of most hamlets and cultivated spots you fall-in with here: they are the waste shavings of the Brook, working millions of years, for its own object of getting into the Elbe in level circumstances. Ploughed fields, not without fertility, are in the interior, if you ascend that Brook; the Hamlet, at the delta or mouth of it, is as if built upon its *tongue* and into its *gullet*: think how picturesque, in the November rains, for example!

'The road,' one road, 'from Dresden to Aussig, to Lobositz, Budin, Prag, runs up the river brink (south brink); or, in our day, as Prag-Dresden Railway, thunders through those solitudes; strangely awakening their echoes; and inviting even the bewildered Tourist to reflect, if he could. The bewildered Tourist sees rock-walls heaven-high on both hands of him; River and he rushing-on between, by law of gravitation, law of ennui (which are laws of Nature both), with a narrow strip of sky in full gallop overhead; and has little encouragement to reflect, except upon his own sorrows, and delirious circumstances, physical and moral. "How much happier, were I lying in my bed!" thinks the bewildered Tourist;—does strive withal to admire the Picturesque, but with little success; notices the "*Bastei* (Bastion)," and other rigorously-prescribed points of the Sublime and Beautiful, which are to be "done." That you will have to *do*, my friend: step-out, you will have to go on that Pinnacle, with indifferent Hôtel attached; on that iron balcony, aloft among the clouds yonder; and shudder to project over Elbe-flood from such altitudes, admiring the Picturesque in prescribed manner.

'This Country has for its permanent uses, timber, freestone, modicum of milk and haver, serviceable to the generality;—and to his Polish Majesty, at present, it is as the very Ark of Noah: priceless at this juncture; being the strongest military country in the world. Excellent strength in it; express Fortresses; especially one Fortress called the Konigstein, not far from Schandau, of a towering precipitous nature, with a "well 900 feet deep" in it, and pleasant Village outside at the base;—Fortress which is still, in our day, reckoned a safe place for the Saxon Archives and preciosities. Impregnable to gunpowder artillery; not to be had except by hunger. And then, farther down the River, close by Pirna, presiding over Pirna, as that Königstein in some sort does over Schandau, is the Sonnenstein: Sonnenstein too was a Fortress in those days of Friedrich, but not impregnable, if judged worth taking. The Austrians took it, a year or two hence; Friedrich retook it, dismantled it: "the Sonnenstein is now a Madhouse," say the Guide-Books.

'Sonnenstein stands close east or up-stream of Pirna, which is a town of 5,000 souls, by much the largest in those parts; Königstein a little down-stream of Schandau, which latter is on the opposite or north side of the River. These are the two chief Towns, which do all the trade of this region; picturesque places both:—the Tourist remembers Pirna? Standing on its sleek table or stair-step, by the River's edge; well above floodmark; green, shaggy or fringy mountains looking-down on it to rearward; in front, beyond the River, nothing visible but mile-long cream-coloured rock-wall, with bushes at bottom and top, wall quarried by Elbe, as you can see. Pirna is near the beginning' (properly *end,* but we start from Dresden) 'or western extremity of Saxon Schweitz: Schandau, almost at the opposite or eastern extremity, is still more picturesque; standing on the delta of a little Brook, with high rock-cliffs, with garden-shrubberies, sanded walks, tufts of forest-umbrage; a bright-painted, almost *operatic*-looking place,—with spa-waters, if I recollect': yes truly, and the 'Bath Season' making its packages in great haste, breaking-up prematurely, this Year (1756)!—

Directly on arriving at Gross-Sedlitz, Friedrich takes ocular survey of this Country, which is already not unknown to him. He finds that the Saxons have secured themselves within the Mountains; a rocky streamlet, Brook of Gottleube, which issues into Elbe just between Gross-Sedlitz and them, 'through a dell of eighty or a hundred feet deep,' serving as their first defence;* well in front of the mere rocky Heights and precipices behind it, which stretch continuously along to southward, six miles or more, from Pirna and the south brink of Elbe. At Langen-Hennersdorf, which is the southernmost part, these Heights make an elbow inwards, by Leopoldshayn, towards the Königstein, which is but four miles off; here too the Saxons are defended by a Brook (running straight towards Königstein, this one) in front of their Heights; and stand defensive, in this way, along a rock-bulwark of ten miles long: the passes all secured by batteries, by abatis, palisades, mile after mile, as Friedrich rides observant leftward: behind them, Elbe rushing swifter through his rock-walls yonder, with chasms and intricate gorges; defending them inexpugnably to rear. Six miles long of natural bulwark (six to Hennersdorf), where the gross of the Saxons lie; then to Königstein four other miles, sufficiently, if more sparsely, beset by them. 'No stronger position in the world,' Friedrich thinks;[1]—and that it is impossible to force this place, without a loss of life disproportionate even to its importance at present. Not to say that the Saxons will make terms all the easier, *before* bloodshed rise between us;—and furthermore that Hunger (for we hear they have provision only for two weeks) may itself soon do it. 'Wedge them in, therefore; block every outgate, every entrance; nothing to get in, except gradually Hunger. Hunger, and on our part rational Offers, will suffice.' That is Friedrich's plan; good in itself, —though the ovine obstinacy, and other circumstances, retarded the execution of it to an unexpected extent, lamentable to Friedrich and to some others.

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* See Map, p. 86.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 83, 84 (not a very distinct Account; and far from accurate in the details,—which are left without effectual correction even in the best Editions).

The Prussian-Saxon military operations for the next five weeks need not detain us. Their respective positions on the Heights behind that Brook Gottleube, and on the plainer Country in front of it,—How the Prussians lie, first Division of them, from Gross-Sedlitz to Zehist, under the King; then second Division from Zehist to Cotta, and onward by 'the Rothschenke' (*Red-House* Tavern), by Markersbach, and sparsely as far as Hellendorf on the Prag Highway; in brief, where all the Divisions of them lie, and under whom; and where the Prussians, watching Elbe itself, have Batteries and Posts on the north side of it: all this is marked on the Map;*—to satisfy ingenuous curiosity, should it make tour in those parts. To which add only these straggles of Note, as farther elucidative:

'The Saxons, between Elbe and their Lines, possess about thirty square miles of country. From Pirna or Sonnenstein to Königstein, as the crow flies, may be five miles east to west; but by Langen-Hennersdorf, and the elbow there, it will be ten: at Königstein, moreover, Elbe makes an abrupt turn northward for a couple of miles, instead of westward as heretofore, turning abruptly westward again after that: so that the Saxon "Camp," or occupancy here, is an irregular Trapezium, with Pirna and Königstein for vertices, and with area estimable as above,—ploughable, a fair portion of it, and not without corn of its own. So that the "two-weeks provision" spun themselves out (short allowance aiding) to two-months, before actual famine came.

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* Copied, p. 86.

* * 'The High-road from the Lausitz parts crosses Elbe at Pirna; falls into the Dresden-Prag High-road there; and from Pirna towards Töplitz, for the first few miles, this latter runs through the Prussian Posts; but we may guess it is not much travelled at present. North of Elbe, too, the Prussians have batteries on the fit points; detachments of due force, from Gross-Sedlitz Bridge-of-Pontoons all round to Schandau, or beyond; could fire upon the Königstein, across the River: they have plugged-up the Saxon position everywhere. They have a Battery especially, and strong post, to cannonade the Bridge at Pirna, should the Saxons think of trying there. It is now the one Saxon or even *Half*-Saxon Bridge; Sonnenstein and Pirna command the Saxon end of it, a strong battery the Prussian end: a Bridge lying mainly idle, like the general Highway to Töplitz at this time. Beyond the Königstein, again, at a place called Wendisch-Fähre (*Wends' Ferry*), the Prussians have, by means of boats swinging wide at anchor on the swift current, what is called a Flying-bridge, with which the north side can communicate with the south. They have a post at Nieder-Raden (*Ober* Raden, railway station in our time, is on the south side): Nether-Raden is an interesting little Hamlet, mostly invisible to mankind (built in the *throat* of the stone chasms there), from which you begin mounting to the *Bastei* far aloft. A Raden to be noted, by the Tourist and us.'

Little, or even nothing, of fighting there is: why should there be? The military operations are a dead-lock, and require no word. Thirty thousand, half of the Prussian Force, lie, vigilant as lynxes, blockading here; other half, 32,000, under Marshal Keith, have marched forward to Aussig, to Nollendorf on the Bohemian frontier, to clear the ways, and look into any Austrian motion thereabouts,—with whom, with some Pandour detachment of whom, Duke Ferdinand, leading the vanguard, has had a little brush among the Hills; smiting them home again, in his usual creditable way (September 13th); and taking Camp at Peterswalde, he and others of the Force, that night.[1] It is with this Keith Army, with this if with any, that adventures are to be looked for at present.

Polish Majesty's Headquarters are at Struppen, well in the centre of the Saxon lines; 'goes always to the Königstein to sleep.' Polish Majesty's own table is, by Friedrich's permission for that special object, supplied *ad libitum*: but the common men were at once put on short allowance, which grows always the shorter. Polish Majesty corresponds with Friedrich, as we saw; and above all, sends burning Messages to Austria, to France, to every European Court, charged with mere shrieks: 'Help me; a robber has me!' In which sense, Excellencies of all kinds, especially one Lord Stormont, the English Excellency, daily running out from Dresden to Gross-Sedlitz, are passionately industrious with Friedrich; who is eager enough to comply, were there any safe means possible. But there are none. Unfortunately, too, it appears the Austrians are astir; Feldmarschall Browne actually furbishing himself at Prag yonder with an eye hitherward, and extraordinary haste and spirit shown: which obliges Friedrich to rise in his demands; ovine obstinacy, on the other side, naturally increasing from the same cause.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 85; *Anonymous of Hamburg*, i. 19.

'Polish Majesty, we say, has liberty to bring in proviant for self and suite, rigorously for no mortal more; and he lives well, in the culinary sense,—surely for most part "in his dressing-gown," too, poor loose collapsed soul! Brühl and he have plenty of formal business: but their one real business is that of crying, by estafettes and every conceivable method, to Austria, "Get us out of this!" To which Austria has answered, "Yes; only patience, and be steady!"—Friedrich's headquarters are at Sedlitz; and the negotiating and responding which he has, transcends imagination. His first hope was, Polish Majesty might be persuaded to join with him;—on the back of that, certainty, gradually coming, that Polish Majesty never would; and that the Austrians would endeavour a rescue, were they once ready. Starvation, or the Austrians, which will be first here? is the question; and Friedrich studies to think it will be the former. At all events, having settled on the starvation method, and seen that all his posts are right, we perceive he does not stick close by Sedlitz; but runs now hither now thither; is at Torgau, where an important establishment, kind of New Government for Saxony, on the Finance side, is organising itself. What his work with Ambassadors was, and how delicate the handling needed, think!'—Here is another Clipping:

* * 'Polish Majesty passes the day at Struppen, amid many vain noises of Soldiering, of Diplomatising; the night always at Königstein, and finally both day and night,—quite luxuriously accommodated, Brühl

and he, to the very end of this affair. Towards Struppen' (this is weeks farther on, but we give it here),—'Comte de Broglio' (Old Broglio's elder Son, younger is in the Military line), 'who is Ambassador to his Saxon-Polish Majesty, sets-out from Dresden for an interview with said Majesty. At the Prussian lines, he is informed, "Yes, you can go; but, without our King's Order, you cannot return." "What? The Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador, and treated in this way? I will go to where the Polish King is, and I will return to my own King, so often as I find business: stop me at your peril!" and threatened and argued, and made a deal of blusterous noise;—far too much, thinks Valori; think the Prussian Officers, who are sorry, but inflexible. Margraf Karl, Commandant of the place, in absence of King Friedrich (who is gone lately, on a Business we shall hear of), earnestly dissuaded Excellency Broglio; but it was to no purpose. Next day Broglio appeared in his state-carriage, formally demanding entrance, free thoroughfare: "Do you dare refuse me?" "Yes," answered Margraf Karl; "we do and must." Indignant Broglio reappeared, next day, on foot; Lieutenant-General Prince Friedrich Eugen of Würtemberg the chief man in charge: "Do you dare?" "Indubitably, Yes";—and Broglio still pushing-on incredulous, Eugen actually raised his arm,—elbow and fore-arm across the breast of Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador,—who recoiled, to Dresden, in mere whirlwinds of fire; and made the most of it' (unwisely, thinks Valori) 'in writing to Court.[1] Court, in high dudgeon, commanded Valori to quit Berlin without taking leave. Valori, in his private capacity, wrote an Adieu;[2] and in his public, as the fact stood, That he was gone without Adieu.'

And the Dauphiness, daughter of those injured Polish Majesties, fell on her knees (Pompadour permitting and encouraging) at the feet of Most Christian Majesty; on her knees, all in passion of tears; craved help and protection to her loved old Mother, in the name of Nature and of all Kings: could any King resist? And his Pompadour was busy: 'Think of that noble Empress, who calls me *Cousin and dear Princess*; think of that insolent Prussian Robber: Ah, your Majesty':—and King Louis, though not a hating man, did privately dislike Friedrich; and evil speeches of Friedrich's had been reported to him. And, in short, the upshot was: King

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[1] Valori, ii. 349, 209, 353 ('Wednesday 6th October,' the day of it, seemingly); *ib.* i. 312, etc.

[2] Friedrich's kind Letter in answer to it, '2 November 1756,' in Valori, i. 313.

Louis, bound only to 24,000 for help of Austria, determined to send, and did send, above 100,000 across the Rhine, next Year, for that object; as will be seen. And all Frenchmen,—all except Belleisle, who is old,—are charmed with these new energetic measures, and beautiful new Austrian connexions.

Certain it is, the Austrians are coming, her Imperial Majesty bent with all her might on relief of those Saxon martyrs; which indeed is relief of herself, as she well perceives: 'Courage, my friends; endure yet a little!' Messengers smuggle themselves through the Mountain paths, and go and return, though with difficulty.

Since September 19th, the Correspondence with Polish Majesty has ceased: no persuading of the Polish Majesty. Winterfeld went twice to him; conferred at large, Brühl forbidden to be there, on the actual stringencies and urgencies of Fact between the Two Countries; but it was with no result at all. Polish Majesty has not the least intention that Saxony shall be even a Highway for Friedrich, if at any time Polish Majesty can hinder it: 'Neutrality,' therefore, will not do for Friedrich; he demands Alliance, practical Partnership; and to that his Polish Majesty is completely abhorrent. Diplomatising may cease; nothing but wrestle of fight will settle this matter.

Friedrich, able to get nothing from the Sovereign of Saxony, is reduced to grasp Saxony itself: and we can observe him doing it; always the closer, always the more carefully, as the complicacy deepens, and the obstinacy becomes more dangerous and provoking. What alternative is there? On first entering Saxony, Friedrich had made no secret that he was not a mere bird of passage there. At Torgau, there was at once a 'Field-Commissariat' established, with Prussian Officials of eminence to administer, the Military Chest to be deposited there, and Torgau to be put in a state of defence. Torgau, our Saxon Metropolis of War-Finance, is becoming more and more the Metropolis of Saxon Finance in general. Saxon Officials were liable, from the first, to be suspended, on

Friedrich's order. Saxon Finance-Officials, of all kinds, were from the first instructed, that till farther notice there must be no disbursements without King Friedrich's sanction. And, in fact, King Friedrich fully intends that Saxony is to help him all it can; and that it either will or else shall, in this dire pressure of perplexity, which is due in such a degree to the conduct of the Saxon Government for twelve years past. Would Saxony go with him in any form of consent, how much more convenient to Friedrich! But Saxony will not; Polish Majesty, not himself suffering hunger, is obstinate as the decrees of Fate (or as sheep, when too much put upon), regardless of considerations;—and, in fine, here is Browne actually afoot; coming to relieve Polish Majesty!—The Austrians had uncommonly bestirred themselves:

> The activity, the zeal of all ranks, ever since this expedition into Saxony, and clutching of Saxony by the throat, contemporary witnesses declare to have been extraordinary. 'Horses for Piccolomini's Cavalry,—they had scarcely got their horses, not to speak of training them, not to speak of cannon and the heavier requisites, when Schwerin began marching out of Glatz on Piccolomini. As to the cannon for Browne and him, draught-cattle seem absolutely unprocurable. Whereupon Maria Theresa flings open her own Imperial Studs: "There, yoke these to our cannon; let them go their swiftest";—which awoke such an enthusiasm, that noblemen and peasants crowded forward with their coach-horses, and their cart-horses, to relay Browne, all through Bohemia, at different stages; and the cannon and equipments move to their places at the gallop, in a manner,'[1]—and even Browne at the base of the Metal Mountains, has got most of his equipments. And is astir towards Pirna (Army of 60,000, rumour says), for relief of the Saxon martyrs. Friedrich's complexities are getting day by day more stringent.

From the middle of September, Marshal Keith, as was observed, with Half of the Prussians, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick under him, has been on the Bohemian slope of the Metal Mountains; securing the roads, towns and passes thereabouts, and looking-out for the advance of Marshal Browne from the interior parts. Town of Aussig, and the River-road

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 24.

(Castle of Tetschen, on its high rock known to Tourists, which always needs to be taken on such occasions), these Keith has secured. Lies encamped from Peterswalde to Aussig, the middle or main strength of him being in the Hamlet of Johnsdorf (discoverable, if readers like): there lies Keith, fifteen miles in length; like a strap, or bar, thrown across the back of that Metal-Mountain Range,—or part of its back; for the range is very broad, and there is much inequality, and many troughs, big and little, partial and general, in the crossing of it. A tract which my readers and I have crossed before now, by the 'Pascopol' or Post-road and otherwise; and shall often have to cross!

Browne, vigorously astir in the interior (cannon and equipments coming by relays at such a pace), is daily advancing, with his best speed: in the last days of September, Browne is encamped at Budin; may cross the Eger River any day, and will then be within two marches of Keith. His intentions towards Pirna Country are fixed and sure; but the plan or route he will take is unknown to everybody, and indeed to Browne himself, till he see near at hand and consider. Browne's problem, he himself knows, is abundantly abstruse,—bordering on the impossible; but he will try his best. To get within reach of the Saxons is almost impossible to Browne, even were there no Keith there. As good as impossible altogether, by any line of march, while Keith, is afoot in those parts. By Aussig, down the River, straight for the interior of their Camp, it is flatly impossible: by the south or south-east corner of their Camp (Gottleube way), or by the north-east (by Schandau way, right bank of Elbe), it is virtually so, —at least without beating Keith. Could one beat Keith, indeed;—but that will not be easy! And that, unluckily, is the preliminary to everything.

'By the Hellendorf-Hennersdorf side, in the wastes where Gottleube Brook gathers itself, Browne might have a chance. There, on that south-east corner of their Camp, were he once there to attack the Prussians from without, while the Saxons burst-up from within,—there, thinks a good judge, 'is much the favourablest place. But unless Browne's Army had wings, how is it ever to get there? Across those Metal-Mountain ranges, barred by Keith:—by Aussig, with the rocks overhanging Elbe River and him, he cannot go in any case. Were there no Keith, indeed (but there always is, standing ready on the spring), one might hold to leftward, and by stolen marches, swift, far round about—!

'By Schandau region, north side of the Elbe, is Browne's easiest, and indeed one feasible, point of approach,—no Prussians at present between him and that; the road open, though a far circuit northward for Browne, were he to cross the Elbe in Leitmeritz circle, and march with velocity? That too will be difficult,—nearly impossible in sight of Keith. And were that even done, the egress for the Saxons, by Schandau side, is through strait mountain gorges, intricate steep passes, crossings of the Elbe: what force of Saxons or of Austrians will drive the Prussians from their redoubts and batteries there?'[1]

Browne's problem is none of the feasiblest: but his orders are strict, 'Relieve the Saxons, at all risks.' And Browne, one of the ablest soldiers living ('Your Imperial Majesty's best general,' said the dying Khevenhüller long since), will do his utmost upon it. Friedrich does not think the enterprise very dangerous,—beating of Keith the indispensable preliminary to it; but will naturally himself go and look into it.

Tuesday September 28th, Friedrich quits Pirna Country by the Prag Highway; making due inspection of his Posts as he goes along; and, the outmost of these once past, drives rapidly up the Mountains; gets, with small escort, through Peterswalde on to Johnsdorf that night. Does not think this Keith position good; breaks-up this 'Camp of Johnsdorf' bodily next morning; and marches down the Mountains, direct towards Browne; who, we hear, is about crossing the Eger (his Pontoons now come at last), and will himself be on the advance. From Türmitz, a poor mountain hamlet in the hollow of the Hills, which is headquarters that night, the march proceeds again; Friedrich with the vanguard; Army, I think, on various country-roads, on both hands; till all get upon the Great Road again,—Prag-Töplitz-Dresden Post-road; which is called, specially in this part of it, and loosely in whole, 'The Pascopol,' and leads down direct to Budin and Browne.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 86, 93, 96.

'A "Pascopol" famed in military annals,' says our Tourist. 'It is a road with many windings, many precipitous sweeps of up and down; road precipitous in structure;—offers views to the lover of wild Nature: huge lonesome Hills scattered in the distance; waste expanses nearer hand, and futile attempts at moorish agriculture; but little else that is comfortable. In times of Peace, you will meet at long intervals, some post-vehicle struggling forward under melancholy circumstances; some cart, or dilapidated mongrel between cart and basket, with a lean ox harnessed to it, and scarecrow driver, laden with pit-coal,'—which you wish safe home, and that the scarecrow were getting warmed by it. But in War-time the steep road is livelier; the common invasion road between Saxony and Bohemia; whole Armies sweeping over it, and their thousand-fold wagons and noises making clangour enough.' * * 'One of those Hollows on the Pascopol, is Joachimsthal, with its old Silver Mines; yielding coins which were in request with traders, the silver being fine. "Let my ducat be a Joachimsthal one, then!" the old trader would say: 'a *Joachimsthal-er*;' or, for brevity, a "*Thal-er*"; whence *Thaler*, and at last *Dollar* (almighty and otherwise),—now going round the world!' Pascopol finishes in Welmina Township. From the last hamlet in Welmina, at the neck of the last Hill, step downward one mile, holding rather to the left, you will come on the innocent Village of Lobositz, its poor corn-mills and huckster-shops all peaceably unknown as yet, which is soon to become very famous.'

The Country-roads where Friedrich's Army is on march, I should think are mostly on the mounting hand. For here, from Türmitz, is a trough again; though the last considerable one; and on the crest of that, we shall look down upon the Bohemian Plains and the grand Basin of the Elbe,—through various scrubby villages which are not nameworthy; through one called Kletschen, which for a certain reason is. Crossing the shoulder of Kletschenberg (*Hill* of this Kletschen), which abuts upon the Pascopol,—yonder in bright sunshine is your beautiful expansive Basin of the Elbe, and the green Bohemian Plains, revealed for a moment. Friedrich snatches his glass, not with picturesque object: 'See, yonder is Feldmarschall Browne, then! In camp yonder, down by Lobositz, not ten miles from us,'—(it is most true; Browne marched this morning, long before the Sun; crossed Eger, and pitched

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[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 178.

camp at noon):—'Good!' thinks Friedrich. And pushes down into the Pascopol, into the hollows and minor troughs, which hide Browne henceforth, till we are quite near.

Quite near, through Welmina and a certain final gap of the Hills, Friedrich with the vanguard does emerge, 'an hour before sunset': overhanging Browne; not above a mile from the Camp of Browne. A very large Camp, that of Browne's, flanked to right by the Elbe; goes from Sulowitz, through Lobositz, to Welhoten close on Elbe;—and has properties extremely well worth studying just now! 'Friedrich,' the Books say, 'bivouacks by a fire of sticks,' short way down on the southern slope of the Hill; and till sunset and after, has eye-glass, brain, and faculties and activities sufficiently occupied for the rest of the night;—his Divisions gradually taking post behind him, under arms; 'not till midnight, the very rearmost of them.'[1]

CHAPTER VI

BATTLE OF LOBOSITZ

WELMINA,—or Reschni-Aujest, last pertinent of Welmina (but we will take Friedrich's name for it), offers to the scrutinising eye nothing, in our day, but some bewildered memory of 'Alte Fritz' clinging obstinately even to the Peasant mind thereabouts. A sleepy littery place; some biggish haggard untrimmed trees, some broken-backed sleepy-looking thatched houses, not in contact, and each as far as might be with its back turned on the other, and cloaked in its own litter and privacy. Probably no human creature will be visible, as you pass through. Much straw lying about, chiefly where the few gaunt trees look down on it (cattle glad of any shelter): in fact, it is mainly an extinct tumult of straw: nothing alive, as you pass, but a few poor oxen languidly sauntering up and down, finding much to trample, little to eat. The Czech Populations (were it not for that 'Question of the Nationalities') are not very beautiful!

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[1] 'Tuesday 28th September, left the Camp at Sedlitz, with 8 battalions 20 squadrons, to Johnsdorf: 29th, to Türmitz,—Browne is to pass the Eger to-morrow. From the tops of the Pascopol (30th), *see* an Austrian Camp in the Plain of Lobositz. Vanguard bivouacks in the "neck" of the two Hills or a little beyond.' *Prussian Account of Campaign* 1756 (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 844-45, 840-858); Anonymous of Hamburg; etc. etc.

Close south of this poor Hamlet is a big Hill, conspicuous with three peaks; quite at the other base of which, a good way down, lies Lobositz, the main Village in those parts; a place now of assiduous corn-mill and fruit trade; and one of the stations on the Dresden-Prag Railway. This Hill is what Lloyd calls the Lobosch;[1] twin to which, only flatter, is Lloyd's 'Homolka Hill' (Hill of *Radostitz* in more modern Plans and Books). Conspicuous Heights, and important to us here,—though I did not find the Peasants much know them under those names. By the southern shoulder of this Lobosch Hill runs the road from Welmina to Lobositz, with branches towards many other villages. To your right or southern hand, short way southward, rises the other Hill, which Lloyd calls Homolka Hill; the gap or interval between Homolka and Lobosch, perhaps a furlong in extent, is essentially the *pass* through those uplands. This pass, Friedrich, at the first moment, made sure of; filling the same with battalions, there to bivouack. He likewise promptly laid hold of the two Hills, high Lobosch to his left, and lower Homolka to right; which precautionary measure it is reckoned a fault in Browne to have neglected, that night; fault for which he smarted on the morrow.

From this upland pass, or neck between the two Mountains, Friedrich's battalions would have had a fine view, had the morning shone for them: Lobositz, Leitmeritz, Melnick; a great fertile Valley, or expanse of fruitful country, many miles in breadth and length; Elbe, like a silver stripe, winding grandly through the finest of all his countries, before ducking himself into the rock-tumults of that Pirna district. The mountain gorges of Prag and Moldau River, south of Melnick, lie hidden under the horizon, or visible only as peaks, thirty miles and more to south-eastward; a bright country intervening, sprinkled with steepled towns. To north-westward, far away, are the Lausitz Mountains, ranked in loose order, but massive, making a kind of range: and as outposts to them in their scattered state, Hills of good height and aspect are scattered all about, and break the uniformity of the Plain. Nowhere in North Germany could the Prussian battalions have a finer view,—if the morning were fine, and if views were their object.

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[1] Major-General Lloyd, *History of the late War in Germany*, 1756-1759 (3 voll. 4to, London, 1781), i. 2-11.

The morning, first in October, was not fine; and it was far other than scenery that the Prussian battalions had in hand!—Friday 1st October 1756, Day should have broken: but where is Day? At seven in the morning (and on till eleven), thick mist lay over the plain; thin fog to the very hilltops; so that you cannot see a hundred yards ahead. Lobositz is visible only as through a crape; farther on, nothing but gray sea; under which, what the Austrians are doing, or whether there are any Austrians, who can say? Leftward on the Lobosch-Hill side, as we reconnoitre, some Pandours are noticeable, nestled in the vineyards there:—that sunward side of the Lobosch is all vineyards, belonging to the different Lobositzers; scrubby vineyards, all in a brown plucked state at this season. Vineyards parted by low stone walls, say three or four feet high (parted by hurdles, or by tiny trenches, in our day, and the stone walls mere stone facings): there are the Pandours crouched, and give fire in a kneeling posture when you approach. Lower down, near Lobositz itself, flickerings as of Horse squadrons, probably Hussar parties, twinkle dubious in the wavering mist. Problem wrapt in mist; nothing to be seen; and all depends on judging it with accuracy! Seven by the clock:

Deploy, at any rate; let us cover our post; and be in readiness for events.

Friedrich's vanguard of itself nearly fills that neck, or space between the Lobosch and Homolka Hills.* He spreads his Infantry and 'hundred fieldpieces,' in part, rightwards along the Homolka Hill; but chiefly leftwards along the Lobosch, where their nearest duty is to drive-off those Pandours. Always as a new battalion, pushing farther leftward, comes upon its ground, the Pandours give fire on it; and it on the Pandours; till the Left Wing is complete, and all the Lobosch is, in this manner, a crackling of Pandour musketry and anti-musketry. Right Wing, steady to its guns on the Homolka, has as yet nothing to do. Those wings of Infantry are two lines deep; the Cavalry, in three lines, is between them in the centre; no room for Cavalry elsewhere, except on the outskirts some fringing of light horse, to be ready for emergencies.

The Pandour firing, except for the noise of it, does not amount to much; they can take no aim, says Lloyd, crouching behind their stone fences; and the Prussian Battalions, steadily pushing downwards, trample-out their sputtering, and clear the Lobosch of them to a safe distance. But the ground is intricate, so wrapt in mist for the present. That crackling lasts for hours; decisive of nothing; and the mist also, and one's anxious guessings and scrutinisings, last in a wavering fitful manner.

Once, for some time, in the wavering of the mist, there was seen, down in the plain opposite our centre, a body of Cavalry. Horse for certain: say ten squadrons of them, or 1,500 Horse; continually manœuvring, changing shape; now in more ranks, now in fewer; sometimes 'chequerwise,' formed like a draught-board; shooting-out wings: they career about, one sees not whither, or vanish again into the mist behind. 'Browne's rearguard this, that we are come upon,' thinks Friedrich; 'these squatted Pandours, backed by Horse, must be his rear-guard, that are amusing us: Browne and the

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* Sketch of Plan, p. 86.

Army are off; crossing the Elbe, hastening towards the Schandau, the Pirna quarter, while we stand bickering and idly sputtering here!'—Weary of such idle business, Friedrich orders forward Twenty of his Squadrons from the centre station: 'Charge me those Austrian Horse, and let us finish this.' The Twenty Squadrons, preceded by a pair of field-pieces, move down hill; storm-in upon the Austrian party, storm it furiously into the mist; are furiously chasing it,—when unexpected cannon-batteries, destructive case-shot, awaken on their left flank (batteries from Lobositz, one may guess); and force them to draw back. To draw back, with some loss; and rank again, in an indignantly blown condition, at the foot of their Hill. Indignant; after brief breathing, they try it once more.

'Don't try it!' Friedrich had sent out to tell them: for the mist was clearing; and Friedrich, on the higher ground, saw new important phenomena: but it was too late. For the Twenty Squadrons are again dashing forward; sweeping-down whatever is before them: in spite of cannon-volleys, they plunge deeper and deeper into the mist; come upon 'a ditch twelve feet broad' (big swampy drain, such as are still found there, grass-green in summer-time); clear said ditch; forward still deeper into the mist: and after three hundred yards, come upon a second far worse 'ditch'; plainly impassable this one,—'ditch' they call it, though it is in fact a vile sedgy Brook, oozing along there (the *Morell Bach*, considerable Brook, lazily wandering towards Lobositz, where it disembogues in rather swifter fashion);—and are saluted with cannon, from the farther side; and see serried ranks under the gauze of mist: Browne's Army, in fact! The Twenty Squadrons have to recoil out of shot-range, the faster the better; with a loss of a good many men, in those two charges. Friedrich orders them up Hill again; much regretful of this second charge, which he wished to hinder; and posts them to rearward,—where they stand silent, the unconscious stoic-philosophers in buff, and have little farther service through the rest of the day.

It is now 11 o'clock; the mist all clearing off; and Friedrich, before that second charge, had a growing view of the Plain and its condition. Beyond question, there is Browne; not in retreat, by any means; but in full array; numerous, and his position very strong. Ranked, unattackable mostly, behind that oozy Brook, or *Bach* of Morell; which has only two narrow Bridges, cannon plenty on both: one Bridge from the south parts to Sulowitz (*our* road to Sulowitz and it would be by Radostitz and the Homolka); and then one other Bridge, connecting Sulowitz with Lobositz,—which latter is Browne's own Bridge, uniting right wing and left of Browne, so to speak; and is still more unattackable, in the circumstances. What will Friedrich decide on attempting?

That oozy Morell Brook issues on Browne's side of Lobositz, cutting Browne in two; but is otherwise all in Browne's favour. Browne extends through Lobositz; and beyond it, curves up to Welhoten on the River-brink; at Lobositz are visible considerable redoubts, cannon-batteries and much regular infantry. Browne will be difficult to force yonder, in the Lobositz part; but yonder alone can he be tried. He is pushing-up more Infantry that way; conscious probably of that fact,—and that the Lobosch Hill is not his, but another's. What would not Browne now give for the Lobosch Hill! Yesternight he might have had it gratis, in a manner; and indeed did try slightly, with his Pandour people (durst not at greater expense),—who have now ceased sputtering, and cower extinct in the lower vineyards there. Browne, at any rate, is rapidly strengthening his right wing, which has hold of Lobositz; pushing forward in that quarter,—where the Brook withal is of firmer bottom and more wadeable. Thither too is Friedrich bent. So that Lobositz is now the key of the Battle; there will the tug of war now be.

Friedrich's cavalry is gone all to rearward. His right wing holds the Homolka Hill,—that too would now be valuable to

Browne; and cannot be had gratis, as yesternight! Friedrich's left wing is on the Lobosch; Pandours pretty well extinct before it, but now from Welhoten quarter new Regulars coming on thither, — as if Browne would still take the Lobosch? Which would be victory to him; but is not now possible to Browne. Nor will long seem so;—Friedrich having other work in view for him;—meaning now to take Lobositz, instead of losing the Lobosch to him! Friedrich pushes out his Left Wing still farther leftward, leftward and downward withal, to clear those vineyard-fences completely of their occupants, Pandour or Regular, old or new. This is done; the vineyard-fences swept;—and the sweepings driven, in a more and more stormy fashion, towards Welhoten and Lobositz; the Lobosch falling quite desperate for Browne.

Henceforth Friedrich directs all his industry to taking Lobositz; Browne, to the defending of it, which he does with great vigour and fire; his batteries, redoubts, doing their uttermost, and his battalions rushing on, mass of them after mass, at quick march, obstinate, fierce to a degree, in the height of temper; and showing such fight as we never had of them before. Friedrich's Left Wing and Browne's Right now have it to decide between them;—any attempt Browne makes with his Left through Sulowitz (as he once did, and once only) is instantly repressed by cannon from the Homolka Hill. And the rest of the Battle, or rather the Battle itself,—for all hitherto has been pickeering and groping in the mist,—may be made conceivable in few words.

Friedrich orders the second line of his Left Wing to march up and join with the first; Right Wing, shoving *its* two lines into one, is now to cover the Lobosch as well. Left Wing, in condensed condition, shall fall down on Lobositz, and do its best. They are now clear of the vineyard-works; the ground is leveller, though still sloping,—a three furlongs from the Village, and somewhat towards the Elbe, when Browne's battalions first came extensively to close grips; fierce enough (as was said); the toughest wrestle yet had with those

Austrians,—coming on with steady fury, under such force of cannon; with iron ramrods too, and improved ways, like our own. But nothing could avail them; the counter-fury being so great. They had to go at the Welhoten part, and even to run,—plunging into Elbe, a good few of them, and drowning there, in the vain hope to swim. 'Never have my troops,' says Friedrich, 'done such miracles of valour, cavalry as well as infantry, since I had the honour to command them. By this dead-lift achievement (*tour de force*) I have seen what they can do.'[1]

In fine, after some three hours more of desperate tugging and struggling, cannon on both sides going at a great rate, and infinite musketry ('ninety cartridges a man on our Prussian side, and ammunition falling done'), not without bayonet-pushings, and smitings with the butt of your musket, the Austrians are driven into Lobositz; are furiously pushed there, and, in spite of new battalions coming to the rescue, are fairly pushed through. These Village streets are too narrow for new battalions from Browne; 'much of the Village should have been burnt beforehand,' say cool judges. And now, sure enough, it does get burnt; Lobositz is now all on fire, by Prussian industry. So that the Austrians have to quit it instantly; and rush off in great disorder; key of the Battle, or Battle itself, quite lost to them.

The Prussian infantry, led by the Duke of Brunswick-

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[1] Letter to Schwerin, 'Lobositz, 2d August 1756' (Retzow, i. 64); *Relation de la Campagne* 1756, that is, *Prussian Account* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 848. Lloyd, *ut suprà*, i. 2-11 (who has solid information at first hand, having been an actor in these Wars. A man of great natural sagacity and insight; decidedly luminous and original, though of somewhat crabbed temper now and then; a man well worth hearing on this and on whatever else he handles). Tempelhof, *Geschichte des siebenjährigen Krieges* (which is at first a mere Translation of Lloyd, nothing new in it but certain notes and criticisms on Lloyd; when Lloyd ends, Tempelhof, Prussian Major and Professor, a learned, intelligent, but diffuse man, of far inferior talent to Lloyd, continues and completes on his own footing: six very thin 4tos, Berlin, 1794), i. 38 (Battle, with *foot-notes*), and *ibid.* 51 (*criticism* of Lloyd). Prussian and Austrian Accounts in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 800 et seq. Many Narratives in *Feldzüge*, and the *Beylage* to Seyfarth: etc., etc.

Bevern ('Governor of Stettin,' one of the Duke-Ferdinand cousinry, frugal and valiant), gave the highest satisfaction; seldom was such firing, such furious pushing; they had spent ninety cartridges a man; were at last quite out of cartridges; so that Bevern had to say, 'Strike-in with bayonets, *meine Kinder;* butt-ends, or what we have; *heran!*' Our Grenadiers were mainly they that burnt Lobositz. 'How salutary now would it have been,' says Epimetheus Lloyd, 'had Browne had a small battery on the other side of the Elbe'; whereby he might have taken them in flank, and shorn them into the wind! Epimetheus marks this battery on his Plan; and is wise behind-hand, at a cheap rate.

Browne's Right Wing, and probably his Army with it, would have gone much to perdition, now that Lobositz was become Prussian—had not Browne, in the nick of the moment, made a masterly movement: pushed forward his Centre and Left Wing, numerous battalions still fresh, to interpose between the chasing Prussians and those fugitives. The Prussians, infantry only, cannot chase on such terms; the Prussian cavalry, we know, is far rearward on the high ground. Browne retires a mile or two,—southward, Budinward,—not chased; and there halts, and re-arranges himself; thinking what farther he will do. His aim in fighting had only been to defend himself; and in that humble aim he has failed. Chase of the Prussians over that Homolka-Lobosch country, with the high grounds rearward and the Metal Mountains in their hands, he could in no event have attempted.

The question now is: Will he go back to Budin; or will he try farther towards Schandau? Nature points to the former course, in such circumstances; Friedrich, by way of assisting, does a thing much admired by Lloyd;—detaches Bevern with a strong party southward, out of Lobositz, which is now his, to lay hold of Tschirskowitz, lying Budin-ward, but beyond the Budin Road. Which feat, when Browne hears of it, means to him, 'Going to cut me off from Budin, then? From my ammunition-stores, from my very bread-cupboard!' And he marches that same midnight, silently, in good order, back to Budin. He is not much ruined; nay, the Prussian loss is numerically greater: '3,308 killed and wounded, on the Prussian side; on the Austrian, 2,984, with three cannon taken and two standards.' Not ruined at all; but foiled, frustrated; and has to devise earnestly, 'What next?' Once rearranged, he may still try.

The Battle lasted seven hours; the last four of it very hot, till Lobositz was won and lost. It was about 5 P.M. when Browne fired his retreat-cannon:—cannon happened to be loaded (say the Anecdote-Books, mythically given now and then); Friedrich, wearied enough, had flung himself into his carriage for a moment's rest, or thankful reflection; and of all places, the ball of the retreat-cannon lighted *there*. Between Friedrich's feet, as he lay reclining,—say the Anecdote-Books, whom nobody is bound to believe.

On the strength of those two Prussian charges, which had retired from case-shot on their flank, and had not wings, for getting over sedge and ooze, Austria pretended to claim the victory. 'Two charges repelled by our gallant horse; Lobositz, indeed, was got on fire, and we had nothing for it but to withdraw; but we took a new position, and only left that for want of water';—with the like excuses. 'Essentially a clear victory,' said the Austrians; and sang *Te-deum* about it;—but profited nothing by that piece of melody. The fact, considerable or not, was, from the first, too undeniable: Browne beaten from the field. And beaten from his attempt too (the Saxons not relievable by this method); and lies quiet in Budin again,—with his water sure to him; but what other advantages gained?

Here are two Letters, brief both, which we may as well read:

1°. *Friedrich to Wilhelmina* (at Baireuth)

'Lobositz, 4th October 1756.

'My dear Sister,—Your will is accomplished. Tired out by these Saxon delays, I put myself at the head of my Army of Bohemia' (Keith's hitherto); 'and marched from Aussig to—a Name which seemed to me of good augury, being yours,—to the Village of Welmina' (Battle was called *of Welmina*, by the Prussians at first). 'I found the Austrians here, near Lobositz; and, after a fight of seven hours, forced them to run. Nobody of your acquaintance is killed, except Generals Lüderitz and Œrzen' (who are not of ours).

'I return you a thousand thanks for the tender part you take in my lot. Would to Heaven the Valour of my Army might procure us a stable Peace! That ought to be the aim of War. Adieu, my dear Sister; I embrace you tenderly, assuring you of the lively affection with which I am — 'F.'[1]

2°. *Prince of Prussia to Valori* (who is still at Berlin, but soon going as it proves,—Broglio's explosion at the Lines of Gross-Sedlitz being on hand, during the King's absence, in these very hours[2])

'Camp of Lobositz, 5th October 1756.

'You will know the news of the day; and I am persuaded you take part in it. All you say to me betokens the conspiracy there is for the destruction of our Country. If that is determined in the Book of Fate, we cannot escape it.

'Had my advice been asked, a year ago, I should have voted to preserve the Alliance' (with *you*) 'which we had been used to for sixteen years' (strictly for twelve, though in substance ever since 1740), and which was by nature advantageous to us. But if my advice were asked just now, I should answer, That the said method being now impossible, we are in the case of a ship's captain who defends himself the best he can, and when all resources are exhausted, has, rather than surrender on shameful conditions, to fire the powder-magazine, and blow-up his ship. You remember that of your François I.'—*Fors l'honneur;* ah yes, very well!—'Perhaps it will be my poor Children who will be the victims of these past errors,'—for such I still think them, I for my part.

'The Gazettes enumerate the French troops that are to besiege Wesel,

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[1] *Œuvres*, xxvii. i. 291.

[2] '5th-6th October' (Valori, ii. 353).

Geldern' (Wesel they will get gratis, poor Geldern will almost break their heart first), 'and take possession of Ost-Friesland; the Russian Declaration' (Manifesto not worth reading) 'tells us Russia's intentions for the next year' (most truculent intentions): 'we will defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood, and perish with honour. If you have any counsel farther, I pray you give it me.

'Remain always my friend; and believe that in all situations I will remain yours; and trying to do what my duty is, will not forfeit the sentiments on your part which have been so precious to me. Your servant,— GUILLAUME.[1]

'Pity this good Prince contemplating the downfall of his House,' suggests Valori: 'He deserved a better fate! He would be in despair to think I had sent this Letter to your Excellency; but I thought perhaps you would show it to the King,'—and that it might do good one day.[2] The Prussians lay in their 'Camp of Lobositz,' posted up and down in that neighbourhood, for a couple of weeks more; waiting whether Browne would attempt anything farther in the fighting way; and, in fine, whether the solution of the crisis would fall-out hereabouts, or on the other side of the Hills.

CHAPTER VII

THE SAXONS GET OUT OF PIRNA ON DISMAL TERMS

THE disaster of October 1st,—for which they were trying to sing *Te-deums* at Vienna,—fell heavier on the poor Saxons, in their cage at Pirna: 'Alas, where is our deliverance now?' Friedrich's people, in their lines here, gave them such a 'joy-firing' for Lobositz as Retzow has seldom heard; huge volleyings, salvoings, running-fires, starting out, artistically timed and stationed, thunderous, high; and borne by the echoes, gloomily reverberative, into every dell and labyrinth of the Pirna Country;—intended to strike a deeper damp into them, thinks he.[1] But Imperial Majesty was mindful, too; and straightway sent Browne positive order, 'Deliver me these poor Saxons at any price!' And in the course of not quite a week from Lobositz, there arrives a confidential Messenger from Browne: 'Courage still, ye caged Saxons; I will try it another way! Only you must hold-out till the 11th; on the 11th stand to your tools, and it shall be done.'

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[1] Valori, ii. 204-206.

[2] Valori (to the French Minister, '12th October 1756'), ii. 204.

Browne is to take a succinct Detachment, 8,000 picked men, horse and foot; to make a wider sweep with these, well eastward by the foot of Lausitz Hills, and far enough from all Prussian parties and scouts; to march, with all speed and silence, 'through Böhm-Leipa, Kamnitz, Rumburg, Schluckenau;' * and come in upon the Schandau region, quite from the north-east side; say, at Lichtenhayn; an eligible Village, which is but seven miles or so from the Königstein, with the chasmy country and the river intervening. Monday October 11th, Browne will arrive at Lichtenhayn (sixty miles of circling march from Budin); privately post himself near Lichtenhayn; Prussian posts, of no great strength, lying ahead of him there. You, indignant extenuated Saxons, are to get yourselves across,—near the Königstein it will have to be, under cover of the Königstein's cannon,—on the front or riverward side of those same Prussian posts: crossing-place (Browne's Messenger settles) can be Thürmsdorf Hamlet, opposite the Lilienstein, opposite the Hamlets of Ebenheit and Halbstadt there. Königstein fire will cover your bridge and your building of it.

'Monday night next, I say, post yourselves there, with hearts resolute, with powder dry; there, about the eastern roots of the Lilienstein' (beautiful Show Mountain, with stair-steps cut on it for Tourist people, by August the Strong), 'and avoid the Prussian battery and abatis which is on it just now! You at Ebenheit, I at Lichtenhayn, trimmed and braced for action, through that Monday night. Tuesday morning, the Königstein, at your beckoning, shall fire two cannon-shots; which shall mean, 'All ready here!' Then forward, you, on those Prussian posts by the front; I will attack them by the rear. With right fury, both of us! I am told, they are but weak in those posts; surely, by double impetus, and dead-lift effort from us both, they *can* be forced? Only force them,—you are in the open field again; and you march away with me, colours flying; your hunger-cage and all your tribulations left behind you!'—

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[1] Retzow, i. 67.

* Map, p. 86.

This is Browne's plan. The poor Saxons accept,—what choice have they?—though the question of crossing and bridge-building has its intricacies; and that inevitable item of 'postponement till the 11th' is a sore clause to them; for not only are there short and ever shorter rations, but grim famine itself is advancing with large strides. The 'daily twenty ounces of meal' has sunk to half that quantity; the 'ounce or so of butcher's-meat once a week, has vanished, or become *horse* of extreme leanness. The cavalry horses have not tasted oats, nothing but hay or straw (not even water always); the artillery horses had to live by grazing, brown leaves their main diet latterly. Not horses any longer; but walking trestles, poor animals! And the men,—well, they are fallen pale; but they are resolute as ever. The nine corn-mills, which they have in this circuit of theirs, grind now night and day; and all the cavalry are set to thresh whatever grain can be found about; no hind or husbandmen shall retain one sheaf: in this way, they hope, utter hunger may be staved-off, and the great attempt made.[1]

Browne skilfully and perfectly did his part of the Adventure. Browne arrives punctually at Lichtenhayn, evening of the 11th; bivouacks, hidden in the Woods thereabouts, in cold damp weather; stealthily reconnoitres the Prussian Villages ahead, and trims himself for assault, at sound of the two cannons tomorrow. But there came no cannon-signal on the morrow; far other signallings and messagings tomorrow, and next day, and next, from the Königstein and neighbourhood! 'Wait, Excellency Feldmarschall' (writes Brühl to him, Note after Note, instead of signalling from the Königstein): 'do wait a very little! You run no risk in waiting; we, even if we *must* yield, will make that our first stipulation!' '*You* will?' grumbles Browne; and waits, naturally, with extreme impatience. But the truth is, the Adventure, on the Saxon side of it, has already altogether misgone; and becomes, from this point onwards, a mere series of failures, futilities and disastrous miseries, tragical to think of. Worth some record here, since there are Documents abundant;—especially as Feldmarschall Rutowski (who is General-in-Chief, an old, *not* esteemed, friend of ours) has produced, or caused to be produced, a Narrative, which illuminates the Business from within as well.[1] The latter is our main Document here:

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[1] *Précis de la Retraite de l'Armée Saxonne de son Camp de Pirna* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 482-494).

I know not how much of the blame was General Rutowski's: one could surmise some laxity of effort, and a rather slovenly survey of facts, in that quarter. The Enterprise, from the first, was flatly impossible, say judges; and it is certain, poor Rutowski's execution was not first-rate. 'How get across the Elbe?' Rutowski had said to himself, perhaps not quite with the due rigour of candour proportionate to the rigorous fact: 'How get across the Elbe? We have copper pontoons at Pirna; but they will be difficult to cart. Or we might have a boat-bridge; boats planked together two and two. At Pirna are plenty of boats; and by oar and track-rope, the River itself might be a road for them? Boats or pontoons to Königstein, by water or land, they must be got. Eight miles of abysmal roads, our horses all extenuated? Impossible to cart these pontoons!' said Rutowski to himself.—Pity he had not tried it. He had a week to do those eight bad miles in; and 2,000 lean horses, picking grass or brown leaves, while their riders threshed. 'We will drag our pontoons by water, by the Elbe tow-path,' thought Rutowski, 'that will be easier';—and forthwith set about preparing for it, secretly collecting boats at Pirna, steersmen, towing-men, bridge-tackle and what else will be necessary.

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[1] *Précis*, etc. (just cited); compare *Tagebuch der Einschliessung des Sächsischen Lagers bey Pirna* ('Diary,' etc., which is the Prussian Account: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*), ii. 22-48.

Rutowski made, at least, no delay. Browne's messenger, we find, had come to him, 'Thursday 7th': and on Friday night Rutowski has a squad of boatmen, steersmen and two score of towing peasants ready; and actually gets under way. They are escorted by the due battalions with fieldpieces;—who are to fire upon the Prussian batteries, and keep-up such a blaze of musketry and heavier shot, as will screen the boats in passing. Surely a ticklish operation, this;—arguing a sanguine temper in General Rutowski! The south bank of the River is ours; but there are various Prussian batteries, three of them very strong, along the north bank, which will not fail to pelt us terribly as we pass. No help for it;—we must trust in luck! Here is the sequel, with dates adjusted.

Elbe River, Night of October 8th-9th. Friday night, accordingly, so soon as Darkness (unusually dark this night) has dropt her veil on the business, Rutowski sets-forth. The Prussian battery, or bridge-head (*tête-de-pont*), at Pirna, has not noticed him, so silent was he. But, alas, the other batteries do not fail to notice; to give fire; and, in fact, on being answered, and finding it a serious thing, to burst out into horrible explosion; unanswerable by the Saxon fieldpieces; and surely perilous to human nature steering and towing those big River-Boats. 'Loyal to our King, and full of pity for him; that are we;'—but towing at a rate, say of two shillings per head! Before long, the forty towing peasants fling-down their ropes, first one, then more, then all, in spite of efforts, promises, menaces; and vanish among the thickets,—forfeiting the two shillings, on view of imminent death. Soldiers take the towing-ropes; try to continue it a little; but now the steersmen also manage to call halt: 'We won't! Let us out, let us out! We will steer you aground on the Prussian shore if you don't!' making night hideous. And the towing enterprise breaks-down for that bout; double-barges mooring on the Saxon shore, I know not precisely at what point, nor is it material.

Saturday Night October 9th-10th, New boatmen, forty new towmen have been hired at immense increase of wages; say four shillings for the night: but have you much good probability, my General, that even for that high guerdon imminence of death can be made indifferent to towmen? No, you haven't. The matter goes this night precisely as it did last: towmen vanishing in the horrible cannon tumult; steersmen shrieking, 'We will ground you on the Prussian shore'; very soldiers obliged to give it up; and General Rutowski himself obliged to wash his hands of it, as a thing that cannot be done. In fact, a thing which need not have been tried, had Rutowski been rigorously candid with himself and his hopes, as the facts now prove to be. 'Twenty-four hours lost by this bad business' (says he; 'thirty-six,' as I count, or, to take it rigorously, 'forty-eight' even): and now, Sunday morning instead of Friday, at what, in sad truth, is metaphorically 'the eleventh hour,' Rutowski has to bethink him of his copper pontoons; and make the impossible carting method possible in a day's time, or do worse.

Sunday, Monday, October 10th-11th, By unheard-of exertions, all hands and all spent-horses now at a dead-lift effort night and day, Rutowski does got his pontoons carted out of the Pirna storehouse; lands them at Thürmsdorf,—opposite the Lilienstein,—a mile or so short of Königstein, where his Bridge shall be. It is now the 11th, at night. And our pontoons are got to the ground, nothing more. Every man of us, at this hour, should have been across, and trimming himself to climb, with bayonet fixed! Browne is ready, expecting our signal-shot to storm-in on his side. And our bridge is not built, only the pontoons here. 'All things went perverse,' adds Rutowski, for farther comfort: 'we' (Saxon Home-Army) 'had with us, except Officers, only Four Pontoneers, or trained Bridge-builders; all the rest are at Warsaw;' sad thought, but too late to think it!

Tuesday, till Wednesday early (12*th*-13*th*), Bridge, the four Pontoneers, with Officers and numb soldiers doing their best, is got built;—Browne waiting for us, on thorns, all day; Prussians extensively beginning to strengthen their posts, about the Lilienstein, about Lichtenhayn, or where risk is; and in fact pouring across to that northern side, quite aware of Rutowski and Browne.

That same night, 12th-13th, while the Bridge was struggling to complete itself,—rain now falling, and tempests broken out,—the Saxon Army, from Pirna down to Hennersdorf, had lifted itself from its Lines, and got under way towards Thürmsdorf, and the crossing-place. Dark night, plunging rain; all the elements in uproar. The worst roads in Nature; now champed doubly; 'such roads as never any Army marched on before.' Most of their cannon are left standing; a few they had tried to yoke, broke down, 'and choked up the narrow road altogether; so that the cavalry had to dismount, and lead their horses by side-paths,'—figure what side-paths! Distance to Thürmsdorf, from any point of the Saxon Lines, cannot be above six miles: but it takes them all that night and all next day. Such a march as might fill the heart with pity. Oh, ye Rutowskis, Brühls, though never so decorated by twelve tailors, what a sight ye are at the head of men! Dark night, wild raging weather, labyrinthic roads worn knee-deep. It is broad daylight, Wednesday 13th, and only the vanguard is yet got across, trailing a couple of cannons; and splashes about, endeavouring to take rank there, in spite of wet and hunger; rain still pouring, wind very high.

Nothing of Browne comes, this Wednesday; but from the opposite Gross-Sedlitz and Gottleube side, the Prussians are coming. This morning, at daylight, struck by symptoms, 'the Prussians mounted our empty redoubts': they are now in full chase of us, Ziethen with Hussars as vanguard. A difficult bit of marching, even Ziethen and his light people find it; sprawling forward, at their cheeriest, with daylight to help, and in chase, not chased, through such intricacies of rock and mud. Ziethen's company did not assist the Saxons! They wheel round, show fight, and there is volleying and bickering all day; the Saxon march getting ever more perturbed. Nearly all the baggage has to be left. Ziethen takes into the woods near Thürmsdorf; giving fire as the poor wet Saxons, now much in a pell-mell condition, pass to their Bridge.[1] Heavier Prussians are striding on to rear; these, from some final hill-top, do at last belch-out two cannon-shots: figure the confusion at that Bridge, the speed now becoming delirious there! Towards evening, rain still violent, the Saxons, baggage-less, and rushing quite pell-mell the latter part of them, are mostly across, still countable to 14,000 or so;—upon which they cut their Bridge adrift, and let the river take it. At Raden, a few miles lower, the Prussians fished it out; rebuilt it more deliberately,—and we shall find it there anon. This day Friedrich, hearing what is afoot, has returned in person from the Lobositz Country; takes Struppen as his headquarter, which was lately the Polish Majesty's.

From Browne there has nothing come this Wednesday; but tomorrow morning at seven there comes a Letter from him, written this night at ten; to the effect:

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[1] *Prussian Account* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 852.

'Headquarter, Lichtenhayn, Wednesday October 13th, 10 P.M.

'EXCELLENZ,—Have' (omitting the I) 'waited here at Lichtenhayn since Tuesday, expecting your signal cannon; hearing nothing of it, conclude you have by misfortune not been able to get across; and that the Enterprise is up. My own position being dangerous' (Prussians of double my strength entrenched within few miles of me), 'I turn homewards tomorrow at nine A.M.; ready for whatever occurs *till* then; and sorrowfully say adieu.'[1]

Dreadful weather for Browne in his bivouac, and wearisome waiting with Prussians and perils accumulating on him! Browne was ill of lungs; coughing much; lodging, in these violent tempests, on the cold ground. A right valiant soldier and man, as does appear; the flower of all the Irish Brownes (though they have quite forgotten him in our time), and of all those Irish Exiles then tragically spending themselves in Austrian quarrels! 'You saw the great man,' says one who seems to have been present, 'how he sacrificed himself to this Enterprise. What Austrian Fieldmarshal but himself would ever have lowered his loftiness to lead, in person, so insignificant a Detachment, merely for the public good! I have seen staff-officers, distinguished only by their sasheries and insignia, who would not have stirred to inspect a vedette without 250 men. Our Fieldmarshal was of another turn. Sharing with his troops all the hardships, none excepted, of these critical days; and in spite of a violent cough, which often brought the visible blood from his lungs, and had quite worn him down; exposing himself, like the meanest of the Army, to the tempests of rainy weather. Think what a sight it was, going to your very heart, and summoning you to endurance of every hardship,—that evening' (not said which), 'when the Fieldmarshal, worn-out with his fatigues and his disorder, sank out of fainting-fits into a sleep! The ground was his bed, and the storm of clouds his coverlid. In crowds his brave war-comrades gathered round; stripped their cloaks, their coats, and strove in noble rivalry which of them should have the happiness to screen the Father of the Army at their own cost of exposure, and by any device keep the pelting of the weather from that loved head!'[2] There is a picture for you, in the heights of Lichtenhayn, as you steam past Schandau, in contemplative mood; and perhaps think of 'Justice to Ireland!' among other sad thoughts that rise.

From Thürmsdorf to the Pontoon-Bridge there was a kind of road; down which the Saxons scrambled yesterday; and, by painful degrees, got wriggled across. But, on the other shore, forward to the Hamlets of Halbstadt and Ebenheit, there is nothing but a steep slippery footpath: figure what a problem for the 14,000 in such weather! Then at Ebenheit, close behind, Browne-wards, were Browne now there, rises the Lilienstein, abrupt rocky mountain, its slopes on both hands washed by the River (River making its first elbow here, closely girdling this Lilienstein): on both these slopes are Prussian batteries, each with its abatis; needing to be stormed:—that will be your first operation. Abatis and slopes of the Lilienstein once stormed, you fall into a valley or hollow, raked again by Prussian batteries; and will have to mount, still storming, out of the valley, sky-high across the Ziegenrück (*Goat's-back*) ridge: that is your second preliminary operation. After which you come upon the work itself; namely, the Prussian redoubts at Lichtenhayn, and 12,000 men on them by this time! A modern Tourist says, reminding or informing:

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[1] *Précis* (ut suprà), p. 493; *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 940; etc.

[2] Cogniazzo, *Geständnisse eines Œsterreichischen Veterans*, ii. 251.

'From the Königstein to Pirna, Elbe, if serpentine, is like a serpent rushing at full speed. Just past the Königstein, the Elbe, from westward, as its general course is, turns suddenly to northward; runs so for a mile and a half; then, just before getting to the *Bastei* at Raden, turns suddenly to westward again, and so continues. Tourists know Raden,'—where the Prussians have just fished-out a Bridge for themselves,—with the *Bastei* high aloft to west of it. The Old Inn, hospitable though sleepless, stands pleasantly upon the River-brink, overhung by high cliffs: close on its left side, or in the intricacies to rear of it, are huts and houses, sprinkled about, as if burrowed in the sandstone; more comfortably than you could expect. The site is a narrow dell, narrow chasm, with labyrinthic chasms branching-off from it; narrow and gloomy as seen from the River, but opening-out even into cornfields as you advance inwards: work of a small Brook, which is still industriously tinkling and gushing there, and has in Pre-Adamite times been a lake, and we know not what. Nieder-Raden, this, on the north side of the River; of Ober-Raden, on the south side, there is nothing visible from your Inn windows,' —nor have we anything to do with it farther. An older Guide of Tourists yields us this second Fraction (capable of condensation):

'* * To Halbstadt, thence to Ebenheit, your path is steeper and steeper; from Ebenheit to the Lilienstein you take a guide. The Mountain is conical; coarse *red* sandstone; steps cut for you where needed: August the Strong's Hunting-Lodge (*Jagdhütte*) is here (August went thither in a grand way, 1708, with his Wife); Lodge still extant, by the side of a wood;—Lilienstein towering huge and sheer, solitary, grand, like some colossal Pillar of the Cyclops, from this round Pediment of Country which you have been climbing; tops of Lilienstein plumed everywhere with fir and birch, Pediment also very green and woody. August the Strong, grandly visiting here, 1708, on finish of those stair-steps cut for you, set-up an Ebenezer, or Column of Memorial at this Hunting-Hut, with Inscription which can still be read, though now with difficulty in its time-worn state:

'"*Friedericus Augustus, Rex*" (of what? Dare not say *of Poland* just now, for fear of Charles XII.), "*et Elector Sax., ut Fortunam virtute, ita asperam hanc Rupem primus*" (*primus* not of men, but of Saxon Electors) "*superavit, Aditumque faciliorem reddi curavit. Anno* 1708."—'*Ut Fortunam virtute,* As his fortune by valour, *so* he conquered this rugged rock by,'—Poor devil, only hear him;—and think how good Nature is (for the time being) to poor devils and their 354 bastards![1]

Brühl and the Polish Majesty, safe enough they, and snug in the Königstein, are clear for advancing: 'Die like soldiers, for your King and Country!' writes Polish Majesty, 'Thursday, two in the morning'; that also Rutowski reads; and I think still other Royal Autographs, sent as Postscripts to that. From the Königstein they duly fire-off the two Cannon-shot, as signal that we are coming; signal which Browne, just in the act of departing, never heard, owing to the piping of the winds and rattling of the rain. 'Advance, my heroes!' counsel they: 'You cannot drag your ammunitions, say you; your poor couple of big guns? Here are his Majesty's own royal horses for that service!'—and, in effect, the royal stud is heroically flung open in this pressure; and a splashing column of sleek quadrupeds, '150 royal draught-horses, early in the forenoon,'[2] swim across to Ebenheit accordingly, if that could encourage. And 'about noon, there is strong cannonading from the Königstein, as signal to Browne,' who is off. Polish Majesty looking with his spy-glass in an astonished manner. In vain! Rutowski and his Council of War,—sitting wet in a hut of Ebenheit, with 14,000 starved men outside, who have stood seventy-two hours of rain, for one item,—see nothing for it but 'surrender on such terms as we can get.'

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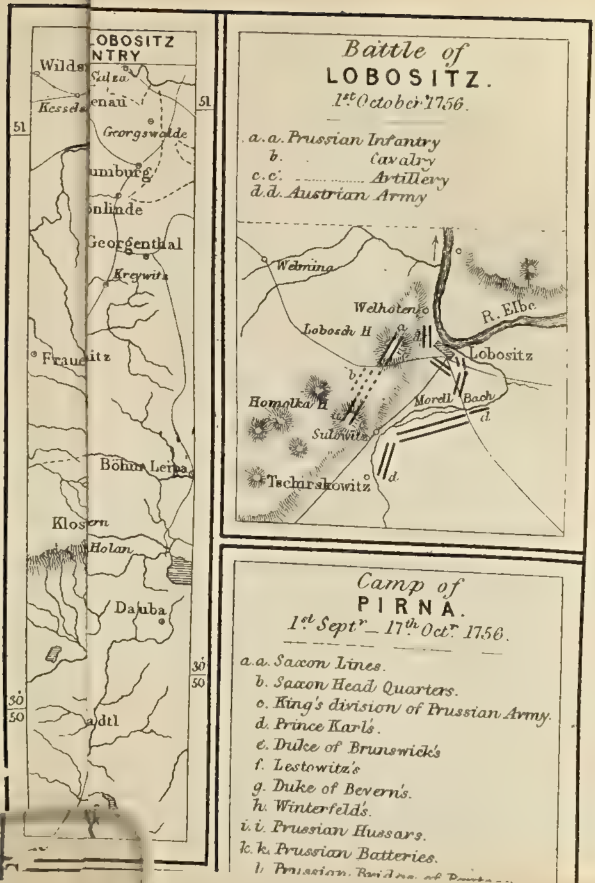
[1] M.(agister) Wilhelm Lebrecht Götzinger, *Schandau und seine Umgebungen, oder Beschreibung der Sächsischen Schweitz* (Dresden, 1812), pp. 145-148. Götzinger, who designates himself as 'Pastor at Neustadt near Stolpen' (north-west border of the Pirna Country), has made of this (which would now be called a *Tourist's Guide,* and has something geological in it) a modest, good little Book, put together with industry, clearness, brevity. Gives interesting Narrative of our present Business too, as gathered from his 'Father' and other good sources and testimonies.

[2] Götzinger, p. 156.

'In fact,' independently of weather and circumstances, 'the Enterprise,' says Friedrich, 'was radically impossible; nobody that had known the ground could have judged it other.' Rutowski had not known it, then? Browne never pretended to know it. Rutowski was not candid with the conditions; the conditions never known nor candidly looked at; and *they* are now replying to him with candour enough. From the first his Enterprise was a final flicker of false hope; going out, as here, by spasm, in the rigours of impossibility and flat despair.

That column of royal horses sent splashing across the River,—that was the utmost of self-sacrifice which I find recorded of his Polish Majesty in this matter. He was very obstinate; his Brühl and he were. But his conduct was not very heroic. That royal Autograph, 'General Rutowski, and ye true Saxons, attack these Prussian lines, then; sell your lives like men' (not like Brühl and me), must have fallen cold on the heart, after seventy-two hours of rain! Rutowski's wet Council of War, in the hut at Ebenheit, rain still pouring, answers unanimously, 'That it were a leading of men to the butchery'; that there is nothing for it but surrender. Brühl and Majesty can only answer: 'Well-a-day; it must be so, then!'—Winterfeld, Prussian Commander hereabouts, grants Armistice, grants liberal 'wagon-loads of bread' first of all; terms of Capitulation to be settled at Struppen tomorrow.

Friday October 15th, Rutowski goes across to Struppen, the late Saxon headquarter, now Friedrich's;—Friday gone a


LOBOSITZ
NTRY
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51
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Böhm Leipa
Klostern
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30
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adtl
Battle of
LOBOSITZ.
1st October 1756.
a.a. Prussian Infantry
b. Cavalry
c.c. Artillery
d.d. Austrian Army
Welmina
Welhotenz
Lobosch H
R. Elbe
Lobositz
Homolka H
Mordl Bach
Sulowitz
Tschirskowitz
Camp of
PIRNA.
1st Septr – 17th Octr 1756.
a.a. Saxon Lines.
b. Saxon Head Quarters.
c. King's division of Prussian Army.
d. Prince Karl's.
e. Duke of Brunswick's
f. Lestowitz's
g. Duke of Bevern's.
h. Winterfeld's.
i.i. Prussian Hussars.
k.k. Prussian Batteries.
l. Prussian Bridge of Pont...

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fortnight was the Day of Lobositz. Winterfeld and he are the negotiators there; Friedrich ratifying or refusing by marginal remarks. The terms granted are hard enough: but they must be accepted. First preliminary of all terms has already been accepted: a gift of bread to these poor Saxons; their haversacks are empty. their cartridge-boxes drowned; it has rained on them three days and nights. Last upshot of all terms is still well known to everybody: That the 14,000 Saxons are compelled to become Prussian, and 'forced to volunteer'!

That had been Friedrich's determination, and reading of his rights in the matter, now that hard had come to hard. 'You refused all terms; you have resisted to death (or death's-*door*); and are now at discretion!' Of the question, What is to be done with those Saxons? Friedrich had thought a great deal, first and last; and had found it very intricate,—as readers too will, if they think of it. 'Prisoners of War,—to keep them locked-up, with trouble and expense, in that fashion? They can never be exchanged: Saxony has now nothing to exchange them with; and Austria will not. Their obstinacy has had costs to me; who of us can count what costs! In short, they shall volunteer!'

'Never did I, for my poor part, authorise such a thing,' loudly asseverated Rutowski afterwards. And indeed the Capitulation is not precise on that interesting point. A lengthy Document, and not worth the least perusal otherwise; we condense it into three Articles, all grounding on this general Basis, not deniable by Rutowski: 'The Saxon Army, being at such a pass, ready to die of hunger, if we did *not* lift our finger, has, so to speak, become our property; and we grant it the following terms:'

'1°. Kettledrums, standards and the like insignia and matters of honour,—carry these to the Königstein, with my regretful respects to his Polish Majesty. Königstein to be a neutral Fortress during this War. Polish Majesty at perfect liberty to go to Warsaw' (as he on the instant now did, and never returned).

'2°. Officers to depart on giving their parole, Not to serve against us during this War' (Parole given, nothing like too well kept).

'3°. Rest of the Army, with all its equipments, munitions, soul and body (so to speak), is to surrender utterly, and be ours, as all Saxony shall for the present be.'[1]

That is, in sum, the Capitulation of Struppen. Nothing articulate in it about the one now interesting point,—and in regard to that, I can only fancy Rutowski might interject, interrogatively, perhaps at some length: 'Our soldiers to be Prisoners of War, then?' 'Prisoners; yes, clearly,—unless they choose to volunteer, and have a better fate! Prisoners can volunteer. They are at discretion; they would die, if we did *not* lift our finger!' thus I suppose Winterfeld would rejoin, if necessary;—and that, in the Winterfeld-Rutowski Conferences, the thing had probably been kept in a kind of *chiaroscuro* by both parties.

Very certain it is, Sunday 17th October 1756, Capitulation being signed the night before, Friedrich goes across at Nieder-Raden (where the Pilgrim of the Picturesque now climbs to see the *Bastei*; where the Prussians have, by this time, a Bridge thrown together out of those Pontoons),—goes across at Neider-Raden, up that chasmy Pass; rides to the Heights of Waltersdorf, in the opener country behind; and pauses there, while the captive Saxon Army defiles past him, laying down its arms at his feet. Unarmed, and now under Prussian word of command, these ex-Saxon soldiers go on defiling; march through by that Chasm of Neider-Raden; cross to Ober-Raden; and, in the plainer country thereabouts, are,—in I know not what length of hours, but in an incredibly short length, so swift is the management,—changed wholly into Prussian soldiers: 'obliged to volunteer,' every one of them!

That is the fact; fact loudly censured; fact surely questionable,—to what intrinsic degree I at this moment do not know.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 920-928, at full length,—with Friedrich's *marginalia* noticeably brief.

Fact much blamable before the loose public of mankind; upon which I leave men to their verdict. It is not a fact which invites imitation, as we shall see! Fact how accomplished; by what methods? that would be the question with me; but even that is left dark. 'The horse regiments, three of heavy horse, he broke; and distributed about, a good few in his own Garde-du-Corps.' Three other horse regiments were in Poland, the sole Saxon Army now left,—of whom, at least of one man among whom, we may happen to hear. 'Ten foot regiments' (what was reckoned a fault) 'he left together; in Prussian uniform, with Prussian Officers. They were scattered up and down; put in garrisons; not easy handling them: they deserted by whole companies at a time in the course of this War.'[1] Not a measure for imitation, as we said!—How Friedrich defended such hard conduct to the Saxons? Reader, I know only that Destiny and Necessity, urged on by Saxons and others, was hard as adamant upon Friedrich at this time; and that Friedrich did not the least dream of making any defence;—and will have to take your verdict, such as it may be.

Moritz of Dessau had a terrible Winter of it, organising and breaking-in these Saxon people,—got by press-gang in this way. Polish Majesty, 'with 500 of suite,' had driven instantly for Warsaw; post-horses most politely furnished him, and all the Prussian posts and soldiers well kept out of his road,—road chosen for him to that end. Poor soul, he never came back. For six years coming, he saw, from Warsaw in the distance (amid anarchy and *Nie-pozwalam*, which he never lacked there), the wide War raging, in Saxony especially; and died soon after it was done. Nor did Brühl return, except broken by that event, and to die in few months after. Let us pity the poor fat-goose of a Majesty (not ill-natured at all, only stupid and idle): some pity even to the doomed-phantasm Brühl, if you can;—and thank Heaven to have got done with such a pair!—

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[1] Preuss, ii. 22, 135; in Stenzel (v. 16-20) more precise details.

Friedrich's treatment of the Saxon Troops, Saxon Majesty and Country: who shall say that it was wise in all points? It would be singular treatment, if it were! In all things, *After* is so different from *Before* and *During*. The truth is, Friedrich hoped long to have made some agreement with the Saxons. And readers now, in the universal silence, have no notion of Friedrich's complexities from fact, and of the loud howl of hostile rumour, which was piping through all journals, diplomacies and foreign human throats, against him at that time.

'The essential passages of War and Peace,' says a certain Commentator, 'during those Five weeks of Pirna, can be made intelligible in small compass. But how the world argued of them then and afterwards, and rang with hot Gazetteer and Diplomatic logic from side to side, no reader will now ever know. A world-tornado extinct, gone:—think of the sounds uttered from human windpipes, shrill with rage some of them, hoarse others with ditto; of the vituperations, execrations, printed and vocal,—grating harsh thunder upon Friedrich and this new course of his. Huge melody of Discords, shrieking, droning, grinding on that topic, through the afflicted Universe in general, for certain years. The very Pamphlets printed on it,—cannot Dryasdust give me the number of tons weight, then? Dead now every Pamphlet of them; a thing fallen horrible to human nature; extinct forever, as is the wont in such cases.'

I will give only this of Voltaire; a mild Epigram, done at The *Délices*, in pleasant view of Ferney and good things coming. A bolt shot into the storm-tost Sea and its wreckages, by a Mariner now cheerily drying his clothes on the shore there;—in fact, an indifferent Epigram, on Kings Friedrich and George, which is now flying about in select circles:

'Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,
L'Oncle et le Neveu,
L'un fait la guerre en pirate,
L'autre en parti bleu.'

'Rivals of Alexander the Great, this Uncle and Nephew make war, the one as a Pirate' (seizure of those French ships), 'the other' (Saxony stolen) 'as Captain of an Accidental Thieving-Squad,'—*parti bleu,* as the French soldiers call it.[1]

Pirna was no sooner done than Friedrich returned to the 'Camp at Lobositz,' where his victorious Keith-Army has been lying all this while. The Camp of Lobositz, and all Camps Prussian and Austrian, are about to strike their tents, and proceed to Winter-quarters, to prepare against next Spring. Friedrich set off thither October 18th (the very day after that of Waltersdorf); with intent to bring home Keith's Army, and see if Browne meant anything farther (which Browne did not, or does only in the small Tolpatch way); also to meet Schwerin, whom he had summoned over from Silesia for a little conference there. Schwerin, after eating Königsgrätz Country well,—which was all he could do, as Piccolomini would not come out, and we know how strong the ground is,—had retired to Silesia again, in due season (snapping-up, in a sharply conclusive manner, any Tolpatcheries that attempted chase of him); taken Winter cantonments in Silesia, headquarter Schweidnitz; and is now getting his Instructions, here personally, in the Metal Mountains, for a day or two.[2]

Friedrich brought his Keith-Army home to Gross-Sedlitz, to join the other Force there; and distributed the whole into their Winter-quarters. Cantoned far and wide, spreading out from Pirna on both hands: on the left or western hand, by Zwickau, Freyberg, Chemnitz, up to Leipzig, Torgau; and on the right or north-east hand, by Zittau, Görlitz, Bautzen, to protect the Lausitz against Austrian inroads,—while a remote Detachment, under Winterfeld, watches the Bober River with similar views.[3] All which done, or settled to be done, Friedrich quits Gross-Sedlitz, November 14th; and takes-up his abode at Dresden for this Winter.

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[1] Walpole's *Letters,* 'To Sir Horace Mann, 8th December 1756.'

[2] *Helden-Geschichte,* iii. 946, 948.

[3] In *Helden-Geschichte,* iii. 948 et seq., a minute List by Place and Regiment.

CHAPTER VIII

WINTER IN DRESDEN

The Saxon Army is incorporated, then; its King gone under the horizon; the Saxon Country has a Prussian Board set over it, to administer all things of Government, especially to draw taxes and recruits from Saxony. Torgau, seat of this new Board, has got fortified; '1,500 inhabitants were requisitioned as spademen for that end, at first with wages,'—latterly, I almost fear, without! The Saxon Ministers are getting drilled, cashiered if necessary; and on all hands, rigorous methods going forward;—till Saxony is completely under grasp; in which state it was held very tight indeed, for the six years coming. There is no detailing of all that; details, were they even known to an Editor at such distance, would weary every reader. Enough to understand that Friedrich has not on this occasion, as he did in 1744, omitted to disarm Saxony, to hobble it in every limb, and have it, at discretion, tied as with ropes to his interests and him.[1] His management was never accounted cruel; and it was studiously the reverse of violent or irregular: but it had to be rigorous as the facts were;—nor was it the worst, or reckoned the worst, of Saxony's miseries in this time.

Poor Country, suffering for its Brühl! In the Country, except for its Brühl, there was no sin against Prussia; the reverse rather. The Saxon population, as Protestants, have no good-will to Austria and its aims of aggrandisement. In Austrian spy-letters, now and afterwards, they are described to us as '*gut Preussisch*'; 'strong for Prussia, the most of them, even in Dresden itself.'

Whether Friedrich could have had much real hope to end the War this Year, or scare it off from beginning, may be a question. If he had, it is totally disappointed. The Saxon Government has brought ruin on itself and Country, but it has been of great damage to Friedrich. Would Polish Majesty have consented to disband his soldiers, and receive Friedrich with a *bonâ-fide* 'Neutrality,' Friedrich could have passed the Mountains still in time for a heavy stroke on Bohemia, which was totally unprepared for such a visit. And he might,—from the Towers of Prag, for instance,—have, far more persuasively, held-out the olive-branch to an astonished Empress-Queen: 'Leave me alone, Madam; will you, then! Security for that; I wanted and want nothing more!' But Polish Majesty, taking on him the character of Austrian martyr, and flinging himself into the gulf, has prevented all that; has turned all that the other way.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 946-956.

Austria, it appears, is quite ungrateful: 'Wasn't he bound?' thinks Austria,—as its wont rather is. Forgetful of the great deliverance wrought for it by poor Polish Majesty; whom it could not deliver—except into bottomless wreck! Austria, grateful or not, stands unscathed; has time to prepare its Armaments, its vocal Arguments: Austria is in higher provocation than ever; and its very Arguments, highly vocal to the Reich and the world, 'Is not this man a robber, and enemy of mankind?' do Friedrich a great deal of ill. Friedrich's sudden Campaign, instead of landing him in the heart of the Austrian States, there to propose Peace, has kindled nearly all Europe into flames of rage against him,—which will not consist in words merely! Never was misunderstanding of a man at a higher pitch: 'Such treatment of a peaceable Neighbour and Crowned Head,—witness it, ye Heavens and thou Earth!' Dauphiness falling on her knees to Most Christian Majesty; 'Princess and dearest Sister' to Most Christian Majesty's Pompadour; especially no end of Pleading to the German Reich, in a furious, Delphic-Pythoness or quasi-inspired tone: all this goes on.

From the time when Pirna was blockaded, Kaiser Franz, his high Consort and sense of duty urging him, has been busy in the Reich's-Hofrath (kind of Privy-Council or Supreme Court of the Reich, which sits at Vienna); busy there, and in the Reich's Diet at Regensburg; busy everywhere, with utmost diligence over Teutschland,—forging Reich thunder. Manifestos, *Hof-Decrets*, *Dehortatoriums*, *Excitatoriums;* so goes it, exploding like Vesuvius, shock on the back of shock:—20th September it began; and lasts, *crescendo*, through Winter and onwards, at an extraordinary rate.[1] Of all which, leaving readers to imagine it, we will say nothing,—except that it points towards 'Armed Interference by the Reich,' 'Reich's Execution Army'; nay, towards 'Ban of the Reich' (total excommunication of this Enemy of Mankind, and giving of him up to Satan, by bell, book and candle), which is a kind of thunderbolt not heard of for a good few ages past! Thunderbolt thought to be gone mainly to *rust* by the judicious;—which, however, the poor old Reich did grasp again, and attempt to launch. As perhaps we shall have to notice by and by, among the miracles going.

France too, urged by the noblest concern, feels itself called upon. France magnanimously intimates to the Reich's Diet, once and again, 'That Most Christian Majesty is guarantee of the Treaty of Westphalia; Most Christian Majesty cannot stand such procedures'; and then the second time, 'That Most Christian Majesty will interfere practically,'—by 100,000 men and odd.[2] In short, the sleeping world-whirlwinds are awakened against this man. General Dance of the Furies; there go they, in the dusky element, those Eumenides, 'giant-limbed, serpent-haired, slow-pacing, circling, torch in hand' (according to Schiller),—scattering terror and madness. At least, in the Diplomatic Circles of mankind;—if haply the Populations will follow suit!—

Friedrich, abundantly contemptuous of Reich's-thunder in the rusted kind, and well able to distinguish sound from substance in the Reich or elsewhere, recognises in all this sufficiently portentous prophecies of fact withal; and understands, none better, what a perilous position he has got into. But he cannot mend it;—can only, as usual, do his own utmost in it. As readers will believe he does; and that his vigilance and diligence are very great. Continual, ubiquitous and at the top of his bent, one fancies his effort must have been,—though he makes no noise on the subject. Considerable work he has with Hanover, this Winter; with the poor English Government, and their 'Army of Observation,' which is to appear in the Hanover parts, *versus* those 100,000 French, next Spring. To Hanover he has sent Schmettau (the Younger Schmettau, Elder is now dead) in regard to said Army; has made a new and closer Treaty with England (impossible to be fulfilled on poor England's part);—and laments, as Mitchell often does, the tragically embroiled condition of that Country, struggling so vehemently, to no purpose, to get out of bed, and not unlike strangling or smothering itself in its own blankets, at present! With and in regard to Saxony, his work is of course extremely considerable; and in regard to his own Army, and its coming Business, considerablest of all. Counter-Manifesto work, to state his case in a distinct manner, and leave it with the Populations if the Diplomacies are deaf: this too is copiously proceeding; under Artists who probably do not require much supervision. In fact, no King living has such servants, in the Civil or the Military part, to execute his will. And no King so little wastes himself in noises; a King who has good command of him*self*, first of all; not to be thrown off his balance by any terror, any provocation even, though his temper is very sharp.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte* (iv. 163-174; iii. 956; and indeed *passim* through those Volumes), the Originals in frightful superabundance.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 340 ('26th March 1757').

Friedrich in person is mainly at Dresden, lodged in the Brühl Palace;—endless wardrobes and magnificences there; three hundred and sixty-*four* Pairs of Breeches hanging melancholy, in a widowed manner: *C'est assez de culottes; montrez-moi des vertus!* Brühl is far away, in Poland;

Madam Brühl has still her Apartments in this Palace,—a frugal King needs only the necessary spaces. Madam Brühl is very busy here; and not to good purpose, being well seen into. 'She had a cask of wine sent her from Warsaw,' says Friedrich; 'orders were given to decant for her every drop of the wine, but to be sure and bring us the cask.' Cask was found to have two bottoms, intermediate space filled with spy-correspondence. Madam Brühl protests and pleads, Friedrich not unpolite in reply; his last Letter to her says, 'Madam, it is better that you go and join your Husband.'

Another high Dame gets sausages from Bohemia;—some of Friedrich's light troops have an appetite, beyond strict law, for sausages; break-in, find Letters along with the other stuffing.[1] Friedrich has a good deal of watching and coercing to do in that kind,—some arresting, conveyance even to Cüstrin for a time, though nothing crueler proved needful. To the poor Queen he keeps-up civilities, but is obliged to be strict as Argus;—she made him a Gift too, the *Night* of Correggio, admired *Notte* of Correggio; having heard that he sat before it silent for half an hour, on entering that fine Gallery,—which is due to our Sovereign Lord and his Brühl, alas! On the other hand, Friedrich had to take from her Majesty's Royal Abode those Hundred Swiss of Bodyguard; to discharge the same, and put Prussians in their stead. Nay, at one time, on loud outcry from her Majesty, and great private cause of complaint against her, there was talk of sending the poor Royal Lady to Warsaw, after her Husband; but her objection being violent, nothing came of that· Winter following, her poor Majesty died,[2] and gave nobody any farther trouble.

Friedrich's outposts, especially in the Lausitz, are a good deal disturbed by Austrian Tolpatcheries; and do feats, heroic in the small way, in smiting down that rabble. A valuable

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 108; Mitchell, '27th March 1757' (Raumer, p. 321).

[2] 27th November 1757.

Officer or two is lost in such poor service, poor but indispensable;[1] and the troops have not always the repose which is intended them. Lieutenant-Colonel Loudon (Scotch by kindred, and famous enough before long) is the soul of these Croat enterprises,—and gets his Colonelcy by them, in a month or two; Browne recommending. Loudon had arrived too late for Lobositz, but had been with Browne to Schandau; and, on the march homewards, did a bright feat of the Croat kind:—surprisal, very complete, of that Hill-Castle of Tetschen and considerable Hussar Party there; done in a style which caught the eye of Browne; and was the beginning of great things to poor Loudon, after his twenty years of painful eclipse under the Indigo Trencks, and miscellaneous Doggeries, Austrian and Russian.[2]

Tetschen, therefore, will again need capture by the Prussians, if they again intend that way. And in the mean while, Friedrich, to counterpoise those mischievous Croat people, has bethought him of organising a similar Force of his own;—Foot chiefly, for, on hint of former experience, he already has Hussars in quantity. And, this Winter, there are accordingly, in different Saxon Towns, three Irregular Regiments getting ready for him; three 'Volunteer Colonels' busily enlisting each his 'Free Corps,' such the title chosen;—chief Colonel of them one Mayer, now in Zwickau neighbourhood, with 6 or 700 loose handy fellows round him, getting formed into strict battalion there:[3] of whom, and of whose soldiering, we shall hear farther. For the plan was found to answer; and extended itself year after year; and the 'Prussian Free Corps,' one way and another, made considerable noise in the world.

Outwardly Friedrich's Life is quiet; busy, none can be more so; but to the onlooker, placid, polite especially. He hears sermon once or twice in the Kreuz-Kirche (Protestant High Church); then next day will hear good music, devotional if you call it so, in the Catholic Church, where her Polish Majesty is. Daily at the old hour he has his own Concert, now and then assisting with his own flute. Makes donations to the Poor, and suchlike, due from Saxon Sovereignty while held by him; on the other hand, reduces salaries at a sad rate: Guarini, Queen's Confessor, from near 2,000*l.* to little more than 300*l.*, for one instance;—cuts-off about 25,000*l.* in all, under this head.[1] And is heavy with billeting, as new Prussians arrive. Billets at length in the very Ambassadors' Hotels,—and by way of apology to the Excellencies, signifies to them in a body: 'Sorry for the necessity, your Excellencies: but ought not you to go to Warsaw rather? Your credentials are to his Polish Majesty. He is not here; nor coming hither, for some time!' Which hint, I suppose, the Excellencies mostly took. From his own Forests there came by the Elbe great rafts of firewood, to warm his soldiers in their quarters. Once or twice he makes excursions, of a day, of two days; to the Lausitz, to Leipzig (through Freyberg, where he has a post of importance);—very gracious to the University people: 'Students be troubled with soldiering? Far from it, ye learned Gentlemen, servants of the Muses! Recruitment, a lamentable necessity, is to go on under your own Official people, and wholly by the old methods.'[2]

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[1] Funeral Discourses (of a very curious, ponderous and serious tone), in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, ii. 458, 464, etc.

[2] *La Vie du Feldmaréchal Baron de Loudon* (Translation of one Pezzl's German: à Vienne et à Paris, 1792), i. 1-32.

[3] Pauli (our old diffuse friend), *Leben grosser Helden des gegenwärtigen Krieges* (9 voll., Halle, 1759-1764), iii. 159, § Mayr.

Once, and once only, he made a run to Berlin, January 4th-13th, 1757: the last for six years and more. Came with great despatch, Brother Henri with him, whole journey in one day; got 'to his Mother's about 11 at night.'[3] A joyful meeting for the kindred: cheerful light-gleam in the dark time, so suddenly eclipsed to them and others by those hurricanes that have risen. His Majesty seems to be in perfect health; and wears no look of gloom. At Berlin is no Carnival this year; all are grave, sunk in sad contemplations of the future. Of his businesses in this interval, which were many, I will say nothing; only of one little Act he did, the day before his departure: the writing of this *Secret Letter of Instructions* to Graf Finck von Finckenstein, his chief Home Minister, one of his old boy-comrades, as readers may recollect. The Letter was read by Count Finck with profound attention, 11th January 1757, and conned over till he knew every point of it; after which he sealed it up, inscribing on the Cover: '*Höchsteigenhändige und ganz geheime*'—that is, 'Highest-Autographic and altogether Secret Instructions, by the King, which, with the Appendixes, were delivered to me, Graf von Finckenstein, the 12th of January 1757.' In this docketing it lay, sealed for many years (none knows how many), then unsealed, still in strict keeping, in the Private Royal Archives,[1]—till on Friedrich's Birthday 24th January 1854, it was, with some solemnity, lithographed at Berlin, and distributed to a select public,—as readers shall see.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 306 ('December 1756').

[2] *Ibid.* iv. 303-313; *Universitätsanschlag zu Leipzig, wegen der Werbung* ('University-Placard about Enlisting': in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 811).

[3] *Ib.* iv. 308.

'*Secret Instruction for the Graf von Finck*

'Berlin, 10th January 1757.

'In the critical situation our affairs are in, I ought to give you my orders, so that in all the disastrous cases which are in the possibility of events, you be authorised for taking the necessary steps.

'1°. If it chanced (which Heaven forbid) that one of my Armies in Saxony were totally beaten; or that the French should drive the Hanoverians from their Country' (which they failed not to do), 'and establish themselves there, and threaten us with an invasion into the Altmark; or that the Russians should get through by the Neumark,—you are to save the Royal Family, the principal *Dicasteria*' (Land-Schedules, Lists of Tax-dues), 'the Ministries and the Directorium' (which is the central Ministry of all). 'If it is in Saxony on the Leipzig side that we are beaten, the fittest place for the removal of the Royal Family, and of the Treasure, is to Cüstrin: in such case the Royal Family and all above-named must go, escorted by the whole Garrison' of Berlin, 'to Cüstrin. If the Russians entered by the Neumark, or if a misfortune befell us in the Lausitz, it would be to Magdeburg that all would have to go: in fine, the last refuge is Stettin,—but you must not go till the last extremity. The Garrison, the Royal Family and the Treasure are inseparable, and go always together: to this must be added the Crown Diamonds, the Silver Plate in the Grand Apartments,—which, in such case, as well as the Gold Plate, must be at once coined into money.

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[1] Preuss, i. 449.

'If it happened that I were killed, the Public Affairs must go on without the smallest alteration, or its being noticeable that they are in other hands: and, in this case, you must hasten forward the Oaths and Homagings, as well here as in Preussen; and, above all, in Silesia. If I should have the fatality to be taken prisoner by the Enemy, I prohibit all of you from paying the least regard to my person, or taking the least heed of what I might write from my place of detention. Should such misfortune happen me, I wish to sacrifice myself for the State; and you must obey my Brother,—who, as well as all my Ministers and Generals, shall answer to me with their heads, Not to offer any Province or any Ransom for me, but to continue the War, pushing their advantages, as if I never had existed in the world.

'I hope, and have ground to believe, that you, Count Finck, will not need to make use of this Instruction: but, in case of misfortune, I authorise you to employ it; and, as mark that it is, after a mature and sound deliberation, my firm and constant will, I sign it with my Hand and confirm it with my Seal.'

Or, in Friedrich's own spelling etc., in Friedrich's own hand, so far as our possibilities permit:

'*Instruction Secrete Pour le Conte de finc*

'*Berlin, ce* 10 *de Janv.* 1757.

'*Dans La Situation Critique ou se trouvent nos affaires je dois Vous donnér mes Ordres pour que dans tout Les Cas Malheureux qui sont dans la possibilité des Evenemens vous Soyéz autorissé aux partis quil faut prendre.* 1)[1] *Sil arivoit* (*de quoi le Ciel preserve*) *qu'une de mes Armées en Saxse fut totallement battûe, oubien que Les français chassassent Les Hanovryeins de Leur païs et si etablissent et nous menassassent d'un Invassion dans la*

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[1] Yes; but there follows no '2)' anywhere, such the haste!

Vieille Marche, ou que les Russes penetrassent par La Nouvelle Marche, il faut Sauvér la famille Royale, les principeaux Dicasteres les Ministres et le Directoire. Si nous somes battus en Saxse du Coté de leipssic Le Lieu Le plus propre pour Le transport de La famille et du Tressor est a Custrin, il faut en ce Cas que la famille Royalle et touts cidesus noméz aillent es Cortéz de toute La Guarnisson a Custrin. Si les Russes entroient par la Nouvele Marche ou quil nous arivat un Malheur en Lusace, il faudroit que tout Se transportat a Magdebourg, enfin Le Derniér refuge est a Stetein, mais il ne faut y allér qu'a La Derniere exstremité La Guarnisson la famille Royalle et le Tressort sont Inseparables et vont toujours ensemble il faut y ajoutér les Diamans de la Couronne, et L'argenterie des Grands Apartments qui en pareil cas ainsi que la Veselle d'or doit etre incontinant Monoyée. Sil arivoit que je fus tué, il faut que Les affaires Continuent Leur train sans la Moindre allteration et Sans qu'on s'apersoive qu'elles sont en d'autre Mains, et en ce Cas il faut hater Sermens et homages tant ici qu'en prusse et surtout en Silesie. Si j'avois la fatalité d'etre pris prissoniér par L'Enemy, je Defend qu'on Aye le Moindre egard pour ma perssonne ni qu'on fasse La Moindre reflextion sur ce que je pourois ecrire de Ma Detention, Si pareil Malheur m'arivoit je Veux me Sacriffiér pour L'Etat et il faut qu'on obeisse a Mon frere le quel ainsi que tout Mes Ministres et Generaux me reponderont de leur Tette qu'on offrira ni province ni ransson pour moy et que lon Continuera la Guerre en poussant Ses avantages tout Come si je n'avais jamais exsisté dans le Monde. J'espere et je dois Croire que Vous Conte finc n'auréz pas bessoin de faire usage de Cette Instruction mais en ças de Malheur je Vous autorisse a L'Employér, et Marque que C'est apres Une Mure et saine Deliberation Ma ferme et Canstante Volonté je le Signe de Ma Main et la Muni de mon Cachet

'FREDERIC R.'[1]

These, privately made law in this manner, are Friedrich's fixed feelings and resolutions ;—how fixed is now farther apparent by a fact which was then still more private, guessable long afterwards only by one or two, and never clearly known so long as Friedrich lived: the fact that he had (now most probably, though the date is not known) provided poison for himself, and constantly wore it about his person through this War. 'Five or six small pills, in a small glass tube, with a bit of ribbon to it': that stern relic lay, in a worn condition, in some drawer of Friedrich's, after

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[1] Facsimile of Autograph (Berlin, 24th January 1854) where is some indistinct History of the Document. Printed also in *Œuvres*, xxv. 319-23.

Friedrich was gone.[1] For the Facts are peremptory; and a man that will deal with them must be equally so.

Two days after this Finck missive, Friday 12th, Friedrich took farewell at Berlin, drove to Potsdam that night with his Brother, to Dresden next day. Adieu, Madam; Adieu, O Mother! said the King, in royal terms, but with a heart altogether human. 'May God above bless you, my Son!' the old Lady would reply:—and the Two had seen one another for the last time; Mother and Son were to meet nc more in this world.

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[1] Preuss, ii. 175, 315 n.

BOOK XVIII

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT

1757-1759

CHAPTER I

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS

Seldom was there seen such a combination against any man as this against Friedrich, after his Saxon performances in 1756. The extent of his sin, which is now ascertained to have been what we saw, was at that time considered to transcend all computation, and to mark him out for partition, for suppression and enchainment, as the general enemy of mankind. 'Partition him, cut him down,' said the Great Powers to one another; and are busy, as never before, in raising forces, inciting new alliances and calling-out the general *posse comitatus* of mankind, for that salutary object. What tempestuous fulminations in the Reichstag, and over all Europe, England alone excepted, against this man!

Latterly the Swedes, who at first had compunctions on the score of Protestantism, have agreed to join in the Partitioning adventure: 'It brings us his Pommern, all Pommern ours!' cry the Swedish Parliamentary Eloquences (with French gold in their pocket): 'At any rate,' whisper they, 'it spites the Queen his Sister!'—and drag the poor Swedish Nation into a series of disgraces and disastrous platitudes it was little anticipating. This precious French-Swedish Bargain ('Swedes to invade with 25,000; France to give fair subsidy,' and bribe largely) was consummated in March;[1] but did not become known to Friedrich for some months later; nor was it of the importance he then thought it, in the first moment of surprise and provocation. Not indeed of importance to anybody, except, in the reverse way, to poor Sweden itself, and to the French, who had spent a great deal of pains and money on it, and continued to spend, with as good as no result at all. For there never was such a War, before or since, not even by Sweden in the Captainless state! And the one profit the copartners reaped from it, was some discountenance it gave to the rumour which had risen, more extensively than we should now think, and even with some nucleus of fact in it as appears, That Austria, France and the Catholic part of the Reich were combining to put-down Protestantism. To which they could now answer, 'See, Protestant Sweden is with us!'—and so weaken a little what was pretty much Friedrich's last hold on the public sympathies at this time.

As to France itself,—to France, Austria, Russia,—bound by such earthly Treaties, and the call of very Heaven, shall they not, in united puissance and indignation, rise to the rescue? France, touched to the heart by such treatment of a Saxon Kurfürst, and bound by Treaty of Westphalia to protect all members of the Reich (which it has sometimes, to our own knowledge, so carefully done), is almost more ardent than Austria itself. France, Austria, Russia; to these add Polish Majesty himself; and latterly the very Swedes, by French bribery at Stockholm: these are the Partitioning Powers;—and their shares (let us spare one line for their shares) are as follows.

The Swedes are to have Pommern in whole; Polish-Saxon Majesty gets Magdeburg, Halle, and opulent slices thereabouts; Austria's share, we need not say, is that jewel of a Silesia. Czarish Majesty, on the extreme East, takes Preussen, Königsberg-Memel Country in whole; adds Preussen to her as yet too narrow Territories. Wesel-Cleve Country, from the other or Western extremity, France will take that clipping, and make much of it. These are quite serious business-engagements, engrossed on careful parchment, that Spring 1757, and I suppose not yet boiled-down into glue, but still to be found in dusty corners, with the tape much faded. The high heads, making preparation on the due scale, think them not only executable, but indubitable, and almost as good as done. Push home upon him, as united Posse Comitatus of Mankind; in a sacred cause of Polish Majesty and Public Justice, how can one malefactor resist? '*Ah, ma très-chère Reine*,' and 'Oh, my dearest Princess and Cousin,' what a chance has turned up!

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[1] '21st March 1757' (Stenzel, v. 38; etc.)

It is computed that there are arrayed against this one King, under their respective Kings, Empress-Queens, Swedish Senates, Catins and Pompadours, populations to the amount of above 100 millions,—in after stages, I remember to have seen '150 millions' loosely given as the exaggerated cipher. Of armed soldiers actually in the field against him (against Hanover and him), in 1757, there are, by strict count, 430,000. Friedrich's own Dominions at this time contain about Five Millions of Population; of Revenue somewhat less than Two Millions sterling. New taxes he cannot legally, and will not, lay on his People. His *Schatz* (ready-money Treasure, or Hoard yearly accumulating for such end) is, I doubt not, well filled,—express amount not mentioned. Of drilled men he has, this Year, 150,000 for the field; portioned out thriftily,—as well beseems, against Four Invasions coming on him from different points. In the field, 150,000 soldiers, probably the best that ever were; and in garrison, up and down (his Country being, by nature, the least defensible of all Countries), near 40,000, which he reckons of inferior quality. So stands the account.[1] These are, arithmetically precise, his resources,—*plus* only what may lie in his own head and heart, or funded in the other heads and hearts, especially in those 150,000, which he and his Fathers have been diligently disciplining, to good perfection, for four centuries come the time.

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[1] Stenzel, iv. 308, 306, v. 39; Ranke, iii. 415; Preuss, ii. 389, 43, 124; etc. etc.;—substantially true, I doubt not; but little or nothing of it so definite and conclusively distinct as it ought, in all items, to have been by this time,—had poor Dryasdust known what he was doing.

France, urged by Pompadour and the enthusiasms, was first in the field. The French Army, in superb equipment, though privately in poorish state of discipline, took the road early in March; 'March 26th and 27th,' it crossed the German Border, Cleve Country and Köln Country; had been rumoured of since January and February last, as terrifically grand; and here it now actually is, above 100,000 strong,—110,405, as the Army-Lists, flaming through all the Newspapers, teach mankind.[1] Bent mainly upon Prussia, it would seem; such the will of Pompadour. Mainly upon Prussia; Maréchal d'Estrées, crossing at Köln, made offers even to his Britannic Majesty to be forgiven in comparison; 'Yield us a road through your Hanover, merely a road to those Halberstadt-Magdeburg parts, your Hanover shall have neutrality!' 'Neutrality to Hanover?' sighed Britannic Majesty; 'Alas, am not I pledged by Treaty? And, alas, withal, how is it possible, with that America hanging over us?' and stood true. Nor is this all, on the part of magnanimous France: there is a Soubise getting under way withal, Soubise and 30,000, who will reinforce the Reich's Armament, were it on foot, and be heard of by and by! So high runs French enthusiasm at present. A new sting of provocation to Most Christian Majesty, it seems, has been Friedrich's conduct in that Damiens matter (miserable attempt, by a poor mad creature, to assassinate, or at least draw blood upon the Most Christian Majesty[2]); about which Friedrich, busy and oblivious, had never, in common politeness, been at the pains to condole, compliment, or take any notice whatever. And will now take the consequences, as due!—

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 391; iii. 1073.

[2] 'Evening of 5th January 1757' (exuberantly plentiful details of it, and of the horrible Law-procedures which followed on it: in Adelung, viii. 197-220; Barbier, etc. etc.).

The Wesel-Cleve Countries these French find abandoned: Friedrich's garrisons have had orders to bring-off the artillery and stores, blow-up what of the works are suitable for blowing-up; and join the 'Britannic Army of Observation' which is getting itself together in those regions. Considerable Army, Britannic wholly in the money part: new Hanoverians so many, Brunswickers, Bückeburgers, Sachsen-Gothaers so many; add those precious Hanoverian-Hessian 20,000, whom we have had in England guarding our liberties so long,—who are now shipped-over in a lot; fair wind and full sea to them. Army of 60,000 on paper; of effective more than 50,000; Headquarters now at Bielefeld on the Weser;—where, 'April 16th,' or a few days later, Royal Highness of Cumberland comes to take command; likely to make a fine figure against Maréchal d'Estrées and his 100,000 French! But there was no helping it. Friedrich, through Winter, has had Schmettau earnestly flagitating the Hanoverian Officialities: 'The Weser is wadeable in many places, you cannot defend the Weser!' and counselling and pleading to all lengths,—without the least effect. 'Wants to save his own Halberstadt lands, at our expense!' Which was the idea in London, too: 'Don't we, by Apocalyptic Newswriters and eyesight of our own, understand the man?' Pitt is by this time in Office, who perhaps might have judged a little otherwise. But Pitt's seat is altogether temporary, insecure; the ruling deities, Newcastle and Royal Highness, who withal are in standing quarrel. So that Friedrich, Schmettau, Mitchell pleaded to the deaf. Nothing but 'Defend the Weser,' and ignorant Fatuity ready for the Impossible, is to be made out there. 'Cannot help it, then,' thinks Friedrich, often enough, in bad moments; 'Army of Observation will have its fate. Happily there are only 5,000 Prussians in it, Wesel and the other garrisons given up!'

Only 5,000 Prussians: by original Engagement, there should have been 25,000; and Friedrich's intention is even 45,000 if he prosper otherwise. For in January 1757 (Anniversary or nearly so, of that *Neutrality Convention* last year), there had been,—encouraged by Pitt, as I could surmise, who always likes Friedrich,—a definite, much closer *Treaty of Alliance*, with 'Subsidy of a million sterling,' Anti-Russian 'Squadron of Observation in the Baltic,' '25,000 Prussians,' and other items, which I forget. Forget the more readily, as, owing to the strange state of England (near suffocating in its Constitutional bedclothes), the Treaty could not be kept at all, or serve as rule to poor England's exertions for Friedrich this Year; exertions which were of the willing-minded but futile kind, going forward pell-mell, not by plan, and could reach Friedrich only in the lump,—had there been any 'lump' of them to sum together. But Pitt had gone out;—we shall see what, in Pitt's absence, there was! So that this Treaty 1757 fell quite into the waste-basket (not to say, far deeper, by way of 'pavement' we know where!),—and is not mentioned in any English Book; nor was known to exist, till some Collector of such things printed it, in comparatively recent times.[1] A Treaty 1757, which, except as emblem of the then quasi-enchanted condition of England, and as Fore-shadow of Pitt's new Treaty in January 1758, and of three others that followed and *were* kept to the letter, is not of moment farther.

Reich's Thunder, slight Survey of it; with Question, Whitherward, if anywhither?

The thunderous fulminations in the Reich's-Diet,—an injured Saxony complaining, an insulted Kaiser, after vain *De-hortatoriums*, reporting and denouncing, 'Horrors such as these: What say you, O Reich?'—have been going-on since

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[1] 'M. Koch in 1802,' not very perfectly (Schöll, iii. 30, *n.*; who copies what Koch has given).

September last; and amount to boundless masses of the liveliest Parliamentary Eloquence, now fallen extinct to all creatures.[1] The Kaiser, otherwise a solid pacific gentleman, intent on commercial operations (furnishes a good deal of our meal, says Friedrich), is Officially extremely violent in behalf of injured Saxony,—that is to say, in fact, of injured Austria, which is one's own. Kur-Mainz, Chairman of the Diet (we remember how he was got, and a Battle of Dettingen fought in consequence, long since); Kur-Mainz is admitted to have the most decided Austrian leanings: Britannic George, Austria being now in the opposite scale, finds him an unhandy Kur-Mainz, and what profit it was to introduce false weights into the Reich's balance that time! Not for long generations before, had the poor old semi-imaginary Reich's-Diet risen into such paroxysms; nor did it ever again after. Never again, in its terrestrial History, was there such agonistic parliamentary struggle, and terrific noise of parliamentary palaver, witnessed in the poor Reich's-Diet. Noise and struggle rising ever higher, peal after peal, from September 1756, when it started, till August 1757, when it had reached its acme (as perhaps we shall see), though it was far from ending then, or for years to come.

Contemporary bystanders remark, on the Austrian part, extraordinary rage and hatred against Prussia; which is now the one point memorable. Austria is used to speak loud in the Diet, as we have ourselves seen: and it is again (if you dive into those old Æolus'-Caves, at your peril) unpleasantly notable to what pitch of fixed rage, and hot sullen hatred Austria has now gone; and how the tone has in it a potency of world-wide squealing and droning, such as you nowhere heard before. Omnipotence of droning, edged with shrieky squealing, which fills the Universe, not at all in a melodious way. From the depths of the gamut to the shrieky top again,—a droning that has something of porcine or wild-boar character.

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[1] Given, to great lengths, in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. iv. (and other easily avoidable Books).

Figure assembled the wild-boars of the world, all or mostly all got together, and each with a knife just stuck into its side, by a felonious individual too well known,—you will have some notion of the sound of these things. Friedrich sometimes remonstrates: 'Cannot you spare such phraseology, unseemly to Kings? The quarrels of Kings have to be decided by the sword; what profit in unseemly language, Madam?'—but, for the first year and more, there was no abatement on the Austrian part.

Friedrich's own Delegate at Regensburg, a Baron von Plotho, come of old Brandenburg kindred, is a resolute, ready-tongued, very undaunted gentleman; learned in Diplomacies and Reich's Law; carries his head high, and always has his story at hand. Argument grounded on Reich's Law and the nature of the case, Plotho never lacks, on spur of the hour: and is indeed a very commendable parliamentary mastiff; and honourable and melodious in the bark of him, compared with those infuriated porcine specimens. He has Kur-Hanover for ally on common occasions, and generally from most Protestant members individually, or from the *Corpus Evangelicorum* in mass, some feeble whimper of support. Finds difficulty in getting his Reich's Pleadings printed;—dangerous, everywhere in those Southern Parts, to print anything whatever that is not Austrian: so that Plotho, at length, gets printers to himself, and sets-up a Printing-Press in his own house at Regensburg. He did a great deal of sonorous pleading for Friedrich; proud, deep-voiced, ruggedly logical; fairly beyond the Austrian quality in many cases,—and always far briefer, which is another high merit. October coming, we purpose to look-in upon Plotho for one minute; 'October 14th, 1757'; which may be reckoned essentially the acme or turning-point of these unpleasant thunderings.[1]

What good he did to Friedrich, or could have done with the tongue of angels in such an audience, we do not accurately know. Some good he would do even in the Reich's-Diet there; and out of doors, over a German public, still more; and is worth his frugal wages,—say 1,000*l.* a year, printing and all other expense included! This is a mere guess of mine, Dryasdust having been incurious: but, to English readers it is incredible for what sums Friedrich got his work done, no work ever better. Which is itself an appreciable advantage, computable in pounds sterling; and is the parent of innumerable others which no Arithmetic or Book-keeping by Double Entry will take hold of, and which are indeed priceless for Nations and for persons. But this poor old bed-ridden Reich, starting in agonistic spasm at such rate: is it not touching, in a Corpus moribund for so many Centuries past! The Reich is something; though it is not much, nothing like so much as even Kaiser Franz supposes it. Much or not so much, Kaiser Franz wishes to secure it for himself; Friedrich to hinder him,—and it must be a poor something, if not worth Plotho's wages on Friedrich's part.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 745-9.

It would insult the patience of every reader to go into these spasmodic tossings of the poor paralytic Reich; or to mention the least item of them beyond what had some result, or fraction of result, on the world's real affairs. We shall say only, therefore, that after tempests not a few of porcine squealing, answered always by counter-latration on the vigilant Plotho's part;—squealing, chiefly, from the Reich's-Hofrath at Vienna, the Head Tribunal of Imperial Majesty, which sits judging and denouncing there, touched to the soul, as if by a knife driven into its side, by those unheard-of treatments of Saxony and disregard to our *Dehortatoriums*, and which bursts-out, peal after peal, filling the Universe, Plotho not unvigilant; —the poor old Reich's-Diet did at last get into an acting posture, and determine, by clear majority of 99 against 60, that there should be a 'Reich's Execution Army' got on foot. Reich's Execution Army to coerce, by force of arms, this nefarious King of Prussia into making instant restitution to Saxony, with ample damages on the nail; that right be done to Kurfürsts of this Reich. To such height of vigour has the

Reich's-Diet gone;—and was voting it at Regensburg January 10th, 1757;[1] that very day when nefarious Friedrich at Berlin, case-hardened in iniquity to such a pitch, sat writing his *Instruction to Count Finck*, which we read not long since. Simultaneous movements, unknown to one another, in this big wrestle.

Reich's-Diet perfected its Vote; had it quite through, and sanctioned by the Kaiser's Majesty, January 29th: 'Arming to be a *triplum*' (triple contingent required of you this time); with Romish-months (*Römermonate*) of cash contributions from all and sundry (rigorously gathered, I should hope, where Austria has power), so many as will cover the expense. Army to be got on actual foot hastily, instantly if possible: an '*eilende Reichs-Executions-Armee*'; so it ran, but the word *eilende* (speedy) had a mischance in printing, and was struck-off into *elende* (contemptibly wretched): so that on all Market-Squares, and Public Places of poor Teutschland, you read flaming Placards summoning out, not a speedy or immediate, but 'a *miserable* Reich's Execution Army!' A word which, we need not say, was laughed at by the unfeeling part of the public; and was often called to mind by the Reich's Execution Army's performances, when said *speedy* Army did at last take the field.

For the Reich performed its Vote; actually had a Reich's Execution Army; the last it ever had in this world, not by any means the worst it ever had, for they used generally to be bad. Commanders, managers are named, Römermonate are gathered in, or the sure prospect of them; and, through May—June 1757, there is busy stir, of drumming, preparing and enlisting, all over the Reich. End of July, we shall see the Reich's Army in Camp; end of August, actually in the field; and later on, a touch of its fighting withal. Many other things the Reich tried against unfortunate Friedrich,—gradual advance, in fact, to Ban of the Reich (or total anathema and cutting-off from fire and water): but in none of these, in Ban as little as any, did it come to practical result at all, or acquire the least title to be remembered at this day. Finis of Ban, some eight months hence, has something of attractive as futility, the curious Death of a Futility. Finis of Ban (October 14th, already indicated) we may for one moment look-in upon, if there be one moment to spare; the rest—readers may fancy it; and read only of the actuality and fighting part, which will itself be enough for them on such a matter.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 252-302-330; Stenzel, v. 32.

Friedrich suddenly marches on Prag

Four Invasions, from their respective points of the compass, north-east, north-west, south-east and south-west: here is a formidable outlook for the one man against whom they are all advancing open-mouthed. The one man,—with nothing but a Duke of Cumberland and his Observation Army for backing in such duel,—had need to look to himself! Which, we well know, he does; wrapt in profoundly silent vigilance, with his plans all laid. Of the Four Invasions, three, the Russian, French, Austrian, are very large; and the two latter, especially the last, are abundantly formidable. The Swedish, of which there is rumouring, he hopes may come to little, or not come at all. Nor is Russia, though talking big, and actually getting ready above 100,000 men, so immediately alarming. Friedrich always hopes the English, with their guineas and their managements, will do something for him in that quarter; and he knows, at worst, that the Russian Hundred-Thousand will be a very slow-moving entity. The Swedish Invasion Friedrich, for the present, leaves to chance: and against Russia, he has sent old Marshal Lehwald into those Baltic parts; far eastward, towards the utmost Memel Frontier, to put the Country upon its own defence, and make what he can of it with 30,000 men,—West-Prussian militias a good few of them. This is all he can spare on the Swedish-Russian side: Austria and France are the perilous pair of entities; not to be managed except by intense concentration of stroke; and by going on them in succession, if one have luck!—

Friedrich's motions and procedures in canton-quarters, through Winter and in late months, have led to the belief that he means to stand on the defensive; that the scene of the Campaign will probably be Saxony; and that Austria, for recovering injured Saxony, for recovering dear Silesia, will have to take an invasive attitude. And Austria is busy everywhere preparing with that view. Has Tolpatcheries, and advanced Brigades, still harassing about in the Lausitz. A great Army assembling at Prag,—Browne forward towards the Metal Mountains securing posts, gathering magazines, for the crossing into Saxony there. There, it is thought, the tug of war will probably be. Furious, and strenuous, it is not doubted, on this Friedrich's part: but against such odds, what can he do? With Austrians in front, with Russians to left, with French to right and a-rear, not to mention Swedes and appendages: surely here, if ever, is a lost King!—

It is by no means Friedrich's intention that Saxony itself shall need to be invaded. Friedrich's habit is, as his enemies might by this time be beginning to learn, not that of standing on the defensive, but that of *going* on it, as the preferable method wherever possible. March 24th, Friedrich had quitted Dresden City; and for a month after (headquarters Lockwitz, edge of the Pirna Country), he had been shifting, redistributing, his cantoned Army,—privately into the due Divisions, due readiness for march. Which done, on fixed days, about the end of April, the whole Army, he himself from Lockwitz, April 20th,—to the surprise of Austria and the world, Friedrich in three grand Columns, Bevern out of the Lausitz, King himself over the Metal Mountains, Schwerin out of Schlesien, is marching with extraordinary rapidity direct for Prag; in the notion that a right plunge into the heart of Bohemia will be the best defence for Saxony and the other places under menace.

This is a most unexpected movement; which greatly astonishes the world-theatre, pit, boxes and gallery alike (as Friedrich's sudden movements often do); and which is, above all, interesting on the stage itself, where the actors had been counting on a quite opposite set of entries and activities! Feldmarschall Browne and General Königseck (not our old friend Königseck, who used to drynurse in the Netherlands, but his nephew and heir) may cease gathering Magazines, in those Lausitz and Metal-Mountain parts: happy could they give wings to those already gathered! Magazines, for Austrian service, are clearly not the things wanted there. One does not burn one's Magazines till the last extremity; but wings they have none; and such is the enigmatic velocity of those Prussian movements, one seldom has time even to burn them, in the last crisis of catastrophe! Considerable portions of that provender fell into the Prussian throat; as much as 'three-months provision for the whole Army,' count they,—adding to those Frontier sundries the really important Magazine which they seized at Jung-Bunzlau farther in.[1] It is one among their many greater advantages from this surprisal of the enemy, and sudden topsy-turvying of his plans. Browne and Königseck have to retire on Prag at their swiftest; looking to more important results than Magazines.

It is Friedrich's old plan. Long since, in 1744, we saw a march of this kind, Three Columns rushing with simultaneous rapidity on Prag; and need not repeat the particulars on this occasion. Here are some Notes on the subject, which will sufficiently bring it home to readers:

'The Three Columns were, for a part of the way, Four; the King's being, at first, in two branches, till they united again, on the other side of the Hills. For the King,' what is to be noted, 'had shot-out, three weeks before, a small preliminary branch, under Moritz of Dessau; who marched, well westward, by Eger (starting from Chemnitz in Saxony), and had some tusseling with our poor old friend Duke d'Ahremberg, Browne's subordinate in those parts. D'Ahremberg, having 20,000 under him, would not quit Eger for Moritz; but pushed-out Croats upon him, and sat still. This, it was afterwards surmised, had been a feint on Friedrich's part; to give the Austrians pleasant thoughts: "Invading us, is he? Would fain invade us, but cannot!" Moritz fell back from Eger; and was ready to join the King's march, "at Linay, April 23d" (third day from Lockwitz, on the King's part). Onwards from which point the Columns are specifically Three; in strength, and on routes, somewhat as follows:

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 6-13; etc.

1°. 'The *First* Column, or King's,—which is 60,000 after this junction, 45,000 foot, 15,000 horse,—quitted Lockwitz (headquarter for a month past), *Wednesday April 20th.* They go by the Pascopol and other roads; through Pirna, for one place: through Karbitz, Aussig, are at Linay on the 23d; where Moritz joins: 24th, in the united state, forward again (leave Lobositz two miles to left); to Trebnitz, 25th, and rest there one day.

'At Aussig an unfortunate thing befell. Zastrow, respectable old General Zastrow, was to drive the Austrians out of Aussig: Zastrow does it, April 22d-23d, drives them well over the heights; April 25th, however, marching forward towards Lobositz, Zastrow is shot through both temples (Pandour hid among the bushes and cliffs, *other* side of Elbe), and falls dead on the spot. Buried in *Gottleube* Kirk, 1st May.'

In these Aussig affairs, especially in recapturing the Castle of Tetschen near by, Colonel Mayer, father of the new 'Free Corps,' did shining service;—and was approved of, he and they. And, a day or two after, was detached with a Fifteen Hundred of that kind, on more important business: First, to pick-up one or two Bohemian Magazines lying handy; after which, to pay a visit to the Reich and its bluster about Execution-Army, and teach certain persons who it is they are thundering against in that awkwardly truculent manner! Errand shiningly done by Mayer, as perhaps we may hear,—and certainly as all the Newspapers loudly heard,—in the course of the next two months.

At crossing of the Eger, Friedrich's Column had some chasing of poor D'Ahremberg; attempting to cut him off from his Bridges, Bridge of Koschlitz, Bridge of Budin; but he made good despatch, Browne and he; and, except a few prisoners of Ziethen's gathering, and most of his Magazines unburnt, they did him no damage. The chase was close enough; more than once, the Austrian headquarter of tonight was that of the Prussians tomorrow. Monday May 2d, Friedrich's Column was on the Weissenberg of Prag; Browne, D'Ahremberg, and Prince Karl, who is now come up to take command, having hastily filed through the City, leaving a fit garrison, the day before. Except his Magazines, nothing the least essential went wrong with Browne; but Königseck, who had not a Friedrich on his heels,—Königseck, trying more, as his opportunities were more,—was not quite so lucky.

2°. 'Column *Second,* to the King's left, comes from the Lausitz under Brunswick-Bevern—18,000 foot, 5,000 horse. This is the Bevern who so distinguished himself at Lobositz last year; and he is now to culminate into a still brighter exploit,—the last of his very bright ones, as it proved. Bevern set out from about Zittau (from Grottau, few miles south of Zittau), the same day with Friedrich, that is April 20th;—and had not well started till he came upon formidable obstacles. Came upon General Königseck, namely: a Königseck manœuvring ahead, in superior force; a Maguire, Irish subordinate of Königseck's, coming from the right to cut-off our baggage (against whom Bevern has to detach); a Lacy, coming from the left;—or indeed, Königseck and Lacy in concert, intending to offer battle. Battle of Reichenberg, which accordingly ensued, April 21st,'—of which, though it was very famous for so small a Battle, there can be no account given here.

The short truth is, Königseck falling back, Parthian-like, with a force of 30,000 or more, has in front of him nothing but Bevern; who, as he issues from the Lausitz, and till he can unite with Schwerin farther southward, is but some 20,000 odd: cannot Königseck call halt, and bid Bevern return, or do worse? Königseck, a diligent enough soldier, determines to try; chooses an excellent position,—at or round Reichenberg, which is the first Bohemian Town, one march from Zittau in the Lausitz, and then one from Liebenau, which latter would be Bevern's *second* Bohemian stage on the Prag road, if he continued prosperous. Reichenberg, standing nestled among hills in the Neisse Valley (one of those Four Neisses known to us, the Neisse where Prince Karl got exploded, in that signal manner, Winter 1745, by a certain King), offers fine capabilities; which Königseck has laid hold of. There is especially one excellent Hollow (on the left or western bank of Neisse River, that is, *across* from Reichenberg), backed by woody hills, nothing but hills, brooks, woods all round; Hollow scooped-out as if for the purpose; and altogether of inviting character to Königseck. There, 'Wednesday April 20th,' Königseck posts himself, plants batteries, fells abatis; plenty of cannon, of horse and foot, and, say all soldiers, one of the best positions possible.

So that Bevern, approaching Reichenberg at evening, evening of his first march, Wednesday April 20th, finds his way barred; and that the difficulties may be considerable. 'Nothing to be made of it tonight,' thinks Bevern; 'but we must try tomorrow!' and has to take Camp, 'with a marshy brook in front of him,' some way on the hither side of Reichenberg; and study overnight what method of unbarring there may be. Thursday morning early, Bevern, having well reconnoitred and studied, was at work unbarring. Bevern crossed his own marshy brook; courageously assaulted Königseck's position, left wing of Königseck; stormed the abatis, the batteries, plunged-in upon Königseck, man to man, horse to horse, and after some fierce enough but brief dispute, tumbled Königseck out of the ground. Königseck made some attempt to rally; attempted twice, but in vain; had fairly to roll away, and at length to run, leaving 1,000 dead upon the field, about 500 prisoners; one or two guns, and I forget how many standards, or whether any kettledrums. This was thought to be a decidedly bright feat on Bevern's part (rather mismanaged latterly on Königseck's); [1]—much approved by Friedrich, as he hears of it, at Linay, on his own prosperous march Prag-ward. A comfortable omen, were there nothing more.

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[1] Tempelhof, i. 100; *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 1077 (Friedrich's own Account, 'Linay in Böhmen, 24th April 1757'); etc. etc. There is, in Büsching's *Magazin* (xvi. 139 et seq.), an intelligible sketch of this Action of Reichenberg, with satirical criticisms, which have some basis, on Lacy, Maguire and others, by an Anonymous Military Cynic,—who gives many such in *Büsching* (that of Fontenoy, for example), not without force of judgment, and signs of wide study and experience in his trade.

Königseck and Company, torn-out of Reichenberg, and set running, could not fairly halt again and face-about till at Liebenau, twenty miles off, where they found some defile or difficult bit of ground fit for them; and this too proved capable of yielding pause for a few hours only. For Schwerin, with his Silesian Column, was coming-up from the north-east, threatening Königseck on flank and rear: Königseck could only tighten his straps a little at this Liebenau, and again get under way; and making vain attempts to hinder the junction of Schwerin and Bevern, to defend the Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, or do any good in those parts, except to detain the Schwerin-Bevern people certain hours (I think, one day in all), had nothing for it but to gird himself together, and retreat on Prag and the Ziscaberg, where his friends now were.

The Austrian force at Reichenberg was 20,000; would have been 30 and odd thousands, had Maguire come up (as he might have done, had not the appearances alarmed him too much); Bevern, minus the Detachment sent against Maguire, was but 15,000 in fight; and he has quite burst the Austrians away, who had plugged his road for him in such force: is it not a comfortable little victory, glorious in its sort; and a good omen for the bigger things that are coming? Bevern marched composedly on, after this inspiriting tussle, through Liebenau and what defiles there were; April 24th, at Turnau, he falls into the Schwerin Column; incorporates himself therewith, and, as subordinate constituent part, accompanies Schwerin thenceforth.

3°. 'Column *Third* was Schwerin's, out of Schlesien; counted to be 32,000 foot, 12,000 horse. Schwerin, gathering himself, from Glatz and the northerly country, at Landshut,—very careless, he, of the pleasant Hills, and fine scattered peaks of the Giant Mountains thereabouts,—was completely gathered foremost of all the Columns, having farthest to go. And on Monday 18th April, started from Landshut, Winterfeld leading one Division. In our days, it is the finest of roads; high level Pass, of good width, across the Giant Range; pleasant painted hamlets sprinkling it, fine mountain ridges and distant peaks looking on; Schneekoppe (*Snow*fell, its head bright-white till July come) attends you, far to the right, all the way:—probably Sprite Rübezahl inhabits there; and no doubt River Elbe begins his long journey there, trickling down in little threads over yonder, intending to float navies by and by: considerations infinitely indifferent to Schwerin. "The road," says my Tourist, "is not Alpine; it reminds you of Derbyshire-Peak country; more like the road from Castletown to Sheffield than any I could name";—we have been in it before, my reader and I, about Schatzlar and other places. Trautenau, well down the Hills, with swift streams, more like torrents, bound Elbewards, watering it, is a considerable Austrian Town, and the Bohemian end of the Pass,—Sohr only a few miles from it: heartily indifferent to Schwerin at this moment; who was home from the Army, in a kind of disfavour, or mutual pet, at the time Sohr was done. Schwerin's March we shall not give; his junction with Bevern (at Turnau, on the Iser, April 24th), then their capture of Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, and crossing of the Elbe at Melnick, these were the important points; and, in spite of Königseck's tusselings, these all went well, and nothing was lost except one day of time.'

The Austrians, some days ago, as we observed, filed *through* Prag,—Sunday May 1st, not a pleasant holiday-spectacle to the populations;—and are all encamped on the Ziscaberg high ground, on the other side of the City. Had they been alert, now was their time to attack Friedrich, who is weaker than they, while nobody has yet joined him. They did not think of it under Prince Karl; and Browne and the Prince are said to be in bad agreement.

CHAPTER II

BATTLE OF PRAG

MONDAY morning 2d May 1757, the Vanguard, or advanced troops of Friedrich's Column, had appeared upon the Weissenberg, north-west corner of Prag (ground known to them in 1744, and to the poor Winter-King in 1620): Vanguard in the morning; followed shortly by Friedrich himself; and, hour after hour, by all the others, marching in. So that, 2d May 1757]

before sunset, the whole force lay posted there; and had the romantic City of Prag full in view at their feet. A most romantic, high-piled, many-towered, most unlevel old City; its skylights and gilt steeplecocks glittering in the western sun,—Austrian Camp very visible close beyond it, spread out miles in extent on the Ziscaberg Heights, or eastern side;—Prag, no doubt, and the Austrian Garrison of Prag, taking intense survey of this Prussian phenomenon, with commentaries, with emotions, hidden now in eternal silence, as is fit enough. One thing we know, 'Headquarter was in Welleslawin'; there, in that small Hamlet, nearly to north, lodged Friedrich, the then busiest man of Europe; whom Posterity is still striving for a view of, as something memorable.

Prince Karl, our old friend, is now in chief command yonder; Browne also is there, who was in chief command; their scheme of Campaign gone all awry. And to Friedrich, last night, at his quarters 'in the Monastery of Tuchomirsitz,' where these two Gentlemen had lodged the night before, it was reported that they had been heard in violent altercation;[1] both of them, naturally, in ill-humour at the surprising turn things had taken; and Feldmarschall Browne firing-up, belike, at some platitude past or coming, at some advice of his rejected, some imputation cast on him, or we know not what. Prince Karl is now chief; and indignant Browne, as may well be the case, dissents a good deal,—as he has often had to do. Patience, my friend, it is near ending now! Prince Karl means to lie quiet on the Ziscaberg, and hold Prag; does not think of molesting Friedrich in his solitary state; and will undertake nothing, 'till Königseck, from Jung-Bunzlau, come in,' victorious or not; or till perhaps even Daun arrive (who is, rather slowly, gathering reinforcement in Mähren): 'What can the enemy attempt on us, in a Post of this strength?' thinks Prince Karl. And Browne, whatever his insight or convictions be, has to keep silence.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 11 (exact 'Diary of the march' given there).

'Weissenberg,' let readers be reminded, 'is on the hither or western side of Prag: the Hradschin' (pronounce Rad*sheen*, with accent on the last syllable, as in 'Schwer*in*' and other such cases), 'the Hradschin, which is the topmost summit of the City and of the Fashionable Quarter, —old Bohemian Palace, still occasionally habitable as such, and in constant use as a *Downing-Street*,—lies on the slope or shoulder of the Weissenberg, a good way from the top; and has a web of streets rushing down from it, steepest streets in the world; till they reach the Bridge, and broad-flowing Moldau (broad as Thames at half-flood, but nothing like so deep); after which the streets become level, and spread-out in intricate plenty to right and to left, and ahead eastward, across the River, till the Ziscaberg, with frowning precipitous brow, suddenly puts a stop to them in that particular direction. From Ziscaberg top to Weissenberg top may be about five English miles; from the Hradschin to the foot of Ziscaberg, north-west to south-east, will be half that distance, the greatest length of Prag City. Which is rather rhomboidal in shape, its longer diagonal this that we mention. The shorter diagonal, from northmost base of Ziscaberg to southmost of Hradschin, is perhaps a couple of miles. Prag stands nestled in the lap of mountains; and is not in itself a strong place in war: but the country round it, Moldau ploughing his rugged chasm of a passage through the piled table-land, is difficult to manœuvre in.

'Moldau Valley comes straight from the south, crosses Prag; and,—making, on its outgate at the northern end of Prag (end of "shortest diagonal" just spoken of), one big loop, or bend and counter-bend, of horse-shoe shape,' which will be notable to us anon,—'again proceeds straight northward and Elbe-ward. It is narrow everywhere, especially when once got fairly north of Prag; and runs along like a Quasi-Highland Strath, amid rocks and hills. Big Hill-ranges, not to be called barren, yet with rock enough on each hand, and fine side valleys opening here and there: the bottom of your Strath, which is green and fertile, with pleasant busy Villages (much intent on water-power and cotton-spinning in our time), is generally of few furlongs in breadth. And so it lasts, this pleasant Moldau Valley, mile after mile, on the northern or Lower Moldau, generally straight north, though with one big bend eastward just before ending; and not till near Melnick, or the mouth of Moldau, do we emerge on that grand Elbe Valley,—glanced at once already, from Pascopol or other Height, in the Lobositz times.'

Friedrich's first problem is the junction with Schwerin: junction not to be accomplished south of Ziscaberg in the present circumstances; and which Friedrich knows to be a ticklish operation, with those Austrians looking on from the high grounds there. Tuesday 3d May, in the way of reconnoitring, and decisively on Wednesday 4th, Friedrich is off northward, along the western heights of Lower Moldau, proper force following him, to seek a fit place for the pontoons, and get across in that northern quarter. 'How dangerous that Schwerin is a day too late!' murmurs he; but hopes the Austrians will undertake nothing. Keith, with 30,000, he has left on the Weissenberg, to straiten Prag and the Austrian Garrison on that side: our wagon-trains arrive from Leitmeritz on that side, Elbe-boats bring them up to Leitmeritz; very indispensable to guard that side of Prag. Friedrich's fixed purpose also is to beat the Austrians, on the other side of it, and send them packing; but for that, there are steps needful!

Up so far as Lissoley, the first day, Friedrich has found no fit place; but on the morrow, Thursday 5th, farther up, at a place called Seltz,* Friedrich finds his side of the Strath to be 'a little higher than the other,'—proper, therefore, for cannonading the other, if need be;—and orders his pontoons to be built together there. He knows accurately of the Schwerin Column, of the comfortable Bevern Victory at Reichenberg, and how they have got the Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, and are across the Elbe, their bridges all secured, though with delay of one day; and do now wait only for the word,—for the three cannon-shot, in fact, which are to signify that Friedrich is actually crossing to their side of Lower Moldau.

Friedrich's Bridge is speedily built (trained human hands can be no speedier), his batteries planted, his precautions taken: the three cannon-shot go off, audible to Schwerin; and Friedrich's troops stream speedily across, hardly a Pandour to meddle with them. Nay, before the passage was complete—what light-horse squadrons are these? Hussars, seen to be Seidlitz's (missioned by Schwerin), appear on the outskirts: a meeting worthy of three-cheers, surely, after such a march on both sides! Friedrich lies on the eastern Hill-tops that night (Hamlet of Czimitz his Headquarter, discoverable if you wish it, scarcely three miles north of Prag); and accurate appointment is made with Schwerin as to the meeting-place tomorrow morning. Meeting-place is to be the environs of Prossik Village, south-eastward over yonder, short way north of the Prag-Königsgrätz Highway; and rather nearer Prag than we now are, in Czimitz here: time at Prossik to be 6 A.M. by the clock; and Winterfeld and Schwerin to come in person and speak with his Majesty. This is the program for Friday May 6th, which proves to be so memorable a day.

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* Plan, p. 223.

Schwerin is on foot by the stroke of midnight; comes along, 'over the heights of Chaber,' by half-a-dozen, or I know not how many roads; visible in due time to Friedrich's people, who are likewise punctually on the advance: in a word, the junction is accomplished with all correctness. And, while the Columns are marching up, Schwerin and Winterfeld ride about in personal conference with his Majesty; taking survey, through spyglasses, of those Austrians encamped yonder on the broad back of their Zisca Hill, a couple of miles to southward. 'What a set of Austrians,' exclaim military critics, 'to permit such junction, without effort to devour the one half or the other, in good time!' Friedrich himself, it is probable, might partly be of the same opinion; but he knew his Austrians, and had made bold to venture. Friedrich, we can observe, always got to know his man, after fighting him a month or two; and took liberties with him, or did not take, accordingly. And, for most part,—not quite always, as one signal exception will show,—he does it with perfect accuracy; and often with vital profit to his measures. 'If the Austrian cooking-tents are a-smoke before eight in the morning,' notes he, 'you may calculate, in such case, the Austrians will march that day.'[1] With a surprising vividness of eye and mind (beautiful to rival, if one could), he watches the signs of the times, of the hours and the days and the places; and prophesies from them;—reads men and their procedures, as if they were mere handwriting, not too cramp for him.—The Austrians have, by this time, got their Königseck home, very unvictorious, but still on foot, all but a thousand or two: they are already stronger than the Prussians by count of heads; and till even Daun come up, what hurry in a Post like this? The Austrians are viewing Friedrich, too, this morning; but in the blankest manner: their outposts fire a cannon-shot or two on his group of adjutants and him, without effect; and the Head people send their cavalry out to forage, so little prophecy have they from signs seen.

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[1] *Military Instructions*

Zisca Hill, where the Austrians now are, rises sheer up, of well-nigh precipitous steepness, though there are trees and grass on it, from the eastern side of Prag, say five or six hundred feet. A steep, picturesque, massive green Hill; Moldau River, turning suddenly to right, strikes the north-west corner of it (has flowed well to west of it, till then), and winds eastward round its northern base. As will be noticed presently. The ascent of Ziscaberg, by roads, is steep and tedious: but once at the top, you find that it is precipitous on two sides only, the City or westward side, and the Moldau or northward. Atop it spreads out, far and wide, into a waving upland level; bare of hedges; ploughable all of it, studded with littery hamlets and farmsteadings; far and wide, a kind of Plain, sloping with extreme gentleness, five or six miles to eastward, and as far to southward, before the level perceptibly rise again.

Another feature of the Ziscaberg, already hinted at, is very notable: that of the Moldau skirting its northern base, and scarping the Hill, on that side too, into a precipitous, or very steep condition. Moldau having arrived from southward, fairly past the end of Ziscaberg, had, so to speak, made-up his mind to go right eastward, quarrying his way through the lower uplands there. And he proceeds accordingly, hugging the northern base of Ziscaberg, and making it steep enough; but finds, in the course of a mile or so, that he can no more; upland being still rock-built, not underminable farther; and so is obliged to wind round again, to northward, and finally straight westward, the way he came, or parallel to the way he came; and has effected that great Horse-shoe Hollow we heard of lately. An extremely pretty Hollow, and curious to look upon; pretty villas, gardens, and a 'Belvedere Park,' laid-out in the bottom part; with green mountain-walls rising all round it, and a silver ring of river at the base of them: length of Horse-shoe, from heel to toe, or from west to east, is perhaps a mile; breadth, from heel to heel, perhaps half as much. Having arrived at his old distance to west, Moldau, like a repentant prodigal, and as if ashamed of his frolic, just over-against the old point he swerved from, takes straight to northward again. Straight northward; and quarries-out that fine narrow valley, or Quasi-Highland Strath, with its pleasant busy villages, where he turns the overshot machinery, and where Friedrich and his men had their pontoons swimming yesterday.

It is here, on this broad back of the Ziscaberg, that the Austrians now lie; looking northward over to the King, and trying cannon-shots upon him. There they have been encamping, and diligently entrenching themselves for four days past; diligent especially since yesterday, when they heard of Friedrich's crossing the River. Their groups of tents, and batteries at all the good points, stretch from near the crown of Ziscaberg eastward to the Villages of Hlaupetin, Kyge, and their Lakes, near four miles; and rearward into the interior one knows not how far;*—Prince Karl, hardly awake yet, lies at Nussel, near the Moldau, near the Wischerad or south-eastmost point of Prag; six good miles west-by-south of Kyge, at the other end of the diagonal line. About the same distance, right east from Nussel, and a mile or more to south of Kyge over yonder, is a littery Farmstead named Sterbohol, which is not yet occupied by the Austrians, but will become very famous in their War-Annals, this day!—

Where the Austrian Camp or various Tent-groups were, at the time Friedrich first cast eye on them, is no great concern of his or ours; inasmuch as, in two or three hours hence, the Austrians were obliged, rather suddenly, to take Order of Battle; and that, and not their camping, is the thing we are curious upon. Let us step across, and take some survey of that Austrian ground, which Friedrich is now surveying from the distance, fully intending that it shall be a battle-ground in few hours; and try to explain how the Austrians drew-up on it, when they noticed the Prussian symptoms to become serious more and more. By nine in the morning,—some two hours after Friedrich began his scanning, and the Austrian outposts their firing of stray cannon-shots on him,—it is Battle-lines, not empty Tents (which there was not time to strike), that salute the eye over yonder.

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* Plan, p. 223.

From behind that verdant Horse-shoe Chasm we spoke of, buttressed by the inaccessible steeps, and the Moldau, double-folded in the form of Horse-shoe, all along the brow of that sloping expanse, stands (by 9 A.M. 'foragers all suddenly called in') the Austrian front; the second line and the reserve, parallel to it, at good distances behind. Ranked there; say 65,000 regulars (Prussian force little short of the same), on the brow of Ziscaberg slope, some four miles long. Their right wing ends, in strong batteries, in intricate marshes, knolls, lakelets, between Hlaupetin and Kyge. the extreme of their left wing looks-over on that Horse-shoe Hollow, where Moldau tried to dig his way, but could not and had to turn back. They have numerous redoubts, in front and in all the good places; and are busy with more, some of them just now getting finished, treble-quick, while the Prussians are seen under way. As many as sixty heavy cannon in battery up and down: of field-pieces they have a hundred and fifty. Excellent always with their Artillery, these Austrians; plenty of it, well-placed and well-served: thanks to Prince Lichtenstein's fine labours within these ten years past.[1] The villages, the farmsteads, are occupied; every rising ground especially has its battery,—Homoly Berg, Tabor Berg, 'Mount of Tabor;' say *Knoll* of Tabor (nothing like so high as Battersea Rise, hardly even as Constitution Hill), though scriptural Zisca would make a Mount of it;—these, and other *Bergs* of the like type.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (in several places); see Hormayr, § Lichtenstein.

That is the Austrian Battle Order (as it stood about 9, though it had still to change a little, as we shall see): their first line, straight or nearly so, looking northward, stands on the brow of the Zisca Slope; their second and their third, singularly like it, at the due distances behind;—in the intervals, their tents, which stand scattered, in groups wide apart, in the ample interior to southward. The cavalry is on both wings; left wing, behind that Moldau Chasm, cannot attack nor be attacked,—except it were on hippogriffs, and its enemy on the like, capable of fighting in the air, overhead of these Belvedere Pleasure-grounds: perhaps Prince Karl will remedy this oversight; fruit of close following of the orthodox practice? Prince Karl, supreme Chief, commands on the left wing; Browne on the right, where he can attack or be attacked, *not* on hippogriffs. As we shall see, and others will! Light horse, in any quantity, hang scattered on all outskirts. With foot, with cannon batteries, with horse, light or heavy, they cover in long broad flood the whole of that Zisca Slope, to near where it ceases, and the ground to eastward begins perceptibly to rise again.

In this latter quarter, Zisca Slope, now nearly ended, begins to get very swampy in parts; on the eastern border of the Austrian Camp, at Kyge, Hostawitz, and beyond it southward, about Sterbohol and Michelup, there are many little lakelets; artificial fish-ponds, several of them, with their sluices, dams and apparatus: a ragged broadish lacing of ponds and lakelets (all well dried in our day) straggles and zigzags along there, connected by the miserablest Brook in Nature, which takes to oozing and serpentising forward thereabouts, and does finally get emptied, now in a rather livelier condition, into the Moldau, about the *toe*-part of that Horse-shoe or Belvedere region. It runs in sight of the King, I think, where he now is; this lower livelier part of it: little does the King know how important the upper oozing portion of it will be to him this day. Near Michelup are lakelets worth noticing; a little under Sterbohol, in the course of this miserable Brook, is a string of fish-ponds, with their sluices open at this time, the water out, and the mud bottom sown with herb-provender for the intended carps, which is coming on beautifully, green as leeks, and nearly ready for the fish getting to it again.

Friedrich surveys diligently what he can of all this, from the northern verge. We will now return to Friedrich; and will stay on his side through the terrible Action that is coming. Battle of Prag, one of the furious Battles of the World; loud as Doomsday;—the very Emblem of which, done on the Piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears! Of this great Action the Narratives old and modern are innumerable; false some of them, unintelligible wellnigh all. There are three in Lloyd, known probably to some of my readers. Tempelhof, with criticisms of these three, gives a fourth,—perhaps the one Narrative which human nature, after much study, can in some sort understand. Human readers, especially military, I refer to that as their finale.[1] Other interest than military-scientific the Action now has not much. The stormy fire of soul that blazed that day (higher in no ancient or modern Fight of men) is extinct, hopeless of resuscitation for English readers.

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[1] In Lloyd, i. 38 et seq. (the Three): in Tempelhof, i. 123 (the Fourth); ib. i. 144 (strength of each Army), 105-149 (*remarks* of Tempelhof).—The '*History*, or Series of Lectures on the Battles etc. of this War, '*by the Royal Staff-Officers*,' —which, for the last thirty or forty years, is used as Text-Book, or Military *Euclid*, in the Prussian Cadet-Schools,—appears to possess the fit professorial lucidity and amplitude; and, in regard to all Official details, enumerations and the like, is received as of *canonical* authority: it is not accessible to the general Public,—though liberally enough conceded in special cases; whereby, in effect, the main results of it are now become current in modern Prussian Books. By favour in high quarters, I had once possession of a copy, for some months; but not, at that time, the possibility of thoroughly reading any part of it.

Approximately what the thing to human eyes might be like; what Friedrich's procedure, humour and physiognomy of soul was in it: this, especially the latter head, is what we search for,—had lazy Dryasdust given us almost anything on this latter head! What little can be gleaned from him on both heads let us faithfully give, and finish our sad part of the combat.

Friedrich, with his Schwerin and Winterfeld, surveying these things from the northern edge, admits that the Austrian position is extremely strong; but he has no doubt that it must be, by some good method, attacked straightway, and the Austrians got beaten. Indisputably the enterprise is difficult. Unattackable clearly, the Austrians, on that left wing of theirs; not in the centre well attackable, nor in the front at all, with that stiff ground, and such redoubts and points of strength: but round on their right yonder; take them in flank,—cannot we? On as far as Kyge, the Three have ridden reconnoitring; and found no possibility upon the front; nor at Kyge, where the front ends in batteries, pools and quagmires, is there any. 'Difficult, not undoable,' persists the King: 'and it must be straightway set about and got done.' Winterfeld, always for action, is of that opinion, too: and, examining farther down along their right flank, reports that there the thing is feasible.

Feasible perhaps: 'but straightway?' objects Schwerin. His men have been on foot since midnight, and on forced marches for days past: were it not better to rest for this one day? 'Rest:—and Daun, coming-on with 30,000 of reinforcement to them, might arrive this night? Never, my good Feldmarschall';—and as the Feldmarschall was a man of stiff notions, and had a tongue of some emphasis, the Dialogue went on, probably with increasing emphasis on Friedrich's side too, till old Schwerin, with a quite emphatic flash of countenance, crushing the hat firm over his brow, exclaims: 'Well, your Majesty: the fresher fish the better fish (*frische*

Fische, gute Fische): straightway, then!' and springs-off on the gallop southward, he too, seeking some likely point of attack. He too,—conjointly or not with Winterfeld, I do not know: Winterfeld himself does not say; whose own modest words on the subject readers shall see before we finish. But both are mentioned in the Books as searching, at hand-gallop, in this way: and both, once well round to south, by the Podschernitz quarter,* with the Austrian right flank full in view, were agreed that here the thing was possible. 'Infantry to push from this quarter towards Sterbohol yonder, and then plunge into their redoubts and them! Cavalry may sweep still farther southward, if found convenient, and even take them in rear.' Both agree that it will do in this way: ground tolerably good, slightly downwards for us, then slightly upwards again; tolerable for horse even:—the intermediate lacing of dirty lakelets, the fish-ponds with their sluices drawn, Schwerin and Winterfeld either did not notice at all, or thought them insignificant, interspersed with such beautiful 'pasture-ground,'—of unusual verdure at this early season of the year.

The deployment, or 'marching-up (*Aufmarschiren*)' of the Prussians was wonderful; in their squadrons, in their battalions, horse, foot, artillery, wheeling, closing, opening; strangely chequering a country-side,—in movements intricate, chaotic to all but the scientific eye. Conceive them, flowing along, from the Heights of Chaber, behind Prossik Hamlet (right wing of infantry plants itself at Prossik, horse westward of them); and ever onwards in broad many-chequered tide-stream, eastward, eastward, then southward ('our artillery went through Podschernitz, the foot and horse a little on this westward side of it'): intricate, many-glancing tide of coming battle; which, swift, correct as clockwork, becomes two lines, from Prossik to near Chwala ('baggage well behind at Gbell'); thence round by Podschernitz quarter; and descends, steady, swift, tornado-storm so beautifully hidden in it, towards Sterbohol, there to grip-to. Gradually, in stirring-up those old dead pedantic record-books, the fact rises on us: silent whirlwinds of old Platt-Deutsch fire, beautifully held-down, dwell in those mute masses; better human stuff there is not than that old Teutsch (Dutch, English, Platt-Deutsch and other varieties); and so disciplined as here it never was before or since. 'In an hour and half,' what military men may count almost incredible, they are fairly on their ground, motionless the most of them by 9 A.M.; the rest wheeling rightward, as they successively arrive in the Chwala-Podschernitz localities; and, descending diligently, Sterbohol way; and will be at their harvest-work anon.

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* See Plan, p. 223: 'Podschernitz' is pronounced Pot*sher*nitz (should we happen to mention it again); 'Kyge,' *Keega.*

Meanwhile the Austrians, seeing, to their astonishment, these phenomena to the north, and that it is a quite serious thing, do also rapidly bestir themselves; swarming like bees; —bringing-in their foraging Cavalry, 'No time to change your jacket for a coat': rank, double-quick! Browne is on that right wing of theirs: 'Bring the left wing over hither,' suggests Browne; 'cavalry is useless yonder, unless they had hippogriffs!'—and (again Browne suggesting) the Austrians make a change in the position of their right wing, both horse and foot: change which is of vital importance, though unnoted in many Narratives of this Battle. Seeing, namely, what the Prussians intend, they wheel their right wing (say the last furlong or two of their long Line of Battle) half round to right; so that the last furlong or two stands at right angles ('*en potence*,' gallows-wise, or joiner's-square-wise to the rest); and, in this way, make front to the Prussian onslaught,—front now, not flank, as the Prussians are anticipating. This is an important wheel to right, and formation in joiner's-square manner; and involves no end of interior wheeling, marching and deploying; which Austrians cannot manage with Prussian velocity. 'Swift with it, here about Sterbohol at least, my men! For here *are* the Prussians within wind of us!' urges Browne. And here straightway the hurricane does break loose.

Winterfeld, the van of Schwerin's infantry (Schwerin's own regiment, and some others, with him), is striding rapidly on Sterbohol: Winterfeld catches it before Browne can. But near by, behind that important post, on the Homoly Hill (*Berg* or 'Mountain,' nothing like so high as Constitution Mountain), are cannon-batteries of devouring quality; which awaken on Winterfeld, as he rushes out double-quick on the advancing Austrians; and are fatal to Winterfeld's attempt, and nearly to Winterfeld himself. Winterfeld, heavily wounded, sank in swoon from his horse; and awakening again in a pool of blood, found his men all off, rushing back upon the main Schwerin body; 'Austrian grenadiers gazing on the thing, about eighty paces off, not venturing to follow.' Winterfeld, half-dead, scrambled across to Schwerin, who is now come-up with the main body, his front line fronting the Austrians here. And there ensued, about Sterbohol and neighbourhood, led on by Schwerin, such a death-wrestle as was seldom seen in the Annals of War. Winterfeld's miss of Sterbohol was the beginning of it; the exact course of sequel none can describe, though the end is well known.

The Austrians now hold Sterbohol with firm grip, backed by those batteries from Homoly Hill. Redoubts, cannon-batteries, as we said, stud all the field; the Austrian stock of artillery is very great; arrangement of it cunning, practice excellent; does honour to Prince Lichtenstein, and indeed is the real force of the Austrians on this occasion. Schwerin must have Sterbohol, in spite of batteries and ranked Austrians, and Winterfeld's recoil tumbling round him:—and rarely had the oldest veteran such a problem. Old Schwerin (fiery as ever, at the age of 73) has been in many battles, from Blenheim onwards; and now has got to his hottest and his last. 'Vanguard could not do it; main body, we hope, kindling all the hotter, perhaps may!' A most willing mind is in these Prussians of Schwerin's: fatigue of over-marching has tired the muscles of them; but their hearts,—all witnesses say, these (and through these, their very muscles, 'always fresh again, after a few minutes of breathing-time') were beyond comparison, this day!

Schwerin's Prussians, as they 'march-up' (that is, as they front and advance upon the Austrians), are everywhere saluted by case-shot, from Homoly Hill and the batteries northward of Homoly; but march on, this main line of them, finely regardless of it or of Winterfeld's disaster by it. The general Prussian Order this day is: 'By push of bayonet; no firing, none, at any rate, till you see the whites of their eyes!' Swift, steady as on the parade-ground, swiftly making up their gaps again, the Prussians advance, on these terms; and are now near those 'fine sleek pasture-grounds, unusually green for the season.' Figure the actual stepping upon these 'fine pasture-grounds':—mud-tanks, verdant with mere 'bearding oat-crop' sown there as carp-provender! Figure the sinking of whole regiments to the knee; to the middle, some of them; the steady march become a wild sprawl through viscous mud, mere case-shot singing round you, tearing you away at its ease! Even on those terrible terms, the Prussians, by dams, by footpaths, sometimes one man abreast, sprawl steadily forward, trailing their cannon with them; only a few regiments, in the footpath parts, cannot bring their cannon. Forward; rank again, when the ground will carry; ever forward, the case-shot getting ever more murderous! No human pen can describe the deadly chaos which ensued in that quarter. Which lasted, in desperate fury, issue dubious, for above three hours; and was the crisis, or essential agony, of the Battle. Foot-chargings (once the mud-transit was accomplished), under storms of grape-shot from Homoly Hill; by and by, Horse-chargings, Prussian against Austrian, southward of Homoly and Sterbohol, still farther to the Prussian left; huge whirlpool of tumultuous death-wrestle, every species of spasmodic effort, on the one side and the other;—King himself present there, as I dimly discover;

Feldmarschall Browne eminent, in the last of his fields; and, as the old *Niebelungen* has it, 'a murder grim and great' going on.

Schwerin's Prussians, in that preliminary struggle through the mud-tanks (which Winterfeld, I think, had happened to skirt, and avoid), were hard bestead. This, so far as I can learn, was the worst of the chaos, this preliminary part. Intolerable to human nature, this, or nearly so; even to human nature of the Platt-Teutsch type, improved by Prussian drill. Winterfeld's repulse we saw; Schwerin's own Regiment in it. Various repulses, I perceive, there were,—'fresh regiments from our Second Line' storming-in thereupon; till the poor repulsed people 'took breath,' repented, 'and themselves stormed-in again,' say the Books. Fearful tugging, swagging and swaying is conceivable, in this Sterbohol problem! And after long scanning, I rather judge it was in the wake of that first repulse, and not of some other farther on, that the veteran Schwerin himself got his death. No one times it for us; but the fact is unforgettable; and in the dim whirl of sequences, dimly places itself there. Very certain it is, 'at sight of his own regiment in retreat,' Feldmarschall Schwerin seized the colours,—as did other Generals, who are not named, that day. Seizes the colours, fiery old man: '*Heran, meine Kinder* (This way, my sons)!' and rides ahead, along the straight dam again; his 'sons' all turning, and with hot repentance following. 'On, my children, *Heran!*' Five bits of grapeshot, deadly each of them, at once hit the old man; dead he sinks there on his flag; and will never fight more. '*Heran!*' storm the others with hot tears; Adjutant von Platen takes the flag; Platen, too, is instantly shot; but another takes it. '*Heran*, On!' in wild storm of rage and grief:—in a word, they manage to do the work at Sterbohol, they and the rest. First line, Second line, Infantry, Cavalry (and even the very Horses, I suppose), fighting inexpressibly; conquering one of the worst problems ever seen in War. For the Austrians too, especially their grenadiers there, stood to it toughly, and fought like men ;—and 'every grenadier that survived of them,' as I read afterwards, 'got double pay for life.'

Done, that Sterbohol work ;—those Foot-chargings, Horse-chargings ; that battery of Homoly Hill ; and, hanging upon that, all manner of redoubts and batteries to the rightward and rearward :—but how it was done no pen can describe, nor any intellect in clear sequence understand. An enormous *mêlée* there : new Prussian battalions charging, and ever new, irrepressible by case-shot, as they successively get up ; Marshal Browne too sending for new battalions at double-quick from his left, disputing stiffly every inch of his ground. Till at length (hour not given), a cannon-shot tore-away his foot ; and he had to be carried into Prag, mortally wounded. Which probably was a most important circumstance, or the most important of all.

Important too, I gradually see, was that of the Prussian Horse of the Left Wing. Prussian Horse of the extreme left, as already noticed, had, in the mean while, fallen-in, well southward, round by certain lakelets about Michelup, on Browne's extreme right ; furiously charging the Austrian Horse, which stood ranked there in many lines ; breaking it, then again half broken by it ; but again rallying, charging it a second time, then a third time, 'both to front and flank, amid whirlwinds of dust' (Ziethen busy there, not to mention indignant Warnery and others) ;—and at length, driving it wholly to the winds · 'beyond Nussel, towards the Sazawa Country' ; never seen again that day. Prince Karl (after Browne's death-wound, or before, I never know) came galloping to rally that important Right Wing of horse. Prince Karl did his very utmost there ; obtesting, praying, raging, threatening :—but to no purpose ; the Zietheners and others so heavy on the rear of them :—and at last there came a cramp, or intolerable twinge of spasm, through Prince Karl's own person (breast or heart), like to take the life of him : so that he too had to be carried into Prag to the doctors. And his Cavalry fled at discretion ; chased by Ziethen, on

Friedrich's express order, and sent quite over the horizon. Enough, 'by about half-past one,' Sterbohol work is thoroughly done: and the Austrian Battle, both its Commanders gone, has heeled fairly downwards, and is in an ominous way.

The whole of this Austrian Right Wing, horse and foot, batteries and redoubts, which was put *en potence,* or square-wise, to the main battle, is become a ruin; gone to confusion; hovers in distracted clouds, seeking roads to run away by, which it ultimately found. Done all this surely was; and poor Browne, mortally wounded, is being carried off the ground; but in what sequence done, under what exact vicissitudes of aspect, special steps of cause and effect, no man can say; and only imagination, guided by these few data, can paint to itself. Such a chaotic whirlwind of blood, dust, mud, artillery-thunder, sulphurous rage, and human death and victory,—who shall pretend to describe it, or draw, except in the gross, the scientific plan of it?

For, in the mean time,—I think while the dispute at Sterbohol, on the extreme of the Austrian right wing 'in joiner's-square form,' was past the hottest (but nobody will give the hour),—there has occurred another thing, much calculated to settle that. And, indeed, to settle everything; —as it did. This was a volunteer exploit, upon the very elbow or angle of said 'joiner's-square'; in the wet grounds between Hlaupetin and Kyge, a good way north of Sterbohol. Volunteer exploit; on the part of General Mannstein, our old Russian friend; which Friedrich, a long way off from it, blames as a rash fault of Mannstein's, made good by Prince Henri and Ferdinand of Brunswick running up to mend it; but which Winterfeld, and subsequent good judges, admit to have been highly salutary, and to have finished everything. It went, if I read right, somewhat as follows.

In the Kyge-Hlaupetin quarter, at the corner of that Austrian right wing *en potence*, there had, much contrary to Browne's intention, a perceptible gap occurred; the corner is open there; nothing in it but batteries and swamps. The

Austrian right wing, wheeling southward, there to form *potence*; and scrambling and marching, then and subsequently, through such ground at double-quick, had gone too far (had thinned and lengthened itself, as is common, in such scrambling and double-quick movement, thinks Tempelhof), and left a little gap at elbow; which always rather widened as the stress at Sterbohol went on. Certain enough, a gap there is, covered only by some half-moon battery in advance: into this, General Mannstein has been looking wistfully a long time: 'Austrian Line fallen out at elbow yonder; clouted by some battery in advance?'—and at length cannot help dashing loose on it with his Division. A man liable to be rash, and always too impetuous in battle-time.

He would have fared ill, thinks Friedrich, had not Henri and Ferdinand, in pain for Mannstein (some think, privately in preconcert with him), hastened in to help; and done it altogether in a shining way; surmounting perilous difficulties not a few. Hard fighting in that corner, partly on the Sterbohol terms; batteries, mud-tanks; chargings, rechargings: 'Comrades, you have got honour enough, *Kameraden, ihr habt Ehre genug*' (the second man of you lying dead); 'let us now try!' said a certain Regiment to a certain other, in this business.[1] Prince Henri shone especially, the gallant little gentleman: coming upon one of those mud-tanks with battery beyond, his men were spreading file-wise, to cross it on the dams; '*Bursche*, this way!' cried the Prince, and plunged-in middle-deep, right upon the battery, and over it, and victoriously took possession of it. In a word, they all plunge forward, in a shining manner; rush on those half-moon batteries, regardless of results; rush over them, seize and secure them. Rush, in a word, fairly into that Austrian hole-at-elbow, torrents more following them,—and irretrievably ruin both fore-arm and shoulder-arm of the Austrians thereby.

Fore-arm (Austrian right wing, if still struggling and wriggling about Sterbohol) is taken in flank; shoulder-arm, or main line, the like; we have them both in flank; with their own batteries to scour them to destruction here:—the Austrian Line, throughout, is become a ruin. Has to hurl itself rapidly to rightwards, to rearwards, says Tempelhof, behind what redoubts and strong points it may have in those parts; and then, by sure stages (Tempelhof guesses three, or perhaps four), as one redoubt after another is torn from the loose grasp of it, and the stand made becomes ever weaker, and the confusion worse,—to roll pell-mell into Prag, and hastily close the door behind it. The Prussians, Sterbohol people, Mannstein-Henri people, left wing and right, are quite across the Zisca Back, on by Nussel (Prince Karl's headquarter that was), and at the Moldau Brink again, when the thing ends. Ziethen's Hussars have been at Nussel, very busy plundering there, ever since that final charge and chase from Sterbohol. Plundering; and, I am ashamed to say, mostly drunk: 'Your Majesty, I cannot rank a hundred sober,' answered Ziethen (doubtless with a kind of blush), when the King applied for them. The King himself has got to Branik, farther up stream. Part of the Austrian foot fled, leftwards, southwards, as their right wing of horse had all done, up the Moldau. About 16,000 Austrians are distractedly on flight that way. Towards the Sazawa Country; to unite with Daun, as the now advisable thing. Near 40,000 of them are getting crammed into Prag; in spite of Prince Karl, now recovered of his cramp, and risen to the frantic pitch; who vainly struggles at the Gate against such inrush, and had even got through the Gate, conjuring and commanding, but was himself swum-in again by those panic torrents of ebb-tide.

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 75; Tempelhof, etc.

Rallying within, he again attempted, twice over, at two different points, to get out, and up the Moldau, with his broken people; but the Prussians, Nussel-Branik way, were awake to him: 'No retreat up the Moldau for you, Austrian gentlemen!' They tried by another Gate, on the other side of the River; but Keith was awake too: 'In again, ye

Austrian gentlemen! Closed gates here too. What else?' Browne, from his bed of pain (death-bed, as it proved), was for a much more determined outrush: 'In the dead of night, rank, deliberately adjust yourselves: storm out, one and all, and cut your way, night favouring!' That was Browne's last counsel; but that also was not taken. A really noble Browne, say all judges; died here in about six weeks,—and got away from Kriegs-Hofraths and Prince Karls, and the stupidity of neighbours, and the other ills that flesh is heir to, altogether.

At Branik the victorious King had one great disappointment: Prince Moritz of Dessau, who should have been here long hours ago, with Keith's right wing, a fresh 15,000, to fall upon the enemy's rear;—no Moritz visible; not even now, when the business is to chase! 'How is this?' 'Ill luck, your Majesty!' Moritz's Pontoon Bridge would not reach across, when he tried it. That is certain: 'just three poor pontoons wanting,' Rumour says:—three or more; spoiled, I am told, in some narrow road, some short-cut which Moritz had commanded for them: and now they are not; and it is as if three hundred had been spoiled. Moritz, would he die for it, cannot get his Bridge to reach: his fresh 15,000 stand futile there; not even Seidlitz with his light horse could really swim across, though he tried hard, and is fabled to have done so. Beware of short-cuts, my Prince: your Father that is gone, what would he say of you here! It was the worst mistake Prince Moritz ever made. The Austrian Army might have been annihilated, say judges (of a sanguine temper), had Moritz been ready, at his hour, to fall-on from rearward;—and where had their retreat been? As it is, the Austrian Army is not annihilated; only bottled into Prag, and will need sieging. The brightest triumph has a bar of black in it, and might always have been brighter. Here is a flying Note, which I will subjoin:

'Friedrich's dispositions for the Battle, this day, are allowed to have been masterly; but there was one signal fault, thinks Retzow: That he did not, as Schwerin counselled, wait till the morrow. Fault which brought many in the train of it; that of his "tired soldiers," says Retzow, being only a first item, and small in comparison. "Had he waited till the morrow, those fish-ponds of Sterbohol, examined in the interim, need not have been mistaken for green meadows; Prince Moritz, with his 15,000, would have been a fact, instead of a false hope; the King might have done his marching down upon Sterbohol in the night-time, and been ready for the Austrians, flank, or even rear, at daybreak: the King might"—In reality, this fault seems to have been considerable; to have made the victory far more costly to him, and far less complete. No doubt he had his reasons for making haste: Daun, advancing Pragward with 30,000, was within three marches of him; General Beck, Daun's vanguard, with a 10,000 of irregulars, did a kind of feat at Brandeis, on the Prussian post there (our Saxons deserting to him, in the heat of action), this very day, May 6th; and might, if lucky, have taken part at Ziscaberg next day. And besides these solid reasons, there was perhaps another. Retzow, who is secretly of the Opposition-party, and well worth hearing, knows personally a curious thing. He says:

'"Being then" (in March or April, weeks before we left Saxony) "employed to translate the *Plan of Operations* into French, for Marshal Keith's use, who did not understand German, I well know that it contained the following three main objects: 1°. 'All Regiments cantoning in Silesia as well as Saxony march for Bohemia on one and the same day. 2°. Whole Army arrives at Prag May 4th' (Schwerin was a day later, and got scolded in consequence); 'if the Enemy stand, he is attacked May 6th, and beaten. 3°. So soon as Prag is got, Schwerin, with the gross of the Army, pushes into Mähren,' and the heart of Austria itself; 'King hastens with 40,000 to help of the Allied Army,'"—Royal Highness of Cumberland's; who will much need it by that time![1]

'Here is a very curious fact and consideration. That the King had so prophesied and preordained: "May 4th, Four Columns arrive at Prag; May 6th, attack the Austrians, beat them,"—and now wished to keep his word! This is an aerial reason, which I can suspect to have had its weight among others. There were twirls of that kind in Friedrich; intricate weak places; *knots* in the sound straight-fibred mind he had (as in whose mind are they not?),—which now and then cost him dear! The Anecdote-Books say he was very ill of body, that day, May 6th; and called for something of drug nature, and swallowed it (drug not named), after getting on horseback. The Evening Anecdote is prettier: How, in the rushing about, Austrians now flying, he got eye on Brother Henri' (clayey to a degree); 'and sat down with him, in the blessed sunset, for a minute or two, and bewailed his sad losses of Schwerin and others.

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[1] Retzow, i. 84 *n*.

> 'Certain it is, the victory was bought by hard fighting; and but for the quality of his troops, had not been there. But the bravery of the Prussians was exemplary, and covered all mistakes that were made. Nobler fire, when did it burn in any Army? More perfect soldiers I have not read of. Platt-Teutsch fire,—which I liken to anthracite, in contradistinction to Gaelic blaze of kindled straw,—is thrice-noble, when, by strict stern discipline, you are above it withal; and wield your fire-element, as Jove his thunder, by rule! Otherwise it is but half-admirable: Turk-Janissaries have it otherwise; and it comes to comparatively little.'

This is the famed Battle of Prag; fought May 6th, 1757; which sounded through all the world,—and used to deafen us in drawing-rooms within man's memory. Results of it were: On the Prussian side, killed, wounded and missing, 12,500 men; on the Austrian, 13,000 (prisoners included), with many flags, cannon, tents, much war-gear gone the wrong road;—and a very great humiliation and dispiritment; though they had fought well: 'No longer the old Austrians, by any means,' as Friedrich sees; but have iron ramrods, all manner of Prussian improvements, and are 'learning to march,' as he once says, with surprise not quite pleasant!

Friedrich gives the cipher of loss, on both sides, much higher: 'This Battle,' says he, 'which began towards nine in the morning, and lasted, chase included, till eight at night, was one of the bloodiest of the age. The Enemy lost 24,000 men, of whom were 5,000 prisoners; the Prussian loss amounted to 18,000 fighting men,—without counting Marshal Schwerin, who alone was worth above 10,000.' 'This day saw the pillars of the Prussian Infantry cut down,' says he mournfully, seeming almost to think the 'laurels of victory' were purchased too dear. His account of the Battle, as if it had been a painful object, rather avoided in his after-thoughts, is unusually indistinct;—and helps us little in the extreme confusion that reigns otherwise, both in the thing itself and in the reporters of the thing. Here is a word from Winterfeld, some private Letter, two days after; which is well worth reading for those who would understand this Battle.

'The Enemy had his Left Wing leaning on the City, close by the Moldau,' at Nussel; 'and stretched with his Right Wing across the high Hill' (of Zisca) 'to the village of Lieben' (so he *had* stood, looking into Prag; but faced about, on hearing that Friedrich was across the River); 'having before him those terrible Defiles' (*die terriblen Defilées,* 'Horse-shoe of the Moldau,' as we call it), 'and the village of Prossik, which was crammed with Pandours. It was about half-past six in the morning, when our Schwerin Army' (myself part of it, at this time) 'joined with the twenty battalions and twenty squadrons, which the King had brought across to unite with us, and which formed our right wing of battle that day' (our left wing were Schweriners, Sterbohol and the fighting done by Schweriners after their long march). 'The King was at once determined to attack the Enemy; as also were Schwerin' (say nothing of the arguing) 'and your humble servant (*meine Wenigkeit*): but the first thing was, to find a hole whereby to get at him.

'This too was selected, and decided on, my proposal being found good, and took effect in manner following: We' (Schweriners) 'had marched off left-wise, foremost; and we now, without halt, continued marching so with the Left Wing' of horse, 'which had the van (*tête*); and moved on, keeping the road for Hlaupetin, and ever thence onwards along for Kyge, round the Ponds of Unter-Podschernitz, without needing to pass these, and so as to get them in our rear.

'The Enemy, who at first had expected nothing bad, and never supposed that we would attack him at once, *flagrante delicto,* and least of all in this point; and did not believe it possible, as we should have to wade, breast-deep in part, through the ditches, and drag our cannon,—was at first quite tranquil. But as he began to perceive our real design (in which, they say, Prince Karl was the first to open Marshal Browne's eyes), he drew his whole Cavalry over towards us, as fast as it could be done, and stretched them out as Right Wing; to complete which, his Grenadiers and Hungarian Regulars of Foot ranked themselves as they got up' (makes his *potence, Haken,* or joiner's-square, outmost end of it Horse).

'The Enemy's intention was to hold with the Right Wing of his infantry on the Farmstead which they call Sterbaholy' (Sterbohol, a very dirty Farmstead at this day); 'I, however, had the good luck, plunging on, head foremost, with six battalions of our Left Wing and two of the Flank, to get to it before him. Although our Second Line was not yet come forward, yet, as the battalions of the First were tolerably well together, I decided, with General Fouquet, who had charge of the Flank, to begin at once; and, that the Enemy might not have time to post himself still better, I pushed forward, quick step, out of the Farmstead' of Sterbohol 'to meet him,—so fast, that even our cannon had not time to follow. He did, accordingly, begin to waver; and I could observe that his people here, on this Wing, were making right-about.

'Meanwhile, his fire of case-shot opened' (from Homoly Hill, on our left), 'and we were still pushing on,—might now be about two hundred steps from the Enemy's Line, when I had the misfortune, at the head of Regiment Schwerin, to get wounded, and, swooning away (*vor Tod*), fell from my horse to the ground. Awakening after some minutes, and raising my head to look about, I found nobody of our people now here beside or round me; but all were already behind, in full flood of retreat (*hoch Anschlagen*). The Enemy's Grenadiers were perhaps eighty paces from me; but had halted, and had not the confidence to follow us. I struggled to my feet, as fast as, for weakness, I possibly could; and got up to our confused mass' (*confusen Klumpen*,—exact place, where?): 'but could not, by entreaties or by threats, persuade a single man of them to turn his face on the Enemy, much less to halt and try again.

'In this embarrassment the deceased Feldmarschall found me, and noticed that the blood was flowing stream-wise from my neck. As I was on foot, and none of my people now near, he bade give me his led horse which he still had'—(and sent me home for surgery? Winterfeld, handsomely effacing himself when no longer good for anything, hurries on to the Catastrophe, leaving us to guess that he was *not* an eye-witness farther)—'bade give me the led horse which he still had; *and*' (as if that had happened directly after, which surely it did not? '*and*) snatched the flag from Captain Rohr, who had taken it up to make the Bursche turn, and rode forward with it himself. But before he could succeed in the attempt, this excellent man, almost in a minute, was hit with five case-shot balls, and fell dead on the ground; as also his brave Adjutant von Platen was so wounded that he died next day.

'During this confusion and repulse, by which, as already mentioned, the Enemy had not the heart to profit, not only was our Second Line come on, but those of the First, who had not suffered, went vigorously (*frisch*) at the Enemy,'—and in course of time (perhaps two hours yet), and by dint of effort, we did manage Sterbohol and its batteries:—'Like as' (still in one sentence, and without the least punctuation; Winterfeld being little of a grammarian, and in haste for the close), 'Like as Prince Henri's Royal Highness with our Right Wing,' Mannstein and he, 'without waiting for order, attacked so *prompt* and with such *fermeté*,' in that elbow-hole far north of *us*, 'that everywhere the Enemy's Line began to give way; and instead of continuing as Line, sought corps-wise to gain the Heights, and there post itself. And as, without winning said Heights, we could not win the Battle, we had to storm them all, one after the other; and this it was that cost us the best, most and bravest people.

6th May 1757]

'The late Colonel von Goltz' (if we glance back to Sterbohol itself), 'who, with the regiment Fouquet, was advancing, right-hand of Schwerin regiment' and your servant, 'had likewise got quite close to the Enemy; and had he not, at the very instant when he was levelling bayonets, been shot down, I think that he, with myself and the Schwerin regiment, would have got in,'—and perhaps have there done the job, special and general, with much less expense, and sooner![1]

This is what we get from Winterfeld; a rugged, not much grammatical man, but (as I can perceive) with excellent eyes in his head, and interior talent for twenty grammatical people, had that been his line. These, faithfully rendered here, without change but of pointing, are the only words I ever saw of his: to my regret,—which surely the Prussian Dryasdust might still amend a little?—in respect of so distinguished a person, and chosen Peer of Friedrich's. This his brief theory of Prag Battle, if intensely read, I find to be of a piece with his practice there.

Schwerin was much lamented in the Army; and has been duly honoured ever since. His body lies in Schwerinsburg, at home, far away; his Monument, finale of a series of Monuments, stands, now under special guardianship, near Sterbohol on the spot where he fell. A late Tourist says:

'At first there was a monument of wood' (*tree* planted, I will hope), which is now all gone; round this Kaiser Joseph II. once, in the year 1776, holding some review there, made his grenadier battalions and artilleries form circle, fronting the sky all round, and give three volleys of great arms and small, Kaiser in the centre doffing hat at each volley, in honour of the hero. Which was thought a very pretty thing on the Kaiser's part. In 1824, the tree, I suppose, being gone to a stump, certain subscribing Prussian Officers had it rooted out, and a modest Pyramid of red-veined marble built in its room. Which latter the then King of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm III., determined to improve upon; and so, in 1839, built a second Pyramid close by, bigger, finer, and of Prussian iron, this one;—purchasing also, from the Austrian Government, a rood or two of ground for site; and appointing some perpetual

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[1] Preuss, ii. 45-47 (in Winterfeld's hand; dated 'Camp at Prag, 8th May 1757'; addressed to one knows not whom; first printed by Preuss).

Peculium, or increase of Pension to an Austrian Veteran of merit for taking charge there. All which, perfectly in order, is in its place at this day. The actual Austrian Pensioner of merit is a loud-voiced, hard-faced, very limited, but honest little fellow; who has worked a little polygon ditch and miniature hedge round the two Monuments; keeps his own cottage, little garden, and self, respectably clean; and leads stoically a lone life,—no company, I should think, but the Sterbohol hinds, who probably are Czechs and cannot speak to him. He was once "of the regiment Hohenlohe"; suffers somewhat from cold, in the winter time, in those upland parts (the "cords of wood" allowed him being limited); but complains of nothing else. Two English names were in his Album, a military two, and no more. "*Ehret den Held* (Honour the Hero)!" we said to him, at parting. "Don't I?" answered he; glancing at his muddy bare legs and little spade, with which he had been working in the Polygon Ditch when we arrived. I could wish him an additional "*Klafter Holz*" (cord more of firewood), now and then, in the cold months!—

'Sterbohol Farmstead has been new-built, in man's memory, but is dirty as ever. Agriculture, all over this table-land of the Ziscaberg, I should judge to be bad. Not so the prospect; which is cheerfully extensive, picturesque in parts, and to the student of Friedrich offers good commentary. Roads, mansions, villages: Prossik, Kyge, Podschernitz, from the Heights of Chaber round to Nussel and beyond: from any knoll, all Friedrich's Villages, and many more, lie round you as on a map,—their dirt all hidden, nothing wanting to the landscape, were it better carpeted with green (green instead of russet), and shaded here and there with wood. A small wild pink, bright-red, and of the size of a star, grows extensively about; of which you are tempted to pluck specimens, as memorial of a Field so famous in War.'[1]

CHAPTER III

PRAG CANNOT BE GOT AT ONCE

WHAT Friedrich's emotions after the Battle of Prag were, we do not much know. They are not inconceivable, if we read his situation well; but in the way of speech, there is, as usual, next to nothing. Here are two stray utterances, worth gathering from a man so uncommunicative in that form.

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[1] Tourist's Note (September 1858).

Friedrich a month before Prag (From Lockwitz, 25th March, to Princess Amelia, at Berlin).—'My dearest Sister, I give you a thousand thanks for the hints you have got me from Dr. Eller on the illness of our dear Mother. Thrice-welcome this; and reassures me' (alas, not on good basis!) 'against a misfortune which I should have considered very great for me.

'As to us and our posture of affairs, political and military,—place yourself, I conjure you, *above* every event. Think of our Country; and remember that one's first duty is to defend it. If you learn that a misfortune happens to one of us, ask, "Did he die fighting?" and if Yes, give thanks to God. Victory or else death, there is nothing else for us; one or the other we must have. All the world here is of that temper. What! you would have everybody sacrifice his life for the State, and you would not have your Brothers give the example? Ah, my dear Sister, at this crisis, there is no room for bargaining. Either at the summit of glorious success, or else abolished altogether. This Campaign now coming is like that of Pharsalia for Rome, or that of Leuctra for the Greeks,'—a Campaign we verily shall have to win, or go to wreck upon![1]

Friedrich shortly after Prag (To his Mother, Letter still extant in Autograph, without date).—'My Brothers and I are still well. The whole Campaign runs risk of being lost to the Austrians; and I find myself free, with 150,000 men. Add to this, that we are masters of a Kingdom' (Bohemia here), 'which is obliged to furnish us with troops and money. The Austrians are dispersed like straw before the wind. I will send a part of my troops to compliment Messieurs the French; and am going' (if I once had Prag!) 'to pursue the Austrians with the rest of my Army.'[2]

Friedrich, who keeps his emotions generally to himself, does not, as will be seen, remain quite silent to us throughout this great Year; but, by accident, has left us some rather impressive gleanings in that kind;—and certainly in no year could such accident have been luckier to us; this of 1757 being, in several respects, the greatest of his Life. From nearly the topmost heights down to the lowest deeps, his fortunes oscillated this year; and probably, of all the sons of Adam, nobody's outlooks and reflections had in them, successive and simultaneous, more gigantic forms of fear and of hope. He is on a very high peak at this moment; suddenly emerging from his thick cloud, into thunderous

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. I. 391.

[2] *Ib.* xxvi. 75.

victory of that kind; and warning all Pythons what they get by meddling with the Sungod! Loud enough, far-clanging, is the sound of the silver bow; gazetteers and men all on pause at such new Phœbus Apollo risen in his wrath;—the Victory at Prag considered to be much more annihilative than it really was. At London, Lord Holderness had his Tower-guns in readiness, waiting for something of the kind; and 'the joy of the people was frantic.'[1]

Very dominant, our 'Protestant Champion' yonder, on his Ziscaberg; bidding the enormous Pompadour-Theresa combinations, the French, Austrian, Swedish, Russian populations and dread sovereigns, check their proud waves, and hold at mid-flood. It is thought, had he in effect 'annihilated' the Austrian force at Prag, that day (Friday 6th May, as he might have done by waiting till Saturday 7th), he could then, with the due rapidity, rapidity being indispensable in the affair, have become master of Prag, which meant of Bohemia altogether; and have stormed forward, as his program bore, into the heart of an Austria still terror-stricken, unrallied;—in which case, it is calculated, the French, the Russians, Swedes, much more the Reich and suchlike, would all have drawn bridle; and Austria itself have condescended to make Peace with a Neighbour of such quality, and consent to his really modest desire of being let alone! Possible, all this,—think Retzow and others.[2] But the King had not waited till tomorrow; no persuasion could make him wait: and it is idle speculating on the small turns which here, as everywhere, can produce such deflections of course.

Beyond question, Prag is not captured, and may, as now garrisoned, require a great deal of capturing:—and perhaps it is but a *peak*, this high dominancy of Friedrich's, not a solid tableland, till much more have been done! Friedrich has nothing of the Gascon: but there may well be conceivable at this time a certain glow of internal pride, like that of Phœbus amid the piled tempests,—like that of the One Man prevailing, if but for a short season, against the Devil and All Men: 'I have made good my bit of resolution so far: here are the Austrians beaten at the set day, and Prag summoned to surrender, as per program!'—

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[1] *Mitchell Papers and Memoirs* (i.e. the *Printed* Selection, 2 voll. London, 1850;—which will be the oftenest cited by us, 'Papers *and Memoirs*'), i. 249: 'Holderness to Mitchell, 20th May 1757.' Mitchell is now attending Friedrich; his Letter from Keith's Camp, during the thunder of 'Friday May 6th,' is given, *ib.* i. 248.

[2] See Retzow, i. 100-108; etc.

Intrinsically, Prag is not a strong City: we have seen it taken in few days; in one night;—and again, as in Belleisle's time, we have seen it making tough defence for a series of weeks. It depends on the garrison, what extent of garrison (the circuit of it being so immense), and what height of humour. There are now 46,000 men caged in it, known to have considerable magazines; and Friedrich, aware that it will cost trouble, bends all his strength upon it, and from his two camps, Ziscaberg, Weissenberg, due Bridges uniting, Keith and he batter it violently, aiming chiefly at the Magazines (which are not all bomb-proof); and hope they may succeed before it is too late.

The Vienna people are in the depths of amazement and discouragement; almost of terror, had it not been for a few, or especially for one high heart among them. Feldmarschall Daun, on the news of May 6th, hastily fell back, joined by the wrecks of the right wing, which fled Sazawa way. Brunswick-Bevern, with a 20,000, is detached to look after Daun; finds Daun still on the retreat; greedily collecting reinforcements from the homeward quarter; and hanging back, though now double or so of Bevern's strength. Amazement and discouragement are the general feeling among Friedrich's enemies. Notable to see how the whole hostile world marching-in upon him,—French, Russians, much more the Reich, poor faltering entity,—pauses, as with its breath taken away, at news of Prag; and, arrested on the sudden, with lifted foot, ceases to stride forward; and merely tramp-tramps on the same place (nay, in part, in the Reich part, visibly tramps backward), for above a month ensuing! Who knows whether, practically, any of them will come on;[1] and not leave Austria by itself to do the duel with Friedrich? If Prag were but got, and the 46,000 well locked away, it would be very salutary for Friedrich's affairs!—Week after week, the City holds out; and there seems no hope of it, except by hunger, and burning their Magazines by red-hot balls.

Colonel Mayer with his 'Free-Corps' Party makes a Visit, of didactic Nature, to the Reich

Friedrich, as we saw, on entering Böhmen, had shot-off a Light Detachment under Colonel Mayer, southward, to seize any Austrian Magazines there were, especially one big Magazine at Pilsen:—which Mayer has handsomely done, May 2d (Pilsen 'a bigger Magazine than Jung-Bunzlau, even'); after which Mayer is now off westward, into the Ober-Pfalz, into the Nürnberg Countries; to teach the Reich a small lesson, since they will not listen to Plotho. Prag Battle, as happens, had already much chilled the ardour of the Reich! Mayer has two Free-Corps, his own and another; about 1,300 of foot; to which are added a 200 of hussars. They have 5 cannon, carry otherwise a minimum of baggage; are swift wild fellows, sharp of stroke; and do, for the time, prove didactic to the Reich; bringing home to its very bosom the late great lesson of the Ziscaberg, in an applied form. Mayer made a pretty course of it, into the Ober-Pfalz Countries; scattering the poor Execution Drill-Sergeants and incipiencies of preparation, the deliberative County Meetings, *Kreis*-Convents: ransoming Cities, Nürnberg for one city, whose cries went to Friedrich on the Ziscaberg, and wide over the world.[2] Nürnberg would have been but too happy to 'refuse its contingent to the Reich's Army,' as many others would have been (poor Kur-

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[1] See *Correspondance du Comte de Saint-Germain*, an Eye-witness, i. 108 (cited in Preuss, ii. 50); etc. etc.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 360-367, the Nürnberg Letter and Response (31st May-5th June 1757): in Pauli, *Leben grosser Helden* (iii. 159 et seq.), Account of the Mayer Expedition: also in *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 29 (quoting from Pauli).

Baiern hurrying-off a kind of Embassy to Friedrich, great terror reigning among the wigs of Regensburg, and everybody drawing back that could),—had not Imperial menaces, and an Event that fell-out by and by in Prag Country, forced compliance.

Mayer's Expedition made a loud noise in the Newspapers; and was truly of a shining nature in its kind; very perfectly managed on Mayer's part, and has traits in it which are amusing to read, had one time. Take one small glance from Pauli:

'At Fürth in Anspach, 1st June' (after six-days screwing of Nürnberg from without, which we had no cannon to take), 'a Gratuity for the Prussian troops' (amount not stated) 'was demanded and given: at Schwabach, farther up the Regnitz River, they took quarters; no exemption made, clergy and laity alike getting soldiers billeted. Meat and drink had to be given them; as also 100 carolines' (guineas and better), 'and twenty new uniforms. Upon which, next day, they marched to Zirndorf, and the Reichsgraf Pückler's Mansion, the Schloss of Farrenbach there. Mayer took quarter in the Schloss itself. Here the noble owners got-up a ball for Mayer's entertainment; and did all they could contrive to induce a light treatment from him.' Figure it, the neighbouring nobility and gentry in gala; Mayer too in his best uniform, and smiling politely, with those 'bright little black eyes' of his! For he was a brilliant airy kind of fellow, and had much of the chevalier, as well as of the partisan, when requisite!

'Out of Farrenbach, the Mayer people circulated upon all the neighbouring Lordships; at Wilhelmsdorf, the Reichs-Fürst von Hohenlohe' (a too busy Anti-Prussian) 'had the worse brunt to bear. The adjacent Baireuth lands' (dear Wilhelmina, fancy her too in such neighbourhood!) 'were to the utmost spared all billeting, and even all transit,'—though wandering sergeants of the Reich's Force, 'one sergeant with the Würzburg Herr Commissarius and eight common men, did get picked-up on Baireuth ground: and this or the other Anspach Official (Anspach being disaffected), too busy on the wrong side, found himself suddenly Prisoner of War; but was given up, at Wilhelmina's gracious request. On Bamberg he was sharp as flint; and had to be; the Bambergers, reinforced at last by "Circle-Militias (*Kreis-truppen*)" in quantity, being called-out in mass against him; and at Vach an actual Passage of Fight had occurred.'

Of the 'Affair at Vach,' pretty little Drawn-Battle (mostly an affair of art), Mayer *versus* 'Kreis-troops to the amount of 6,000, with twelve cannon, or some say twenty-four' (which they couldn't handle); and how Mayer cunningly took a position unassailable, 'burnt Bridges of the Regnitz River,' and, plying his five cannon against these ardent awkward people, stood cheerful on the other side; and then at last, in good time, whisked himself off to the Hill of Culmbach, with all his baggage, inexpugnable there for three days:—of all this, though it is set-down at full length, we can say nothing.[1] And will add only, that, having girt himself and made his packages, Mayer left the Hill of Culmbach; and deliberately wended home, by Coburg, and other Countries where he had business, eating his way; and early in July was safe in the Metal Mountains again; having fluttered the Volscians in their Frankenland Corioli to an unexpected extent. It is one of five or six such sallies Friedrich made upon the Reich, sometimes upon the Austrians and Reich together, to tumble-up their magazines and preparations. Rapid unexpected inroads, year after year; done chiefly by the Free-Corps; and famous enough to the then Gazetteers. Of which, or of their doers, as we can in time coming afford little or no notice, let us add this small Note on the Free-Corps topic, which is a large one in the Books, but must not interrupt us again:

'Before this War was done,' say my Authorities, 'there came gradually to be twenty-one Prussian Free-Corps,'—foot almost all; there being already Hussars in quantity, ever since the first Silesian experiences. 'Notable Aggregates they were of loose wandering fellows, broken Saxons, Prussians, French; "Hungarian-Protestant" some of them, "Deserters from all the Armies" not a few; attracted by the fame of Friedrich,—as the Colonels enlisting them had been; Mayer himself, for instance, was by birth a Vienna man; and had been in many services and wars, from his fifteenth year and onwards. Most miscellaneous, these Prussian Free-Corps; a swift faculty the indispensable thing, by no means a particular character: but well-disciplined, well-captained; who generally managed their work well.

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[1] Pauli, iii. 159, etc. (who gives Mayer's own *Letter* and others, upon Vach).

'They were, by origin, of Anti-Tolpatch nature, got-up on the diamond-cut-diamond principle; they stole a good deal, with order sometimes, and oftener without; but there was nothing of the old Mentzel-Trenck atrocity permitted them, or ever imputed to them; and they did, usually with good military talent, sometimes conspicuously good, what was required of them. Regular Generals, of a high merit, one or two of their Captains came to be: Wunsch, for example; Werner, in some sort; and, but for his sudden death, this Mayer himself. Others of them, as Von Hordt (Hård is his Swedish name); and "Quintus Icilius" (by nature *Guichard*, of whom we shall hear a great deal in the Friedrich circle by and by), are distinguished as honourably intellectual and cultivated persons.[1]

'Poor Mayer died within two years hence (5th January 1759); of fever, caught by unheard-of exertions and over-fatigues; after many exploits, and with the highest prospects opening on him. A man of many adventures, of many qualities; a wild dash of chivalry in him all along, and much military and other talent crossed in the growing. In the dull old Books I read one other fact which is vivid to me, That Wilhelmina, as sequel of those first Franconian exploits and procedures, "had given him her Order of Knighthood, *Order of Sincerity and Fidelity*,"'—poor dear Princess, what an interest to Wilhelmina, this flash of her Brother's thunder thrown into those Franconian parts, and across her own pungent anxieties and sorrowfully affectionate thoughts, in those weeks!—

Shortly after Mayer, about the time when Mayer was wending homeward, General von Oldenburg, a very valiant punctual old General, was pushed-out westward upon Erfurt, a City of Kur-Mainz's, to give Kur-Mainz a similar monition. And did it handsomely, impressively upon the Gazetteer world at least and the Erfurt populations,—though we can afford it no room in this place. Oldenburg's force was but some 2,000; Pirna Saxons most of them:—such a winter Oldenburg has had with these Saxons; bursting-out into actual musketry upon him once; Oldenburg, volcanically steady, summoning the Prussian part, 'To me, true Prussian

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[1] Count de Hordt's *Memoirs* (autobiographical, or in the first-person: English Translation, London, 1806; *two* French Originals, a worse in 1789, and a better now at last), Preface, i-xii. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 102-104, 93, a detailed 'List of the Free-Corps in 1758' (twelve of foot, two of horse, at that time): see Preuss, ii. 372 n.; Pauli (ubi suprà), *Life of Mayer*.

Bursche!'—and hanging nine of the mutinous Saxons. And has coerced and compesced them (all that did not contrive to desert) into soldierly obedience; and, 20th June, appears at the Gate of Erfurt with them, to do his delicate errand there. Sharply conclusive, though polite and punctual. 'Send to Kur-Mainz, say you? Well, as to your Citadel, and those 1,400 soldiers all moving peaceably off thither,—Yes. As to your City: within one hour, Gate open to us, or we open it!'[1] And Oldenburg marches in, as vice-sovereign for the time:—but, indeed, has soon to leave again; owing to what Event in the distance will be seen!

If Prag Siege go well, these Mayer-Oldenburg expeditions will have an effect on the Reich: but if it go ill, what are they, against Austria with its force of steady pressure? All turns on the issue of Prag Siege:—a fact extremely evident to Friedrich too! But these are what in the interim can be done. One neglects no opportunity, tries by every method.

Of the singular quasi-bewitched Condition of England, and what is to be hoped from it for the Common Cause, if Prag go amiss

On the Britannic side, too, the outlooks are not good;—much need Friedrich were through his Prag affair, and 'hastening with forty thousand to help his Allies,'—that is, Royal Highness of Cumberland and Britannic Purse, his only allies at this moment. Royal Highness and Army of Observation (should have been 67,000, are 50 to 60,000, hired Germans, troops good enough, were they tolerably led) finds the Hanover Program as bad as Schmettau and Friedrich ever represented it; and, already,—unless Prag go well,—wears, to the understanding eye, a very contingent aspect. D'Estrées outnumbers him; D'Estrées, too, is something of a soldier,—a very considerable advantage in affairs of war.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte* (v. 371-384) copious Account, with the Missives to and from, the Reich's-Pleadings that followed, the etc., etc. *Militaire Lexikon* § Oldenburg.

D'Estreés, since April, is in Wesel; gathering-in the revenues, changing the Officialities: much out of discipline, they say;—'hanging' gradually '1,000 marauders'; in round numbers, 1,000 this year.[1] D'Estrées does not yet push forward, owing to Prag. If he do—It is well known how Royal Highness fared when he did, and what a Campaign Royal Highness made of it this Year 1757! How the Weser did prove wadeable, as Schmettau had said to no purpose; wadeable, bridgeable; and Royal Highness had to wriggle back, ever back; no stand to be made, or far worse than none: back, ever back, till he got into the Sea, for that matter, and to the *end* of more than one thing! Poor man, friends say he has an incurable Hanover Ministry, a Program that is inexecutable. As yet he has not lost head, any head he ever had: but he is wonderful, he;—and his England is! We shall have to look at him once again; and happily once only. Here, from my Constitutional Historian, are some Passages which we may as well read in the present interim of expectation. I label, and try to arrange:

1. *England in Crisis.* 'England is indignant with its Hero of Culloden and his Campaign 1757; but really has no business to complain. Royal Highness of Cumberland, wriggling helplessly in that manner, is a fair representative of the England that now is. For years back, there has been, in regard to all things Foreign or Domestic, in that Country, by way of National action, the miserablest haggling as to which of various little-competent persons shall act for the Nation. A melancholy condition indeed!—

'But the fact is, his Grace of Newcastle, ever since his poor Brother Pelham died (who was always a solid, loyal kind of man, though a dull; and had always, with patient affection, furnished his Grace, much *un*supplied otherwise, with Common-Sense hitherto), is quite insecure in Parliament, and knows not what hand to turn to. Fox is contemptuous of him; Pitt entirely impatient of him; Duke of Cumberland (great in the glory of Culloden) is aiming to oust him, and bear rule with his Young Nephew, the new Rising Sun, as the poor Papa and Grandfather gets old. Even Carteret (Earl Granville as they now call him, a Carteret much changed since those high-soaring Worms-Hanau times!) was applied to.

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[1] Stenzel, v. 65; Retzow, i. 173.

But the answer was—what could the answer be? High-soaring Carteret, scandalously over-set and hurled-out in that Hanau time, had already tried once (long ago, and with such result!) to spring-in again, and "deliver his Majesty from factions"; and actually had made a "Granville Ministry"; Ministry which fell again in one day.[1] To the complete disgust of Carteret-Granville;—who, ever since, sits ponderously dormant (kind of Fixture in the Privy Council, this long while back); and is resigned, in a big contemptuous way, to have had his really considerable career closed upon him by the smallest of mankind; and, except occasional blurts of strong rugged speech which come from him, and a good deal of wine taken into him, disdains making farther debate with the world and its elect Newcastles. Carteret, at this crisis, was again applied to, "Cannot you? In behalf of an afflicted old King?" But Carteret answered, No.[2]

'In short, it is admitted and bewailed by everybody, seldom was there seen such a Government of England (and England has seen some strange Governments), as in these last Three Years. Chaotic Imbecility reigning pretty supreme. Ruler's Work,—policy, administration, governance, guidance, performance in any kind,—where is it to be found? For if even a Walpole, when his Talking-Apparatus gets out of gear upon him, is reduced to extremities, though the stoutest of men,—fancy what it will be, in like case, and how the Acting-Apparatuses and Affairs generally will go, with a poor hysterical Newcastle, now when his Common-Sense is fatally withdrawn! The poor man has no resource but to shuffle about in aimless perpetual fidget; endeavouring vainly to say Yes *and* No to all questions, Foreign and Domestic, that may rise. Whereby, in the Affairs of England, there has, as it were, universal St.-Vitus'-dance supervened, at an important crisis: and the Preparations for America, and for a downright Life-and-Death Wrestle with France on the *Jenkins's-Ear Question*, are quite in a bad way. In an ominously bad. Why cannot we draw a veil over these things!'—

2. *Pitt, and the Hour of Tide.* 'The fidgetings and shufflings, the subtleties, inane trickeries, and futile hitherings and thitherings of Newcastle may be imagined: a man not incapable of trick; but anxious to be well with everybody,—and to answer Yes *and* No to almost everything,—and not a little puzzled, poor soul, to get through, in that impossible way! Such a paralysis of wriggling imbecility fallen over England, in this great crisis of its fortunes, as is still painful to contemplate: and indeed it has been mostly shaken out of mind by the modern Englishman; who tries to laugh at it, instead of weeping and considering, which would better beseem. Pitt speaks with a tragical vivacity, in all ingenious dialects, lively though serious; and with a

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[1] '11th February 1746' (Thackeray, *Life of Chatham*, i. 146.

[2] *Ibid.* i. 264.

depth of sad conviction, which is apt to be slurred over and missed altogether by a modern reader. Speaks as if this brave English Nation were about ended; little or no hope left for it; here a gleam of possibility, and there a gleam, which soon vanishes again in the fatal murk of impotencies, do-nothingisms. Very sad to the heart of Pitt. A once brave Nation arrived at its critical point, and doomed to higgle and puddle there till it drown in the gutters: considerably tragical to Pitt; who is lively, ingenious, and, though not quitting the Parliamentary tone for the Hebrew-Prophetic, far more serious than the modern reader thinks.

'In Walpole's Book[1] there is the liveliest Picture of this dismal Parliamentary Hellbroth,—such a Mother of Dead Dogs as one has seldom looked into! For the Hour is great; and the Honourable Gentlemen, I must say, are small. The Hour, little as you dream of it, my Honourable Friends, is pregnant with questions that are immense. Wide Continents, long Epochs and Æons hang on this poor jargoning of yours; the Eternal Destinies are asking their much-favoured Nation, "Will you, can you?"—much-favoured Nation is answering in that manner. Astonished at its own stupidity, and taking refuge in laughter. The Eternal Destinies are very patient with some Nations; and can disregard their follies, for a long while; and have their Cromwell, have their Pitt, or what else is essential, ready for the poor Nation, in a grandly silent way!

'Certain it is,—though how could poor Newcastle know it at all! —here is again the hour of tide for England. Tide is full again; has been flowing long hundreds of years, and is full: certain, too, that time and tide wait on no man or nation. In a dialect different from Cromwell's or Pitt's, but with a sense true to theirs, I call it the Eternal Destinies knocking at England's door again: "Are you ready for the crisis, birth-point of long Ages to you, which is now come?" Greater question had not been, for centuries past. None to be named with it since that high Spiritual Question (truly a much higher, and which was in fact the *parent* of this, and of all of high and great that lay ahead), which England and Oliver Cromwell were there to answer: "Will you hold by Consecrated Formulas, then, you English, and expect salvation from traditions of the elders; or are you for Divine Realities, as the one sacred and indispensable thing?" Which they did answer, in what way we know. Truly the Highest Question; which, if a Nation can answer *well,* it will grow in this world, and may come to be considerable, and to have many high Questions to answer,—this of Pitt's, for example. And the Answers given do always extend through coming ages; and do always bear harvests, accursed or else blessed, according as the Answers were. A thing awfully true, if you have eye for it;—a thing to make Honourable Gentlemen serious, even in the age of percussion-caps! No, my friend, Newcastleisms, impious Poltrooneries, in a Nation, do not die:—neither (thank God) do Cromwellisms and pious Heroisms; but are alive for the poor Nation, even in its somnambulencies, in its stupidest dreams. For Nations have their somnambulencies; and, at any rate, the questions put to Nations, in different ages, vary much. Not in any age, or turning-point in History, had England answered the Destinies in such a dialect as now, under its Newcastle and National Palaver.'

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[1] *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.*

3. *Of Walpole, as Recording Angel.* 'Walpole's *George the Second* is a Book of far more worth than is commonly ascribed to it; almost the one original English Book yet written on those times,—which, by the accident of Pitt, are still memorable to us. But for Walpole,—burning like a small steady light there, shining faithfully, if stingily, on the evil and the good,—that sordid muddle of the Pelham Parliaments, which chanced to be the element of things now recognisable enough as great, would be forever unintelligible. He is unusually accurate, punctual, lucid; an irrefragable authority on English points. And if, in regard to Foreign, he cannot be called an understanding witness, he has read the best Documents accessible, has conversed with select Ambassadors (Mitchell and the like, as we can guess); and has informed himself to a degree far beyond most of his contemporaries. In regard to Pitt's Speeches, in particular, his brief jottings, done rapidly while the matter was still shining to him, are the only Reports that have the least human resemblance. We may thank Walpole that Pitt is not dumb to us, as well as dark. Very curious little scratchings and etchings, those of Walpole; frugal, swift, but punctual and exact; hasty pen-and-ink outlines; at first view, all barren; bald as an invoice, seemingly; but which yield you, after long study there and elsewhere, a conceivable notion of what and how excellent these Pitt Speeches may have been. Airy, winged, like arrow-flights of Phœbus Apollo; very superlative Speeches indeed. Walpole's Book is carefully printed,—few errors in it like that "Chapeau" for *Chasot*,' which readers remember:—' but, in respect to editing, may be characterised as still wanting an Editor. A Book *un*edited; little but lazy ignorance of a very hopeless type, thick contented darkness, traceable throughout in the marginal part. No attempt at an Index, or at any of the natural helps to a reader now at such distance from it. Nay, till you have at least marked, on the top of each page, what Month and Year it actually is, the Book cannot be read at all,—except by an idle creature, doing worse than nothing under the name of reading!'

4. *Pitt's Speeches, foreshadowing What.* 'It is a kind of epoch in your

studies of modern English History when you get to understand of Pitts' Speeches, that they are not Parliamentary Eloquences, but things which with his whole soul he means, and is intent to *do*. This surprising circumstance, when at last become undeniable, makes, on the sudden, an immense difference for the Speeches and you! Speeches are not a thing of high moment to this Editor; it is the Thing spoken, and how far the speaker means to do it, that this Editor inquires for. Too many Speeches there are, which he hears admired all round, and has privately to entertain a very horrid notion of! Speeches, the finest in quality (were quality really "fine" conceivable in such case), which *want* a corresponding fineness of source and intention, corresponding nobleness of purport, conviction, tendency; these, if we will reflect, are frightful instead of beautiful. Yes;—and always the frightfuler, the "finer" they are; and the faster and farther they go, sowing themselves in the dim vacancy of men's minds. For Speeches, like all human things, though the fact is now little remembered, do always rank themselves as forever blessed, or as forever unblessed. Sheep or goats; on the right hand of the Final Judge, or else on the left. There are Speeches which can be called true; and, again, Speeches which are not true:—Heavens, only think what these latter are! Sacked wind, which you are intended to *sow*,—that you may reap the whirlwind! After long reading, I find Chatham's Speeches to be what he pretends they are: true, and worth speaking then and there. Noble indeed, I can call them with you: the highly noble Foreshadow, necessary preface and accompaniment of Actions which are still nobler. A very singular phenomenon within those walls, or without!

'Pitt, though nobly eloquent, is a Man of Action, not of Speech; an authentically Royal kind of Man. And if there were a Plutarch in these times, with a good deal of leisure on his hands, he might run a Parallel between Friedrich and Chatham. Two radiant Kings; very shining Men of Action both; both of them hard bestead, as the case often is. For your born King will generally have, if not "all Europe against him," at least pretty much all the Universe. Chatham's course to Kingship was not straight or smooth,—as Friedrich, too, had his well-nigh fatal difficulties on the road. Again, says the Plutarch, they are very brave men both; and of a clearness and veracity peculiar among their contemporaries. In Chatham, too, there is something of the flash of steel; a very sharp-cutting, penetrative, rapid individual, he too; and shaped for action, first of all, though he has to talk so much in the world. Fastidious, proud, no King could be prouder, though his element is that of Free-Senate and Democracy. And he has a beautiful poetic delicacy, withal; great tenderness in him, playfulness, grace; in all ways, an airy as well as a solid loftiness of mind. Not born a King,—

alas, no, not officially so, only naturally so; has his kingdom to seek. The Conquering of Silesia, the Conquering of the Pelham Parliaments—But we will shut-up the Plutarch with time on his hands.

'Pitt's Speeches, as I spell them from Walpole and the other faint tracings left, are full of genius in the vocal kind, far beyond any Speeches delivered in Parliament: serious always, and the very truth, such as he has it; but going in many dialects and modes; full of airy flashings, twinkles, and coruscations. Sport, as of sheet-lightning glancing about, the bolt lying under the horizon; bolt *hidden*, as is fit, under such a horizon as he had. A singularly radiant man. Could have been a Poet, too, in some small measure, had he gone on that line. There are many touches of genius, comic, tragic, lyric, something of humour even, to be read in those Shadows of Speeches taken down for us by Walpole. * *

'In one word, Pitt, shining like a gleam of sharp steel in that murk of contemptibilities, is carefully steering his way towards Kingship over it. Tragical it is (especially in Pitt's case, first and last) to see a Royal Man, or Born King, wading towards his throne in such an element. But, alas, the Born King (even when he tries, which I take to be the rarer case) so seldom can arrive there at all;—sinful Epochs there are, when Heaven's curse has been spoken, and it is that awful Being, the Born Sham-King, that arrives! Pitt, however, does it. Yes; and the more we study Pitt, the more we shall find he does it in a peculiarly high, manful and honourable as well as dextrous manner; and that English History has a right to call him "the acme and highest man of Constitutional Parliaments; the like of whom was not in any Parliament called Constitutional, nor will again be."'

Well, probably enough; too probably! But what it more concerns us to remember here, is the fact, That in these dismal shufflings which have been, Pitt,—in spite of Royal dislikes and Newcastle peddlings and chicaneries,—has been actually in Office, in the due topmost place, the poor English Nation ardently demanding him, in what ways it could. Been in Office;—and is actually out again, in spite of the Nation. Was without real power in the Royal Councils; though of noble promise, and planting himself down, hero-like, evidently bent on work, and on ending that unutterable 'St.-Vitus'-dance' that had gone so high all round him. Without real power, we say; and has had no permanency. Came in 11th-19th November 1756; thrown out 5th April 1757. After six-months trial, the St. Vitus finds that it cannot do with him; and will prefer going on again. The last act his Royal Highness of Cumberland did in England was to displace Pitt: 'Down you, I am the man!' said Royal Highness; and went to the Weser Countries on those terms.

Would the reader wish to see, in summary, what Pitt's Offices have been, since he entered on this career about thirty years ago? Here, from our Historian, is the List of them in order of time; *Stages of Pitt's Course*, he calls it·

1°. '*December* 1734, Comes into Parliament, age now twenty-six; Cornet in the Blues as well; being poor, and in absolute need of some career that will suit. *April* 1736, makes his First Speech:—Prince Frederick the subject,—who was much used as battering-ram by the Opposition; whom perhaps Pitt admired for his madrigals, for his Literary patronisings, and favour to the West-Wickham set. Speech, full of airy lightning, was much admired. Followed by many, with the lightning getting denser and denser; always on the Opposition side' (once on the *Jenkins's-Ear Question*, as we saw, when the Gazetteer Editor spelt him Mr. Pitt*s*): 'so that Majesty was very angry, sulky Public much applausive; and Walpole was heard to say, "We must muzzle, in some way, that terrible Cornet of Horse!"—but could not, on trial; this man's "price," as would seem, being awfully high! *August-October* 1744, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough bequeathed him 10,000*l*, as Commissariat equipment in this his Campaign against the Mudgods,[1]—glory to the old Heroine for so doing! Which lifted Pitt out of the Cornetcy or Horseguards element, I fancy; and was as the nailing of his Parliamentary colours to the mast.

2°. '*February* 14*th*, 1746, Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: on occasion of that Pelham-Granville "As-you-were!" (Carteret Ministry, which lasted One Day), and the slight shufflings that were necessary. Now first in Office,—after such Ten Years of colliding and conflicting, and fine steering in difficult waters. Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: and "soon after, on Lord Wilmington's death," *Paymaster of the Forces.* Continued Paymaster about nine years. Rejects, quietly and totally, the big income derivable from Interest of Government Moneys lying delayed in the Paymaster's hand ("Dishonest, I tell you!")—and will none of it, though poor. Not yet high, still low over the horizon, but shining brighter and brighter. Greatly contemptuous of Newcastle and the Platitudes and Poltrooneries; and still a good deal in the Opposition strain,—and *not* always tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. For example, Pitt (still Paymaster) to Newcastle on King of the Romans Question (1752 or so): "You engage for Subsidies, not knowing their extent; for Treaties, not knowing the terms!"—"What a bashaw!" moan Newcastle and the top Officials. "Best way is, don't mind it," said Mr. Stone' (one of their terriers,—a hard-headed fellow, whose brother became Primate of Ireland by and by).

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[1] Thackeray, i. 138.

3°. '*November 20th*, 1755, Thrown out:—on Pelham's death, and the general hurlyburly in Official regions, and change of partners with no little difficulty, which had then ensued! Sir Thomas Robinson,' our old friend, 'made Secretary,—not found to answer. Pitt sulkily looking on America, on Minorca; on things German, on things in general; warily set on returning, as is thought; but How? *Fox* to Pitt: "Will you join *me*?"—*Pitt*: "No,"—with such politeness, but in an unmistakable way! Ten months of consummate steering on the part of Pitt; Chancellor Hardwicke coming as messenger, he among others; Pitt's answer to him dextrous, modestly royal. Pitt's bearing, in this grand juncture and crisis, is royal, his speakings and also his silences notably fine. *October 20th*, 1756: to Newcastle face to face, "I will accept no situation under your Grace!"—and, about that day month, comes *in*, on his own footing. That is to say,

'*November 19th*, 1756, to England's great comfort, Sees himself Secretary of State (age now just forty-eight). Has pretty much all England at his back; but has, in face of him, Fox, Newcastle and Company, offering mere impediment and discouragement; Royal Highness of Cumberland looking deadly sour. Till finally,

'*April 5th*, 1757, King bids him resign; Royal Highness setting-off for Germany the second day after. Pitt had been *in* rather more than Four months. England, at that time a silent Country in comparison, knew not well what to do; took to offering him Freedoms of Corporations in very great quantity. Town after Town, from all the four winds, sympathetically firing off, upon a misguided Sacred Majesty, its little Box, in this oblique way, with extraordinary diligence. Whereby, after six-months bombardment by Boxes, and also by Events, *June 29th*, 1757'—We will expect June 29th.[1]

In these sad circumstances, Preparations so-called have been making for Hanover, for America;—such preparations as were never seen before. Take only one instance; let one be enough:

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[1] Thackeray, i. 231, 264; Almon, *Anecdotes of Pitt* (London, 1810), i. 151, 182, 218.

'By the London Gazette, well on in February 1756, we learn that Lord Loudon, a military gentleman of small faculty, but of good connexions, has been nominated to command the Forces in America; and then, more obscurely, some days after, that another has been nominated:—one of them ought certainly to make haste out, if he could; the French, by account, have 25,000 men in those countries, with real officers to lead them! Haste out, however, is not what this Lord Loudon or his rival can make. In March, we learn that Lord Loudon has been again nominated; in an improved manner, this time;—and still does not look like going. "Again nominated, why again?" Alas, reader, there have been hysterical fidgetings in a high quarter; internal shiftings and shufflings, contradictions, new proposals, one knows not what.[1] One asks only: How is the business ever to be done, if you cannot even settle what imbecile is to go and try it?

'Seldom had Country more need of a Commander than America now. America itself is of willing mind; and surely has resources, in such a Cause; but is full of anarchies as well: the different States and sections of it, with their discrepant Legislatures, their half-drilled Militias, pulling each a different way, there is, as in the poor Mother Country, little result except of the St.-Vitus kind. In some Legislatures are anarchic Quakers, who think it unpermissible to fight with those hectoring French, and their tail of scalping Indians; and that the "method of love" ought to be tried with them. What is to become of those poor people, if not even a Lord Loudon can get out?'

The result was, Lord Loudon had not in his own poor person come to hand in America till August 1756, Season now done; and could only write home, 'All is St. Vitus out here! Must have reinforcement of 10,000 men!' 'Yes,' answers Pitt, who is now in Office: 'you shall have them; and we will take Cape Breton, please Heaven!'—but was thrown out; and by the wrigglings that ensued, nothing of the 10,000 reached Lord Loudon till Season 1757 too was done. Nor did they then stead his Lordship much, then or afterwards; who never took Cape Breton, nor was like doing it;—but wriggled to and fro a good deal, and revolved on his axis, according to pattern given. And set (what chiefly induces us to name him here) his not reverent enough Subordinate, Lord Charles Hay, our old Fontenoy friend, into angry impatient quizzing of him;—and by and by into Court-Martial for such quizzing.[1] Court-Martial, which was much puzzled by the case; and could decide nothing, but only adjourn and adjourn;—as we will now do, not mentioning Lord Loudon farther, or the numerous other instances at all.[2]

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1756, pp. 92, 150, 359, 450.

Pitt, we just saw, far from being confirmed and furthered, has been thrown-out by Royal Highness of Cumberland, the last thing before crossing to that exquisite Weser Problem. 'Nothing now left at home to hinder *us* and our Hanover and Weser Problem!' thinks Royal Highness. No, indeed: a comfortable pacific No-government, or Battle of the Four Elements, left yonder; the Anarch Old waggling his addle head over it; ready to help everybody, and bring fire and water, and Yes and No, into holy matrimony, if he could!—Let us return to Prag. Only one remark more; upon 'April 5th.' That was the Day of Pitt's Dismissal at St. James's: and I find, at Schönbrunn it is likewise the day when *Reichs-Hofrath* (Kaiser in Privy Council) decides, in respect to Friedrich, that Ban of the Reich must be proceeded with, and recommends Reich's Diet to get through with the same.[3] Official England ordering its Pitt into private life, and Official Teutschland its Friedrich into outlawry ('Be quiet henceforth, both of *you*!')—are, by chance, synchronous phenomena.

Phenomena of Prag Siege:—Prag Siege is interrupted

Friedrich's Siege of Prag proved tedious beyond expectation. In four days he had done that exploit in 1744; but now, to the world's disappointment, in as many weeks he cannot. Nothing was omitted on his part: he seized all egresses from Prag, rapidly enough; had beset them with batteries, on the very night or morrow of the Battle; every egress beset, cannon and ruin forbidding any issue there. On the 9th of May, cannonading began; proper siege-cannon and ammunition, coming up from Dresden, were completely come May 19th; after which the place is industriously battered, bombarded with red-hot balls; but except by hunger, it will not do. Prag as a fortress is weak, but as a breastwork for 50,000 men it is strong. The Austrians tried sallies; but these availed nothing,—very ill-conducted, say some. The Prussians, more than once, had nearly got into the place by surprisal; but, owing to mere luck of the Austrians, never could,—say the same parties.[1]

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[1] Peerage Books, § Tweeddale.

[2] '1st May 1760, Major-General Lord Charles Hay died' (*Gentleman's Magazine* of Year); and his particular Court-Martial could adjourn for the last time.—'I wrote something for Lord Charles,' said the great Johnson once, many years afterwards; 'and I thought he had nothing to fear from a Court-Martial. I suffered a great loss when he died: he was a mighty pleasing man in conversation, and a reading man' (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; under date, '3d April 1776').

[3] *Helden-Geschichte* (Reichs-Procedures, *ubi suprà*).

A *Diarium* of Prag Siege is still extant, Two *Diariums*; punctual diurnal account, both Austrian and Prussian:[2] which it is far from our intention to inflict on readers, in this haste. Siege lasted six weeks; four weeks extremely hot,—from May 19th, when the proper artilleries, in complete state, got up from Dresden. Line of siege-works, or intermittent series of batteries, is some twelve miles long; from Branik southward to beyond the Belvedere northward, on both sides of the Moldau. King's Camp is on the Ziscaberg; Keith's on the Lorenz Berg, embracing and commanding the Weissenberg; there are two Bridges of communication, Branik and Podoli: King lodges in the Parsonage of Michel,—the busiest of all the sons of Adam; what a set of meditations in that Parsonage! The Besieged, 46,000 by count, offer to surrender Prag on condition of 'Free withdrawal': 'No; you shall engage, such of you as won't enlist with us, not to serve against me for six years.' Here are some select Specimens; Prussian chiefly, in an abridged state:

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 85, 87.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 42-56, Prussian *Diarium*; *ibid.* 73-86, Austrian.

'*May* 19*th*, No sooner was our artillery come (all the grounds and beds for it had been ready beforehand), than as evening fell, it began to play in terrific fashion.'

'*Night of the* 23*d*-24*th May*, There broke-out a furious sally; their first, and much their hottest, say the Prussians: a very serious affair;—which fell upon Keith's quarter, west side of the Moldau. Sally, say something like 10,000 strong; picked men all, and strengthened with half a pound of horse-flesh each' (unluckily without salt): judge what the common diet must have been, when that was generous! 'No salt to it; but a fair supplement of brandy. Browne, from his bed of pain (died 26th June), had been strongly urgent. Aim is, To force the Prussian lines, by determination and the help of darkness, in some weak point: the whole Army, standing ranked on the walls, shall follow, if things go well; and storm itself through,—away Daun-wards, across the River by Podoli Bridge.

'Sally broke-out between 1 and 2 A.M.; but we had wind of it, and were on the alert. Sally tried on this place and on that; very furious in places, but could not anywhere prevail. The tusseling lasted for near six hours (Prince Ferdinand' of Preussen, King's youngest Brother, 'and others of us, getting hurts and doing exploits),—till, about 7 A.M., it was wholly swept-in, with loss of 1,000 dead. Upon which, their whole Army retired to its quarters, in a hopeless condition. Escape impossible. Near 50,000 of them; but in such a posture. Provision of bread, the spies say, is not scarce, unless the Prussians can burn it, which they are industriously trying (diligent to learn where the Magazines are, and to fire incessantly upon the same): plenty of meal hitherto; but for butcher's-meat, only what we saw. Forage nearly done, and 12,000 horses standing in the squares and market-places,—not even stabling for them, not to speak of food or work,—slaughtering and salting' (if one but had salt!) 'the one method. Horse-flesh two kreutzers a pound; rises gradually to double that value.

'*May* 29*th*, About sunset there came a furious burst of weather: rain-torrents mixed with battering hail;—some flaw of water-spout among the Hills; for it lasted hour on hour, and Moldau came down roaring double-deep, above a hundred yards too wide each way; with cargoes of ruin, torn-up trees, drowned horses; which sorely tried our Bridge at Branik. Bridge, half of it, did break away (Friedrich's half, forty-four pontoons; Keith's people got their end of the Bridge doubled-in and saved): the Austrians, in Prag, fished-out twenty-four of Friedrich's pontoons; the other twenty we caught at our Bridge of Podoli, farther down. A most wild night for the Prussian Army in tents; and indeed for Prag itself, the low parts of which were all under water; unfortunate individuals getting drowned in the cellars; and, still more important, 29th May 1757]

a great deal of Austrian meal, which had been carried thither, to be safe from the red-hot balls.

'It was thought the Austrians, our Bridge being down, might try a sally again. To prevent which, hardly was the rain done, when, on our part, a rocket flew aloft; and there began on the City, from all sides, a deluge of bombs and red-hot balls. So that the still-dripping City was set fire to, in various parts; and we could hear' (what this Editor never can forget) 'the *Weh-Klagen* (wail) of the Townsfolk as they tried to quench it, and it always burst-out again. The fire-deluge lasted for six hours.'—Human *Weh-Klagen*, through the hollow of Night, audible to the Prussians and us: 'Woe's me! water-deluges, then fire-deluges; death on every hand!' According to the Austrian accounts, there perished, by bursting of bomb-shells, falling of walls, by hunger and other misery and hurts, 'above 9,000 Townsfolk in this Siege.' Yes, my Imperial friends; War is not a thing of streamering and ornamental trumpeting alone; War is an inexorable, dangerously-incalculable thing. Is it not a terrible question, at whose door lies the beginning of a War!

'*June 5th*, 12,000 poor people of Prag were pushed-out: "Useless mouths, will you contrive to disappear some way!" But, after haggling about all day, they had to be admitted in again, under penalty of being shot.

'*June 8th*, City looking black and ruinous, whole of the Neustadt in ashes; few houses left in the Jew Town; in the Altstadt the fire raged on (*wüthete fort*). Nothing but ruin and confusion over there; population hiding in cellars, getting killed by falling buildings. Bürgermeister and Townsfolk besiege Prince Karl, "For the Virgin's sake, have pity on us, Your Serenity!" Poor Prince Karl has to be deaf, whatever his feelings.

'He was diligent in attending mass, they say: he alone of the Princes, of whom there were several; two Saxon Princes among others, Prince Xavier the elder of them, who will be heard of again. A profane set, these, lodging in the *Clementinum*' (vast Jesuit Edifice, which had been cleared-out for them, and 'the windows filled with dung outside,' against balls): 'there, with wines of fine vintage, and cookeries plentiful and exquisite, that know nothing of famine outside, they led an idle disorderly life,—ran races in the long corridors' (not so bad a course), 'dressed themselves in Priests' vestures' (which are abundant in such locality), 'and made travesties and mummeries of Holy Religion; the wretched creatures, defying despair, as buccaneers might when their ship is sinking. To surrender, everything forbids; of escape, there is no possibility.[1]

'*June 9th*, The bombardment abates; a *Laboratorium* of our own flew aloft by some spark or accident; and killed thirteen men.

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 86; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 73-84.

'*June* 15*th*, From the King's Camp a few bombs' (King himself now gone) 'kindled the City in three places':—but there is, by this time, new game afield; Prag Siege awaiting its decision not at Prag, but some way off.

Friedrich has been doing his utmost; diligent, by all methods, to learn where the Austrian Magazines were, that is, on what special edifices and localities shot might be expended with advantage; and has fired into these 'about 12,000 bombs.' Here is a small thing still remembered:

'Spies being, above all, essential in this business, Friedrich had bethought him of one Käsebier, a supreme of Housebreakers, whom he has, safe with a ball at his ankle, doing forced labour at Spandau' (in Stettin, if it mattered). 'Käsebier was actually sent for, pardon promised him if he could do the State a service. Käsebier smuggled himself twice, perhaps three times, into Prag; but the fourth time he did not come back.'[1] Another Note says: 'Käsebier was a Tailor, and Son of a Tailor, in Halle; and the expertest of Thieves. Had been doing forced labour, in Stettin, since 1748; twice did get into Prag; third time, vanished. A highly celebrated Prussian thief; still a myth among the People, like Dick Turpin or Cartouche, except that his was always theft without violence.'[2]

We learn vaguely that the price of horse-flesh in Prag has risen to double; famine very sore: but still one hears nothing of surrender. And again there is vague rumour that the City may be as it will; but that the Garrison has meal, after all we have ruined, which will last till October. Such a Problem has this King: soluble within the time; or not soluble? Such a question for the whole world, and for himself more than any.

CHAPTER IV

BATTLE OF KOLIN

On and after June 9th, the bombardment at Prag abated, and never rose to briskness again; the place of trial for decision of that Siege having flitted elsewhither, as we said.

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[1] Retzow, i. 108 n.

[2] Preuss, ii. 57 n.

About that time, rumours came-in, not so favourable, from the Duke of Bevern; which Friedrich, strong in hope, strove visibly to disbelieve, but at last could not. Bevern reports that Daun is actually coming on, far too strong for his resisting;—in other terms, that the Siege of Prag will not decide itself by bombardment, but otherwise and elsewhere. Of which we must now give some account; brief as may be, especially in regard to the preliminary or marching part.

Daun, whose light troops plundered Brandeis (almost within wind of the Prussian Rear) on the day while Prag Battle was fighting, had, on that fatal event, gradually drawn back to Czaslau, a place we used to know fifteen years ago; and there, or in those neighbourhoods, defensively manœuvring, and hanging upon Kuttenberg, Kolin, especially upon his Magazine of Suchdol, Daun, always rather drawing back, with Brunswick-Bevern vigilantly waiting on him, has continued ever since; diligently recruiting himself; ranking the remains of the right wing defeated at Prag; drawing regiments out of Mähren, or whencesoever to be had. Till, by these methods, he is grown 60,000 strong; nearly thrice superior to Bevern; though being a 'Fabius Cunctator' (so called by and by), he as yet attempts nothing. Forty thousand in Prag, with Sixty here in the Czaslau Quarter,[1] that makes 100,000; say his Prussian Majesty has two-thirds of the number: can the Fabius Cunctator attempt nothing, before Prag utterly famish?

Order comes to him from Vienna: 'Rescue Prag; straightway go upon it, cost what it like!' Daun does go upon it; advances visibly towards Prag, Bevern obliged to fall back in front of him. Sunday 12th June, Daun despatches several Officers to Prince Karl at Prag, with notice that, 'On the 20th, Monday come a week, he will be in the neighbourhood of Prag with this view:—they, of course, to sally out, and help from rearward.' 'Several Officers, under various disguises,' go with that message, June 12th; but none of them could get into the City; and some of them, I judge, must have fallen into the Prussian Hussar Parties:—at any rate, the news they carried did get into the Prussian circuit, and produced an instant resolution there. Early next morning, Monday 13th, King Friedrich, with what disposable force is on the spot,—10,000 capable of being spared from siege-work, and 4,000 more that will be capable of following, under Prince Moritz, in two days, —sets forth in all speed. Joins Bevern that same night; at Kaurzim, thirty-five miles off, which is about midway from Prag to Czaslau,* and only three miles or so from Daun's quarters that night,—had the King known it, which he did not.

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[1] Tempelhof, i. 196; Retzow (i. 107, 109) counts 46,000+66,000.

* See Plan, p. 223.

Daun must be instantly gone into; and shall,—if he is there at all, and not fallen back at the first rumour of us, as Friedrich rather supposes. In any case, there are preliminaries indispensable: the 4,000 of Prince Moritz still to come up; secondly, bread to be had for us, which is baking at Nimburg, across the Elbe, twenty miles off; lastly (or rather firstly, and most indispensable of all), Daun to be reconnoitred. Friedrich reconnoitres Daun with all diligence; pushes-on everything according to his wont; much obstructed in the reconnoitring by Pandour clouds, under which Daun has veiled himself, which far outnumber our small Hussar force. Daun, as usual,—showing always great skill in regard to camps and positions,—has planted himself in difficult country: a little river with its boggy pools in front; behind and around, an intricate broken country of knolls and swamps, one ridge in it which they even call a *Berg* or Hill, Kamhayek Berg; not much of a Hill after all, but forming a long backbone to the locality, west end of it straight behind Daun's centre, at present. Friedrich's position is from north to south; like Daun's, taking advantage of what heights and brooks there are; and edging northward to be near his bread-ovens: right wing still holds by Kaurzim, left wing looking down on Planian, a little Town on the High Road (*Kaiser-Strasse*) from Prag to Vienna. Little Town destined to get-up its name in a day or two,—next little Town to which, twelve miles farther on, is Kolin, secretly destined to become and continue still more famous among mankind. Kolin is close to the Elbe, left or south bank; Elbe hereabouts strikes into his long north-western course (to Wittenberg all the way; Pirna, say 150 miles off, is his half-way house in that direction);—strikes-off northward hereabouts, making for Nimburg, among other places: Planian, right south of Nimburg, is already fifteen good miles from Elbe.

This is Friedrich's position, Wednesday June 15th and the day following; somewhat nearer his ovens than yesterday. Daun is yet parallel to him, has his centre behind Swoyschitz, an insignificant Village at the foot of those Kamhayek Heights, which is, ever since, to be found in Maps. Friday 17th, Friedrich's bread-wagons and 4,000 having come in, as doubtless the Pandours report in the proper place, Daun does not quite like his strong position any more, but would prefer a stronger. Friday about sunset, 'great clouds of dust' rise from Daun: changing his position, the Prussians see, if for Pandours and gathering darkness they can at present see little else. Daun, truly, observing the King to have in that manner edged-up, towards Planian, is afraid of his right wing from such a neighbour. So that the reader must take his Map again. Or, if he care not for such things, let him skip, and leave me solitary to my sad function; till we can meet on easier ground, and report the Battle which ensued. Daun hustles his right wing back out of that dangerous proximity; wheels his whole right wing and centre ninety degrees round, so as to reach out now towards Kolin, and lie on the north slope of the Kamhayek ridge; places his left wing *en potence* (gibbet-wise), hanging round the western *end* of said Kamhayek, its southern extremity at Swoyschitz, its northern at Hradenin, where (not a mile from Planian) his right wing had formerly been;—with other intricate movements not worth following, under my questionable guidance, on a Map with unpronounceable names. Enough to say that Daun's right wing is now far east at Krzeczhorz, well beyond Chotzemitz, whereabouts his centre now comes to stand (and most of his horse *there*, both the wings being hilly and rough, unfit for horse);—and that, this being nearly the last of Daun's shiftings and hustlings for the present, or indeed in essential respects the very last, readers may as well note the above main points in it.

Hustled into this still stronger place, with wheeling and shoving, which lasted to a late hour, Daun composes himself for the night. He lies now, with centre and right looking northward, pretty much parallel to the Planian-Kolin or Prag-Vienna Highway, and about a mile south of the same; extreme posts extending almost to Kolin on that side; left wing well planted *en potence*; Kamhayek ridge, north face and west end of it, completely his on both the exposed or Anti-Prussian faces. Friedrich feels uncertain whether he has not gone his ways altogether; but proposes to ascertain by break of day.

By break of day Friedrich starts, having cleared-off certain Pandour swarms visible in places of difficulty, who go on first notice, and without shot fired.[1] Marches through Planian in two columns, along the Kolin Highway and to north of it; marches on, four or five miles farther, nothing visible but the skirts of retiring Pandours,—'Daun's rearguard probably?'—

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[1] Lloyd, i. 61 et seq. (or Tempelhof's Translation, i. 151-164); Tempelhof's own Account is, i. 179-196; Retzow's, i. 120-149 (fewer errors of detail than usual); Kutzen, *Der Tag von Kolin* (Breslau, 1857), a useful little compilation from many sources. Very incorrect most of the common accounts are; Kausler's *Schlachten*, Jomini, and the like.

Friedrich himself is with Ziethen, who has the vanguard, as Friedrich's wont is, eagerly enough looking out; reaches a certain Inn on the wayside (*Wirthshaus* 'of Slatislunz or *Golden-Sun*,' say the Modern Books,—though I am driven to think it Novomiesto, nearer Planian; but will not quarrel on the subject); Inn of good height for one thing; and there, mounting to the top-story or perhaps the leads, descries Daun, stretching far and wide, leant against the Kamhayek, in the summer morning. What a sight for Friedrich: 'Big game *shall* be played, then; death sure, this day, to thousands of men: and to me—?—Well!'

Friedrich calls halt: rest here a little; to consider, examine, settle how. A hot close morning; rest for an hour or two, till our rear from Kaurzim come up: horses and men will be the better for it,—horses can have a mouthful of grass, mouthful of water; some of them 'had no drink last night, so late in getting home.' Poor quadrupeds, they also have to get into a blaze of battle-rage this day, and be blown to pieces a great many of them,—in a quarrel not of their seeking! Horse and rider are alike satisfied on that latter point; silently ready for the task *they* have; and deaf on questions that are bottomless.

At this Hostelry of Novomiesto (not of Slatislunz or '*Golden-Sun*' at all, which is a 'Sun' fallen dismally eclipsed in other ways [1]), Friedrich halted for three hours and more;

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[1] 'The Inn of Slati-Slunz was burnt, about twenty years ago; nothing of it but the stone walls now dates from Friedrich's time. It is a biggish solid-looking House of two stories (whether ever of three, I could not learn); stands pleasantly, at the crown of a long rise from Kolin;—and inwardly, alas, in our day, offers little but bad smells and negative quantities! Only the ground-floor is now inhabited. From the front, your view northward, Nimburg way, across the Elbe Valley, is fertile, wide-waving, pretty: but rearward, upstairs,—having with difficulty got permission,—you find bare balks, tattered feathers, several hundredweight of pigeon's dung, and no outlook at all, except into walls of office-houses and the overhanging brow of Heights,—fatal, clearly, to any view of Daun, even from a third story!' (*Tourist's, Note,* 1858)—Tempelhof (*ubi suprà*) seems to have known the right place; not Retzow, or almost anybody since: and indeed the question, except for expressly Military people, is of no moment.

saw Daun developing himself into new Order of Battle, 'every part of his position visible'; considered with his whole might what was to be tried upon him;—and about noon, having made-up his mind, called his Generals, in sight of the phenomenon itself there, to give them their various orders and injunctions in regard to the same. The Plan of Fight, which was thought then, and is still thought by everybody, an excellent one,—resting on the 'oblique order of attack,' Friedrich's favourite mode,—was, if the reader will take his Map, conceivable as follows.

Daun has by this time deployed himself; in three lines, or two lines and a reserve; on the high-lying Champaign south of the Planian-Kolin Great Road; south, say a mile, and over the crests of the rising ground, or Kamhayek ridge, so that from the Great Road you can see nothing of him. His line, swaying here and there a little, to take advantage of its ground, extends nearly five miles, from east to west; pointing towards Planian side, the left wing of it; from Planian, eastward, the way Friedrich has marched, Daun's left wing may be four miles distant. On the other side, Daun's right wing,—main line always pretty parallel to the Highway, and pointing rather southward of Kolin,—reaches to the small Hamlet of Krzeczhorz, which is two miles off Kolin. In front of his centre is a Village called Chotzemitz (from which for a while, in those months, the Battle gets its name, 'Battle of Chotzemitz,' by Daun's christening): in front of him, to right or to left of Chotzemitz, are some four or even six other Villages (dim rustic Hamlets, invisible from the High Road), every Village of which Daun has well beset with batteries, with good infantry, not to speak of Croat parties hovering about, or dismounted Pandours squatted in the corn. That easternmost Village of his is spelt 'Krzeczhorz' (unpronounceable to mankind), a dirty little place; in and round which the Battle had its hinge or cardinal point: the others, as abstruse of spelling, all but equally impossible to the human organs, we will forbear to name, except in case

.f necessity. Half a mile behind Krzeczhorz (let us write it Kreczor, for the future: what can we do?), is a thin little Oak-wood, bushes mainly, but with sparse trees too, which is now quite stubbed out, though it was then important enough, and played a great part in the result of this day's work. Radowesnitz, a pronounceable little Village, half a mile farther or southward of the Oak-bush, is beyond the extremity of Daun's position; low down on a marshy little Brook, which oozes through lakes and swamps towards Kolin, in the northerly direction.

Most or all of these Villages are on little Brooks (natural thirst so leading them): always some little runlet of water, not so swampy when there is any fall for it; in general lively when it gets over the ridge, and becomes visible from this Highway. And it is curious to see what a considerable dell, or green ascending chasm, this little thread of water, working at all moments for thousands of years, has hollowed out for itself in the sloping ground; making a great military obstacle, if you are mounting to attack there. Poor Czech Hamlets all of them, dirty, dark, malodorous, ignorant, abhorrent of German speech;—in what nook those inarticulate inhabitants, diving underground at a great rate this morning, have hidden themselves today, I know not. The country consists of knolls and slopes, with swamps intermediate; rises higher on the Planian side; but except the top of that Kamhayek ridge on the Planian side, and 'Friedrich's-Berg' on the Kolin side, there is nothing that you could think of calling a Hill, though many Books (and even Friedrich's Book) rashly say otherwise. Friedrich's-Berg, now so called, is on the north side of the Highway: half a mile north-eastward of Slatislunz, the malodorous Inn. A conical height of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet; rises rather suddenly from the still-sloping ground, checking the slope there; on which the Austrian populations have built some memorial lately, notable to Tourists. Here Friedrich 'stood during the Battle,' say they; and the Prussians 'had

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a battery there.' Which remains uncertain to me, at least the battery part of it: that Friedrich himself was there, now and then, can be believed; but not that he kept 'standing there' for long together. Friedrich's-Berg does command some view of the Kreczor scene, which at times was cardinal, at others not: but Friedrich did not stand anywhere: 'oftenest in the thick of the fire,' say those who saw.

Friedrich, from his Inn near Planian, seeing how Daun deploys himself, considers him impregnable on the left wing; impregnable, too, in front: not so on the Kreczor side, right flank and rear; but capable of being rolled together, if well struck at there. Thither therefore; that is his vulnerable point. March along his front; quietly parallel in due Order of Battle, till we can bend round, and plunge-in upon that. The Van, which consists of Ziethen's Horse and Hülsen's Infantry; Van, having faced to right at the proper moment and so become Left Wing, will attack Kreczor; probably carry it; each Division following will in like manner face to right when it arrives there, and fall-on in regular succession in support of Hülsen (at Hülsen's right flank, if Hülsen be found prospering): our Right Wing is to refuse itself, and be as a Reserve,—no fighting on the road, you others, but steady towards Hülsen, in continual succession, all you; no facing round, no fighting anywhere, till we get thither:—'March!'

The word is given about 2 P.M.; and all, on the instant, is in motion; rolls steadily eastward, in two columns, which will become First Line and Second. One along the Highway, the second at due distance leftward on the green ground, no hedge or other obstacle obstructing in that part of the world. Daun's batteries, on the right, spit at them in passing, to no purpose; sputters of Pandour musketry, from coverts, there may be: Prussians finely disregarding, pass along; flowing tide-like towards *their* goal and place of choice. An impressive phenomenon in the sunny afternoon; with Daun expectant of them, and the Czech populations well hidden underground! —

Ziethen, vanmost of all, finds Nadasti and his Austrian squadrons drawn across the Highway, hitherward of the Kreczor latitude: Ziethen dashes on Nadasti; tumbles his squadrons and him away; clears the Road, and Kreczor neighbourhood, of Nadasti: drives him quite into the hollow of Radowesnitz, where he stood inactive for the rest of the day. Hülsen now at the level of Kreczor (in the latitude of Kreczor, as we phrased it), halts, faces to right; stiffly presses up, opens his cannon-thunders, his bayonet-charges and platoon-fires upon Kreczor. Stiffly pressing up, in spite of the violent counter-thunders, Hülsen does manage Kreczor without very much delay, completely enough, and like a workman; takes the battery, two batteries; overturns the Infantry;—in a word, has seized Kreczor, and, as new tenant, swept the old, and their litter, quite out. Of all which Ziethen has now the chase, and by no means will neglect that duty. Ziethen, driving the rout before him, has driven it in some minutes past the little Oak-wood above mentioned; and, or rather *but*,—what is much to be noted,—is there taken in flank with cannon-shot and musketry, Daun having put batteries and Croat parties in the Oak-wood; and is forced to draw bridle, and get out of range again.

Hülsen, advancing towards this little Oak-wood, is surprised to discover, not the wood alone, but a strong Austrian force, foot and horse, to rear of it;—such had been Daun's and Nadasti's precaution, on view of those Friedrich phenomena, flowing on from Planian, guessed to be hitherward. At sight of which Wood and foot-party, Hülsen, no new Battalion having yet arrived to second him, pauses, merely cannonading from the distance, till new Battalions shall arrive. Unhappily they did not arrive, or not in due quantity at the set time,—for what reason, by what strange mistake? men still ask themselves. Probably by more mistakes than one. Enough, Hülsen struggling here all day, with reinforcements never adequate, did take the Wood, and then lose it; did take and lose this and that;—but was unable to make more of it than keep his ground thereabouts. A resolute man, says Retzow, but without invention of his own, or head to mend the mistakes of others. In and about Kreczor, Hülsen did maintain himself with more and more tenacity, till the general avalanche, fruit of sad mistakes, swept *him*, quite spasmodically struggling at that period, off to the edge of it, and all the others clean away! Mistakes have been to rightwards, one or even two, the fruit of which, small at first, suffices to turn the balance, and ends in an avalanche, or precipitous descent of ruin on the Prussian side.

One mistake there was, miles westward on the right wing; due to Mannstein, our too impetuous Russian friend. Mannstein well to right, while marching forward according to order, has Croat musketry spitting upon him from amid the high corn, to an inconvenient extent: such was the common lot, which others had borne and disregarded: perhaps it was beyond the average on Mannstein, or Mannstein's patience was less infinite; anyway it provoked Mannstein to boil over; and in an evil moment he said, 'Extinguish me that Croat canaille, then!' Regiment Bornstedt faced to right, accordingly; took to extinguishing the Croat canaille, which of course fled at once, or squatted closer, but came back with reinforcements; drew Mannstein deeper in, fatally delayed Bornstedt, and proved widely ruinous. For now he stopped the way to those following him: regiments marching on to rear of Mannstein see Mannstein halted, volleying with the Austrians; ask themselves 'How? Is there new order come? Attack to be in this point?' And successively fall-on to support Mannstein, as the one clear point in such dubiety. So that the whole right wing from Regiment Bornstedt westward is storming up the difficult steeps, in hot conflict with the Austrians there, where success against them had been judged impracticable;—and there is now no reserve force anywhere to be applied to in emergency, for Hülsen's behoof or another's; and the Plan of Battle from Mannstein westward has been fatally overturned. Poor Mannstein, there is no doubt, committed this error, being too fiery a man. Surely to him it was no luxury, and he paid the smart for it in skin and soul: 'badly wounded in this business;' nay, in direct sequel, not many weeks after, killed by it, as we shall see!—

To Mannstein's mistake, Friedrich himself, in his account of Kolin, mainly imputes the disaster that followed; and such, then and afterwards, was the universal judgment in military circles; loading the memory of too impetuous Mannstein with the whole.[1] Much talk there was in Prussian military circles; but there must also have been an admirable silence on the part of some. To Three Persons it was known that another strange incident had happened far ahead, far eastward, of Mannstein's position: incident which did not by any means tend to alleviate, which could only strengthen and widen, the evil results of Mannstein; and which might have lifted part of the load from Mannstein's memory! Not till the present Century, after the lapse of almost fifty years, was this secret slowly dug out of silence, and submitted to modern curiosity.

The incident is this;—never whispered-of for near fifty years (so silent were the three); and endlessly tossed about since that; the sense of it not understood till almost now.[2] The three parties were: King Friedrich; Moritz of Dessau, leading-on the centre here; Moritz's young Nephew Franz, Heir of Dessau, a brisk lad of seventeen, learning War here as Aide-de-Camp to Moritz: the exact spot is not known to me,—probably the ground near that Inn of Slatislunz, or Golden Sun; between the foot of Friedrich's-Berg and that:—fact indubitable, though kept dark so long. Moritz is marching with the centre, or main battle, that way, intending to wheel and turn hillwards, Kreczor-wise, as per order, certain furlongs ahead; when Friedrich (having, so I can conceive it, seen from his Hill-top, how Hülsen had done Kreczor, altogether prosperous there; and what endless capability there was of prospering to all lengths and speeding the general winning, were Hülsen but supported soon enough, were there any safe short-cut to Hülsen) dashed from his Hill-top in hot haste towards Prince Moritz, General of the centre, intending to direct him upon such short-cut; and hastily said, with Olympian brevity and fire, 'Face to right *here*!' With Jove-like brevity, and in such blaze of Olympian fire as we may imagine. Moritz himself is of brief, crabbed, fiery mind, brief in temper; and answers to the effect, 'Impossible to attack the enemy here, your Majesty; postured as they are; and we with such orders gone abroad!'—'Face to right, I tell you!' said the King, still more Olympian, and too emphatic for explaining. Moritz, I hope, paused, but rather think he did not, before remonstrating the second time; neither perhaps was his voice so low as it should have been: it is certain Friedrich dashed quite up to Moritz at this second remonstrance, flashed out his sword (the only time he ever drew his sword in battle); and now, gone all to mere Olympian lightning and thunder-tone, asks in *this* attitude, '*Will Er* (Will He) obey orders, then?'—Moritz, fallen silent of remonstrance, with gloomy rapidity obeys.

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[1] See Retzow, i. 135; Tempelhof, i. 214, 220.

[2] See Retzow, i. 126; Berenhorst; etc. etc.;—then *finally*, Kutzen, pp. 99, 217.

Prince Franz, the young Nephew of Moritz, alone witnessed this scene; scene to be locked in threefold silence. In his old age, Franz had whispered it to Berenhorst, his bastard Half-Uncle, a famed military Critic,—who is still in the highest repute that way (Berenhorst's *Kriegskunst*, and other deep Books), and is recognisable, to *lay* readers, for an abstruse strong judgment; with equal strength of abstruse temper hidden behind it, and very privately a deep grudge towards Friedrich, scarcely repressible on opportunity. From Berenhorst it irrepressibly oozed out;[1] much more to Friedrich's disadvantage than it now looks when wholly seen into. Not change of plan, not ruinous caprice on Friedrich's part, as

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[1] 'Heinrich von Berenhorst' (a natural son of the Old Dessauer's), 'in his *Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, is the first that alludes to it in print (Leipzig, 1797,—page in *second* edition, 1798, is i. 219).'

Berenhorst, Retzow and others would have it; only excess of brevity towards Moritz, and accident of the Olympian fire breaking out. Friedrich is chargeable with nothing, except perhaps (what Moritz knows the evil of) trying for a short-cut! Such is now the received interpretation. Prince Franz, to his last day, refused to speak again on the subject; judiciously repentant, we can fancy, of having spoken at all, and brought such a matter into the streets and their pie-powder adjudications.[1] For the present, he is Adjutant to Moritz, busy obeying to the letter.

Friedrich, withdrawing to his Height again, and looking back on Moritz, finds that he is making right-in upon the Austrian line; which was by no means Friedrich's meaning, had not he been so brief. Friedrich, doubtless with pain, remembers now that he had said only, 'Face to right!' and had then got into Olympian tempest, which left things dark to Moritz. '*Halb-links*, Half to left withal!' he despatches that new order to Moritz, with the utmost speed: 'Face to right; *then*, forward half to left.' Had Moritz, at the first, got that commentary to his order, there had probably been no remonstrance on Moritz's part, no Olympian scene to keep silent; and Moritz, taking that diagonal direction from the first, had hit-in at or below Kreczor, at the very point where he was needed. Alas for overhaste; short-cuts, if they are to be good, ought at least to be made clear! Moritz, on the new order reaching him, does instantly steer half-left; but he arrives now above Kreczor, strikes the Austrian line on this side of Kreczor; disjoined from Hülsen, where he can do no good to Hülsen: in brief, Moritz, and now the whole line with him, have to do as Mannstein and sequel are doing, attack in face, not in flank; and try what, in the proportion of one to two, uphill, and against batteries, they can make of it in that fashion!

And so, from right wing to left, miles long, there is now universal storm of volleying, bayonet-charging, thunder of artillery, case-shot, cartridge-shot, and sulphurous devouring whirlwind; the wrestle very tough and furious, especially on the assaulting side. Here, as at Prag, the Prussian troops were one and all in the fire; each doing strenuously his utmost, no complaint to be made of their performance. More perfect soldiers, I believe, were rarely or never seen on any field of war. But there is no reserve left: Mannstein and the rest, who should have been reserve, and at a General's disposal, we see what they are doing! In vain, or nearly so, is Friedrich's tactic or manœuvring talent; what now is there to manœuvre? All is now gone up into one combustion. To fan the fire, to be here, there, fanning the fire where need shows: this is now Friedrich's function; 'everywhere in the hottest of the fight,' that is all we at present know of him, invisible to us otherwise. This death-wrestle lasted perhaps four hours; till seven or towards eight o'clock in the June evening; the sun verging downwards; issue still uncertain.

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[1] In *Kutzen*, pp. 217-237, a long dissertation on it.

And, in fact, at last the issue turned upon a hair;—such the empire of Chance in War matters. Cautious Daun, it is well known, did not like the aspect of the thing; cautious Daun thinks to himself, 'If we get pushed back into that Camp of yesternight, down the Kamhayek Heights, and right into the impassable swamps; the reverse way, Heights now *his*, not ours, and impassable swamps waiting to swallow us? Wreck complete, and surrender at discretion—!'—Daun writes in pencil: 'The retreat is to Suchdol' (Kuttenberg way, southward, where we have heights again and magazines); Daun's Aide-de-camp is galloping everywhither with that important Document; and Generals are preparing for retreat accordingly,—one General on the right wing has, visibly to Hülsen and us, his cannon out of battery, and under way rearwards; a welcome sight to Hülsen, who, with imperfect reinforcement, is toughly maintaining himself there all day.

And now the Daun Aide-de-camp, so Chance would have it, cannot find Nostitz the Saxon Commandant of Horse in that quarter; finds a 'Saxon Lieutenant-Colonel B—' ('Benkendorf' all Books now write him plainly), who, by another little chance, had been still left there: 'Can the Herr Lieutenant-Colonel tell me where General Nostitz is?' Benkendorf can tell;—will himself take the message: but Benkendorf looks into the important Pencil Document; thinks it premature, wasteful, and that the contrary is feasible; persuades Nostitz so to think; persuades this regiment and that (Saxon, Austrian, horse and foot); though the cannon in retreat go trundling past them: 'Merely shifting their battery, don't you see:—Steady!' And, in fine, organises, of Saxon and Austrian horse and foot in promising quantity (Saxons in great fury on the Pirna score, not to say the Striegau, and other old grudges), a new unanimous assault on Hülsen.

The assault was furious, and became ever more so; at length irresistible to Hülsen. Hülsen's horse, pressing-on as to victory, are at last hurled back; could not be rallied;[1] fairly fled (some of them); confusing Hülsen's foot,—foot is broken, instantly ranks itself, as the manner of Prussians is; ranks itself in impromptu squares, and stands fiercely defensive again, amid the slashing and careering: wrestle of extreme fury, say the witnesses. 'This for Striegau!' cried the Saxon dragoons, furiously sabring.[2] Yes; and is there nothing to account of Pirna, and the later scores? Scores unliquidated, very many still; but the end is, Hülsen is driven away; retreats, Parthian-like, down-hill, some space; whose sad example has to spread rightwards like a powder-train, till all are in retreat,—northward, towards Nimburg, is the road;—and the Battle of Kolin is finished.

Friedrich made vehement effort to rally the Horse, to rally this and that; but to no purpose: one account says he did collect some small body, and marched forth at the head of it against a certain battery; but, in his rear, man after man fell away, till Lieutenant-Colonel Grant (not 'Le Grand,' as some call him, and indeed there is an *accent* of Scotch in him, still audible to us here) had to remark, 'Your Majesty and I cannot take the battery ourselves!' Upon which Friedrich turned round; and, finding nobody, looked at the Enemy through his glass, and slowly rode away[1]—on a different errand.

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[1] That of '*Racker, wollt ihr ewig leben*, Rascals, would you live forever?' with the 'Fritz, for eight groschen, this day there has been enough!'—is to be counted pure myth; not unsuccessful, in its withered kind.

[2] Archenholtz, i. 100.

Seeing the Battle irretrievably lost, he now called Bevern and Moritz to him; gave them charge of the retreat—'To Nimburg, cross Elbe there' (fifteen good miles away); 'and in the defiles of Planian have especial care!' and himself rode off thitherward, his Garde-du-Corps escorting. Retzow says, 'a swarm of fugitive horse-soldiers, baggage-people, grooms and led horses gathered in the train of him: these latter, at one point,' Retzow has heard in Opposition circles, 'rushed up, galloping: "Enemy's hussars upon us!" and set the whole party to the gallop for some time, till they found the alarm was false.'[2] Of Friedrich we see nothing, except as if by cloudy moonlight in an uncertain manner, through this and the other small Anecdote, perhaps semi-mythical, and true only in the essence of it.

Daun gave no chase anywhere; on his extreme left, he had, perhaps as preparative for chasing, ordered-out the cavalry; 'General Stampach and cavalry from the centre,' with cannon, with infantry and appliances, to clear away the wrecks of Mannstein, and what still stands, to right of him, on the Planian Highway yonder. But Stampach found 'obstacles of ground,' wet obstacles and also dry,—Prussian posts, smaller and greater, who would not stir a hand-breadth: in fact, an altogether deadly storm of Negative, spontaneous on their part, from the indignant regiments thereabouts, King's First Battalion, and two others; who blazed-out on Stampach in an extraordinary manner, tearing to shreds every attempt of his, themselves stiff as steel: 'Die, all of us, rather than stir!' And, in fact, the second man of these poor fellows did die there.[1] So that Bevern, Commander in that part, who was absent speaking with the King, found on his return a new battle broken out; which he did not forbid but encourage; till Stampach had enough, and withdrew in rather torn condition. This, if this were some preparative for chasing, was what Daun did of it, in the cavalry way; and this was all. The infantry he strictly prohibited to stir from their position,—'No saying, if we come into the level ground, with such an enemy!'—and passed the night under arms. Far on our left, or what was once our left, Ziethen with all his squadrons, nay, Hülsen with most of his battalions, continued steady on the ground; and marched away at their leisure, as rearguard.

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[1] Retzow, i. 139.

[2] *Ibid.* i. 140.

'It seemed,' says Tempelhof, in splenetic tone, 'as if Feldmarschall Daun, like a good Christian, would not suffer the sun to go down on his wrath. This day, nearly the longest in the year, he allowed the Prussian cavalry, which had beaten Nadasti, to stand quiet on the field till ten at night' (till nine); 'he did not send a single hussar in chase of the infantry. He stood all night under arms; and next day returned to his old Camp, as if he had been afraid the King would come back. Arriving there himself, he could see, about ten in the morning, behind Kaurzim and Planian, the whole Prussian Baggage fallen into such a coil that the wagons were with difficulty got on way again; nevertheless he let it, under cover of the grenadier battalion Manteuffel, go in peace.'[2] A man that for caution and slowness could make no use of his victory!

The Austrian force in the Field this day is counted to have been 60,000; their losses in killed, wounded, and missing, 8,114. The Prussians, who began 34,000 in strength, lost 13,773; of whom prisoners (including all the wounded), 5,380. Their baggage, we have seen, was not meddled with: they lost 45 cannon, 22 flags,—a loss not worth adding, in comparison to this sore havoc, for the second time, in the flower of the Prussian Infantry.[1]

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[1] Kutzen, p. 138 (from the canonical, or '*Staff-Officers*' enumeration: see *suprà*, p. 129.

[2] Tempelhof, i. 195.

The news reached Prag Camp at two in the morning (Sunday 19th): to the sorrowful amazement of the Generals there; who 'stood all silent; only the Prince of Prussia breaking-out into loud lamentations and accusations,' which even Retzow thinks unseemly. Friedrich arrived that Sunday evening: and the Siege was raised, next day; with next to no hindrance or injury. With none at all on the part of Daun; who was still standing among the heights and swamps of Planian,—busy singing, or shooting, universal *Te-Deum*, with very great rolling fire and other pomp, that day while Friedrich gathered his Siege-goods and got on march.

The Maria-Theresa Order, new Knighthood for Austria

No tongue can express the joy of the Austrians over this victory,—vouchsafed them, in this manner, by Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf and the Powers Above. Miraculously, behold, they are not upon the retreat to Suchdol, at double-quick, and in ragged ever-lengthening line; but stand here, keeping rank all night, on the Planian-Kolin upland of the Kamhayek:—behold, they have actually beaten Friedrich; for the first time, not been beaten by him. Clearly beaten that Friedrich, by some means or other. With such a result, too; consider it,—drawn sword was at our throat; and marvellously now it is turned round upon his (if Daun be alert), and we—let us rejoice to all lengths, and sing *Te-Deum* and *Te-Daunum* with one throat, till the Heavens echo again.

There was quite a hurricane, or lengthened storm, of jubilation and tripudiation raised at Vienna on this victory: New *Order of Maria Theresa*, in suitable Olympian fashion, with no end of regulating and inaugurating,—with Daun the first Chief of it; and 'Pensions to Merit' a conspicuous part of the plan, we are glad to see. It subsists to this day: the grandest Military Order the Austrians yet have. Which then deafened the world, with its infinite solemnities, patentings, discoursings, trumpetings, for a good while. As was natural, surely, to that high Imperial Lady with the magnanimous heart; to that loyal solid Austrian People with its pudding-head. Daun is at the top of the Theresa Order, and of military renown in Vienna circles;—of Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf I never heard that he got the least pension or recognition;—continued quietly a military lion to discerning men, for the rest of his days.[1]

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[1] Retzow, i. 141 (whose numbers are apt to be inaccurate); Kutzen, p. 144 (who depends on the Canonical *Staff-Officer* Account).

Nay, once, on Daun's *Te-Deum* day, he had a kind of recognition;—and even, by good accident, can tell us of it in his own words:[2]

> 'I was sent for to headquarters by a trumpeter,'—Benkendorf was,—'when all was ready for the *Te-Deum*. Feldmarschall Daun was pleased to say at sight of me, "That as I had had so much to do with the victory, it was but right I should thank our Herr Gott along with him." Having no change of clothes,—as the servant, who was to have a uniform and some linens ready for me, had galloped off during the Fight, and our baggage was all gone to rearward,—I tried to hustle out of sight among the crowd of Imperial Officers all in gala: but the reigning Duke of Würtemberg' (Wilhelmina's Son-in-law, a perverse obstinate Herr, growing ever more perverse; one of Wilhelmina's sad afflictions in these days) 'called me to him, and said, "He would give his whole wardrobe, could he wear that dusty coat with such honour as I!"'—yes; and tried hard, in his perverse way, for some such thing; but never could, as we shall see.

How lucky that Polish Majesty had some remains of Cavalry still at Warsaw in the Pirna time; that they were made into a Saxon Brigade, and taken into the Austrian service; Brigade of three Regiments, Nostitz for Chief, and this Benkendorf a Lieutenant-Colonel, among them;—and that Polish Majesty, though himself lost, has been the saving of Austria twice within one year!

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[1] 'Died at Dresden, General of Cavalry,' 5th May 1801 (Rödenbeck, i. 338, 339).

[2] Kutzen (citing some *Biography* of Benkendorf), p. 143.

CHAPTER V

FRIEDRICH AT LEITMERITZ, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES COMING ON

Of Friedrich's night-thoughts at Nimburg; how he slept, and what his dreams were, we have no account. Seldom did a wearied heart sink down into oblivion on such terms. By narrow miss, the game gone; and with such results ahead. It was a right valiant plunge this that he made, with all his strength and all his skill, home upon the heart of his chief enemy. To quench his chief enemy before another came up: it was a valiant plan, and valiantly executed; and it has failed. To dictate peace from the walls of Vienna: that lay on the cards for him this morning; and at night—? Kolin is lost, the fruit of Prag Victory too is lost; and Schwerin and new tens of thousands, unreplaceable for worth in this world, are lost: much is lost! Courage, your Majesty, all is not lost, you not, and honour not.

To the young Graf von Anhalt, on the road to Nimburg, he is recorded to have said, 'Don't you know, then, that every man must have his reverses (*Mais ne savez-vous donc pas que chaque homme doit avoir ses revers*)? It appears I am to have mine.'[1] And more vaguely, in the Anecdote-Books, is mention of some stanch ruggedly pious old Dragoon, who brought, in his steel cap, from some fine-flowing well he had discovered, a draught of pure water to the King; old Mother Earth's own gift, through her rugged Dragoon, exquisite refection to the thirsty wearied soul; and spoke, in his Dragoon dialect,—'Never mind, your Majesty! *Der Allmächtige* and we; it shall be mended yet. "The Kaiserin may get a victory for once; but does that send us to the Devil (*davon holt uns der Teufel nicht*)!"'—words of rough comfort, which were well taken.

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[1] Rödenbeck, i. 309.

Next morning, several Books, and many Drawings and Sculptures of a dim unsuccessful nature, give us view of him, at Nimburg; sitting silent 'on a *Brunnen-Rohr*' (Fountain Apparatus, waste-pipe or feeding-pipe, too high for convenient sitting); he is stooping forward there, his eyes fixed on the ground, and is scratching figures in the sand with his stick, as the broken troops reassemble round him. Archenholtz says: 'He surveyed with speechless feeling the small remnant of his Lifeguard of Foot, favourite First Battalion; 1,000 strong yesterday morning, hardly 400 now;'—gone the others, in that furious Anti-Stampach outburst which ended the day's work! 'All soldiers of this chosen Battalion were personally known to him; their names, their age, native place, their history' (the pick of his Ruppin regiment was the basis of it): in one day, Death had mowed them down; they had fought like heroes, and it was for him that they had died. His eyes were visibly wet, down his face rolled silent tears.'[1]

In public I never saw other tears from this King,—though in private I do not warrant him; his sensibilities, little as you would think it, being very lively and intense. 'To work, however!' This King can shake away such things; and is not given overmuch to retrospection on the unalterable Past. 'Like dewdrops from the lion's mane' (as is figuratively said); the lion swiftly rampant again! There was manifold swift ordering, considering and determining, at Nimburg, that day; and towards night Friedrich shot rapidly into Headquarters at Prag, where, by order, there is, as the first thing of all, a very rapid business going on, well forward by the time he arrives.

To fold one's Siege-gear and Army neatly together from those Two Hill-tops, and march away with them safe, in sight of so many enemies: this has to be the first and rapidest thing; if this be found possible, as one calculates it may. After which, the world of enemies, held in the slip so long, will rush-in from all the four winds,—unknown whitherward; one must wait to see whitherward and how.

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 104, 101; Kutzen, pp. 259, 138; Retzow, i. 142.

Friedrich's History for the remaining six months of this Year falls, accordingly, into three Sections. Section *first*: Waiting how and towards what objects his enemies, the Austrians first of all, will advance;—this lasts for about a month; Friedrich waiting mainly at Leitmeritz, on guard there both of Saxony and of Silesia, till this slowly declare itself. Slowly, perhaps almost stupidly, but by no means satisfactorily to Friedrich, as will be seen! After which, Section *second* of his History lasts above two months; Friedrich's enemies being all got to the ground, and united in hope and resolution to overwhelm and abolish him; but their plans, positions, operations so extremely various that, for a long time (end of August to beginning of November), Friedrich cannot tell what to do with them; and has to scatter himself into thin threads, and roam about, chiefly in Thüringen and the West of Saxony, seeking something to fight with, and finding nothing; getting more and more impatient of such paltry misery; at times nigh desperate; and habitually drifting on desperation as on a lee shore in the night, despite all his efforts. Till, in Section *third*, which goes from November 5th, through December 5th, and into the New Year, he does find what to do; and does it,—in a forever memorable way.

Three Sections; of which the reader shall successively have some idea, if he exert himself; though it is only in snatches, suggestive to an active fancy, that we can promise to dwell on them, especially on the First Two, which lie pretty much *un*surveyable in those chaotic records, like a world-wide coil of thrums. Let us be swift, in Friedrich's own manner; and try to disemprison the small portions of essential! Here, partly from Eyewitnesses, are some Notes in regard to Section First:[1]

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[1] Westphalen, *Geschichte der Feldzüge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (and a Private Journal of W.'s there), ii. 13-19; Retzow; etc.

'*Sunday 19th June*, At 2 A.M., Major Grant arrives at Prag' (must have started instantly after that of "We two cannot take the battery, your Majesty!")—'goes to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, interim Commander on the Ziscaberg, with order To raise Siege. Consternation on the part of some; worse, on the Prince of Prussia's part; the others kept silence at least,—and set instantly to work. On both Hills, the cannons are removed (across Moldau the Zisca-Hill ones), batteries destroyed, Siege-gear neatly gathered up, to go in wagons to Leitmeritz, thence by boat to Dresden; all this lies ready done, the dangerous part of it done, when Friedrich arrives.

'*Monday 20th*, before sunrise, Siege raised. At three in the morning Friedrich marches from the Ziscaberg; to eastward he, to Alt-Bunzlau, thence to Alt-Lissa,'—Nimburg way, with what objects we shall see. 'Marshal Keith's fine performance. Keith, from the Weissenberg, does not march, such packing and loading still; all the baggages and artilleries being with Keith. Not till four in the afternoon did Keith march; but beautifully then; and folded himself away,—rearguard under Schmettau "retreating chequerwise," nothing but Tolpatcheries attempting on him,—westward, Budin-ward, without loss of a linstock, not to speak of guns. Very prettily done on the part of Keith. By Budin, to Leitmeritz, he; where the King will join him shortly.'

Friedrich's errand in Alt-Lissa, eastward, while Keith went westward, was, To be within due arm's-length of the Moritz-Bevern, or beaten Kolin Army, which is coming up that way; intending to take post, and do its best, in those parts, with Zittau Magazine and the Lausitz to rear of it. One of our Eyewitnesses, a Herr Westphalen, Ferdinand of Brunswick's Secretary,—who, with his Chief, got into wider fields before long,—yields these additional particulars face to face:

'*Tuesday 21st June* 1757. King's Headquarters in Lissa or neighbourhood till Friday next; which is central for both these movements,—Thursday, orders seven regiments of horse to reinforce Keith. No symptom yet of pursuit anywhere.

'*Friday 24th*. Prince Moritz with the Kolin Army made appearance, all safe, and is to command here; King intending for Keith. After dinner, and the due interchange of battalions to that end, King sets off, with Prince Henri, towards Keith; Headquarter in Alt-Bunzlau again. *Saturday Night*, at Melnick;* *Sunday*, Gastorf: *Monday Night 27th*

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* Plan, p. 223.

June, Leitmeritz; King lodges in the Cathedral Close, in sight of Keith, who is on the opposite side of Elbe,—but the town has a Bridge for tomorrow. "Never was a quieter march; not the shadow of a Pandour visible. The Duke" (Ferdinand, my Chief, Chatham's jewel that is to be, and precious to England) "has suffered much from a"—in fact, from a *cours de ventre,* temporary bowel-derangement, which was very troublesome, owing to the excessive heats by day, and coldness of the nights.

'*Tuesday* 28*th.* Junction with Keith,—Bridge rightly secured, due party of dragoons and foot left on the right bank, to occupy a height which covers Leitmeritz. "Clearing of the Pascopol" (that is, sweeping the Pandours out of it), is the first business; Colonel Loudon with his Pandours, a most swift sharp-cutting man, being now here in those parts; doing a deal of mischief. Three days ago, Saturday 25th, Keith had sent seven battalions, with the proper steel-besoms, on that Pascopol affair; Tuesday, on junction, Majesty sends three more: job done on Wednesday; reported "done,"—though I should not be surprised,' says Westphalen, 'if some little highway robbery still went on among the Mountains up there.'

No;—and before quitting hold, what is this that Loudon (on the very day of the King's arrival, June 27th), on the old Field of Lobositz over yonder, has managed to do! General Mannstein, wounded at Kolin, happened, with others in like case, to be passing that way, towards Dresden and better surgery,—when Loudon's Croats set upon them, scattering their slight escort: 'Quarter, on surrender! Prisoners?' 'Never!' answered Mannstein; 'Never!' that too impetuous man, starting out from his carriage, and snatching a musket: and was instantly cut-down there. And so ends;—a man of strong head, and of heart only too strong.[1]

From Prag onwards, here has been a delicate set of operations; perfectly executed,—thanks to Friedrich's rapidity of shift, and also to the cautious slowly-puzzling mind of Daun. Had Daun used any diligence, had Daun and Prince Karl been broad awake, together or even singly! But Friedrich guessed they seldom or never were; that they would spend some days in puzzling; and that, with despatch, he would have time for everything. Daun, we could observe, stood singing *Te-Deum*, greatly at leisure, in his old Camp, 20th June, while Friedrich, from the first gray of morning, and diligently all day long, was withdrawing from the trenches of Prag,—Friedrich's people, self and goods getting folded-out in the finest gradation, and with perfect success; no Daun to hinder him,—Daun leisurely doing *Te-Deum*, forty miles off, helping on the *wrong* side by that exertion![1]—'Poor Browne, he is dead of his wounds, in Prag yonder,' writes Westphalen, in his Leitmeritz Journal, 'news came to us July 1st: men said, "Ah, that was why they lay asleep."'

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[1] Preuss, ii. 58; *Militair-Lexikon,* iii. 10.

Till June 26th, Daun and Karl had not united; nor, except sending out Loudon and Croats, done anything, either of them. Sunday June 26th, at Podschernitz on the old Field of Prag, a week and a day after Kolin, they did get together; still seemingly a little puzzled, 'Shall we follow the King? Shall we follow Moritz and Bevern?'—nothing clear for some time, except to send out Pandour parties upon both. Moritz, since parting with the King in Alt-Bunzlau neighbourhood, has gone northward some marches, thirty miles or so, to *Jung*-Bunzlau,—meeting of Iser and Elbe, surely a good position:—Moritz, on receipt of these Pandour allowances of his, writes to the King, 'Shall we retreat on Zittau, then, your Majesty? Straight upon Zittau?' Fancy Friedrich's astonishment;—who well intends to eat the Country first, perhaps to fight if there be chance, and at least to lie *outside* the doors of Silesia and the Lausitz, as well as of Saxony here!—and answers, with his own hand, on the instant: 'Your Dilection will not be so mad!'[2] And at once recalls Moritz, and appoints the Prince of Prussia to go and take command. Who directly went;—a most important step for the King's interests and his own. Whose fortunes in that business we shall see before long!—

At Leitmeritz the King continues four weeks, with his

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[1] Cogniazzo, ii. 367.

[2] In Preuss, ii. 58, the pungent little Autograph in full.

Army parted in this way; waiting how the endless hostile element, which begirdles his horizon all round, will shape itself into combinations, that he may set-upon the likeliest or the needfulest of these, when once it has disclosed itself. Horizon all round is black enough: Austrians, French, Swedes, Russians, Reichs Army; closer upon him or not so close, all are rolling in: Saxony, the Lausitz and Silesia, Brandenburg itself, it is uncertain which of these may soonest require his active presence.

The very day after his arrival in Leitmeritz,—Tuesday 28th June, while that junction with Keith was going on, and the troops were defiling along the Bridge for junction with Keith,—a heavy sorrow had befallen him, which he yet knew not of. An irreparable Domestic loss; sad complement to these Military and other Public disasters. Queen Sophie Dorothee, about whose health he had been anxious, but had again been set quiet, died at Berlin that day.[1] In her seventy-first year: of no definite violent disease; worn down with chagrins and apprehensions, in this black whirlpool of Public troubles. So far as appears, the news came on Friedrich by surprise:—'bad cough,' we hear of, and of his anxieties about it, in the Spring time; then again of 'improvement, recovery, in the fine weather';—no thought, just now, of such an event: and he took it with a depth of affliction, which my less informed readers are far from expecting of him.

July 2d, the news came: King withdrew into privacy; to weep and bewail under this new pungency of grief, superadded to so many others. Mitchell says: 'For two days he had no levee; only the Princes dined with him' (Princes Henri and Ferdinand; Prince of Prussia is gone to Jung-Bunzlau, would get the sad message there, among his other troubles): 'yesterday, July 3d, King sent for me in the afternoon,—the first time he has seen anybody since the news came:—I had the honour to remain with him some hours in his closet. I must own to your Lordship I was most sensibly afflicted to see him indulging his grief, and giving way to the warmest filial affections; recalling to mind the many obligations he had to her late Majesty; all she had suffered, and how nobly she bore it; the good she did to everybody; the one comfort he now had, to think of having tried to make her last years more agreeable.'[1] In the thick of public business, this kind of mood to Mitchell seems to have lasted all the time of Leitmeritz, which is about three weeks yet: Mitchell's Notebooks and Despatches, in that part, have a fine Biographic interest; the wholly human Friedrich wholly visible to us there as he seldom is. Going over his past Life to Mitchell; brief, candid, pious to both his Parents;—inexpressibly sad; like moonlight on the grave of one's Mother, silent that, while so much else is too noisy!—

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[1] Monbijou, 28th June 1757; born at Hanover, 27th March 1687.

This Friedrich, upon whom the whole world has risen like a mad Sorcerer's-Sabbath, how safe he once lay in his cradle, like the rest of us, mother's love wrapping him soft:—and now! These thoughts commingle in a very tragic way with the avalanche of public disasters which is thundering down on all sides. Warm tears the meed of this new sorrow; small in compass, but greater in poignancy than all the rest together. 'My poor old Mother, oh, my Mother, that so loved me always, and would have given her own life to shelter mine!'—It was at Leitmeritz, as I guess, that Mitchell first made decisive acquaintance, what we may almost call intimacy, with the King: we already defined him as a sagacious, long-headed, loyal-hearted diplomatic gentleman, Scotch by birth and by turn of character; abundantly polite, vigilant, discreet, and with a fund of general sense and rugged veracity of mind; whom Friedrich at once recognised for what he was, and much took-to, finding a hearty return withal; so that they were soon well with one another, and continued so. Mitchell, as orders were, 'attended the King's person' all through this

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[1] *Papers and Memoirs*, i. 253; Despatch to Holderness, 4th July (slightly abridged);—see *ib.* i. 357-359 (Private Journal). Westphalen, ii. 14. See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 182.

War, sometimes in the blaze of battle itself and nothing but cannon-shot going, if it so chanced; and has preserved, in his multifarious Papers, a great many traits of Friedrich, not to be met with elsewhere.

Mitchell's occasional society, conversation with a man of sense and manly character, which Friedrich always much loved, was, no doubt, a resource to Friedrich in his lonely roamings and vicissitudes in those dark years. No other British Ambassador ever had the luck to please him or be pleased by him,—most of them, as Ex-Exchequer Legge and the like Ex-Parliamentary people, he seems to have considered dull, obstinate, wooden fellows, of fantastic, abrupt, rather abstruse kind of character, not worth deciphering;—some of them, as Hanbury Williams, with the mischievous tic (more like galvanism or St.-Vitus'-dance) which he called 'wit,' and the inconvenient turn for plotting and intriguing, Friedrich could not endure at all, but had them as soon as possible recalled, —of course, not without detestation on their part.

At Leitmeritz, it appears, he kept withdrawn to his closet a good deal; gave himself up to his sorrows and his thoughts; would sit many hours drowned in tears, weeping bitterly like a child or a woman. This is strange to some readers; but it is true,—and ought to alter certain current notions. Friedrich, flashing like clear steel upon evil-doers and mendacious unjust persons and their works, is not by nature a cruel man, then, or an unfeeling, as Rumour reports? Reader, no, far the reverse;—and public Rumour, as you may have remarked, is apt to be an extreme blockhead, full of fury and stupidity on such points, and had much better hold its tongue till it know in some measure. Extreme sensibility is not sure to be a merit; though it is sure to be reckoned one, by the greedy dim fellows looking idly on: but, in any case, the degree of it that dwelt (privately, for most part) in Friedrich was great; and to himself it seemed a sad rather than joyful fact. Speaking of this matter, long afterwards, to Garve, a Silesian Philosopher, with whom he used to converse at

Breslau, he says;—or let dull Garve himself report it, in the literal third-person:

> 'And herein, I,' the Herr Garve (venturing to dispute, or qualify, on one of his Majesty's favourite topics), 'believe, lies the real ground of "happiness": it is the capacity and opportunity to accomplish great things. This the King would not allow; but said, That I did not sufficiently take into account the natural feelings, different in different people, which, when painful, embittered the life of the highest as of the lowest. That, in his own life, he had experienced the deepest sufferings of this kind: "And," added he, with a touching tone of kindness and familiarity which never occurred again in his interviews with me, "if you (*Er*) knew, for instance, what I underwent on the death of my Mother, you would see that I have been as unhappy as any other, and unhappier than others, because of the greater sensibility I had (*weil ich mehr Empfindlichkeit gehabt habe*)."'[1]

There needed not this new calamity in Friedrich's lot just now! From all points of the compass, his enemies, held in check so long, are floating-on: the confluence of disasters and ill-tidings, at this time, very great. From Jung-Bunzlau, close by, his Brother's accounts are bad; and grow ever worse,—as will be seen! On the extreme West, 'July 3d,' while Friedrich at Leitmeritz sat weeping for his Mother, the French take Embden from him; 'July 5th,' the Russians, Memel, on the utmost East. June 30th, six days before, the Russians, after as many months of haggling, did cross the Border; 37,000 of them on this point; and set to bombarding Memel from land and sea. Poor Memel (garrison only 700) answered very fiercely, 'sank two of their gunboats' and the like; but the end was as we see,—Feldmarschall Lehwald able to give no relief. For there were above 70,000 other Russians (Feldmarschall Apraxin with these latter, and Cossacks and Calmucks more than enough) crossing elsewhere, south in Tilsit Country, upon old Lehwald.[1] Lehwald, with 30,000, in such circumstances—what is to become of Preussen and him! Nearer hand, the Austrians, the French, the very Reichs Army, do now seem intent on business.

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[1] *Fragmente zur Schilderung des Geistes, des Charakters und der Regierung Friedrichs des Zweiten*, von Christian Garve (Breslau, 1798), i. 314-316. An unexpectedly dull Book (Garve having talent and reputation); kind of monotonous Preachment upon Friedrich's character; almost nothing but the above fraction now derivable from it.

The Reichs Execution Army, we saw how Mayer and the Battle of Prag had checked it in the birth-pangs; and given rise to pangs of another sort; the poor Reichs Circles generally exclaiming, 'What! Bring the war into our own borders? Bring the King of Prussia on our own throats!' —and stopping short in their enlistments and preparations; in vain for Austrian Officials to urge them. Watching there, with awe-struck eye, while the 12,000 bombs flew into Prag.

The Battle of Kolin has reversed all that; and the poor old Reich is again bent on business in the Execution way. Drumming, committeeing, projecting, and endeavouring, with all her might, in all quarters; and, from and after the event of Kolin, holding visible Encampment, in the Nürnberg Country; fractions of actual troops assembling there. 'On the Plains of Fürth, between Fürth and Farrenbach, east side the River Regnitz, there was the Camp pitched,' says my Anonymous Friend; who gives me a cheerful Copperplate of the thing: red pennons, blue, and bright mixed colours; generals' tents; order-of-battle, and respective rallying-points: with Bamberg Country in front, and the peaks of the Pine Mountains lying pleasantly behind: a sight for the curious.[2] It is the same ground where Mayer was careering lately; neighbouring nobility and gentry glad to come in gala, and dance with Mayer. Hither, all through July, come contingents straggling in, thicker and thicker; 'August 8th,' things now about complete, the Bishop of Bamberg came to take survey of the Reichs-Heer (Bishop's remarks not given);

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 407-413.

[2] J. F. S. (whom I named *Anonymous of Hamburg* long since; who has boiled down, with great diligence, the old Newspapers, and gives a great many dates, notes, etc., without Index), i. 211, 224 (the Copperplate).

August 10th, came the young reigning Duke of Hildburghausen (Duke's grand-uncle is to be Commander), on like errand; August 11th, the Reichs-Heer got on march. Westward ho!—readers will see towards what.

A truly *elende*, or miserable, Reichs Execution Army (as the *mis*printer had made it); but giving loud voice in the Gazettes; and urged by every consideration to do something for itself. Prince of Hildburghausen,—a general of small merit, though he has risen in the Austrian service, and we have seen him with Seckendorf in old Turk times,—has, for his Kaiser's sake, taken the command; sensible perhaps that glory is not likely to be rife here; but willing to make himself useful. Kaiser and Austria urge, everywhere, with all their might: Prince of Hessen-Darmstadt, who lay on the Weissenberg lately, one of Keith's distinguished seconds there and a Prussian Officer of long standing, has, on Kaiser's order, quitted all that, and become Hildburghausen's second here, in the Camp of Fürth; thinking the path of duty lay that way,—though his Wife, one of the noble women of her age, thought very differently.[1] A similar Kaiser's order, backed by what Law-thunder lay in the Reich, had gone out against Friedrich's own Brothers, and against every Reichs Prince who was in Friedrich's service; but, except him of Hessen-Darmstadt, none of them had much minded.[2] I did not hear that his strategic talent was momentous: but Prussia had taught him the routine of right soldiering, surely to small purpose; and Friedrich, no doubt, glanced indignantly at this small thing, among the many big ones.

From about the end of June, the Reichs Army kept dribbling in: the most inferior Army in the world; no part of it well drilled, most of it not drilled at all; and for variety in colour, condition, method, and military and pecuniary and other outfit, beggaring description. Hildburghausen does his utmost; Kaiser the like. The number should have far exceeded 50,000; but was not, on the field, of above half that number: 25,000; add at last 8,000 Austrian troops, two regiments of them cavalry; good these 8,000, the rest bad,—that was the Reichs Execution Army; most inferior among Armies; and considerable part of it, all the Protestant part, privately wishing well to Friedrich, they say. Drills itself multifariously in that Camp between Fürth and Farrenbach, on the east side of Regnitz River. Fancy what a sight to Wilhelmina, if she ever drove that way; which I think she hardly would. The Baireuth contingent itself is there; the Margraf would have held-out stiff on that point; but Friedrich himself advised compliance. Margraf of Anspach,—perverse tippling creature, ill with his Wife, I doubt,—has joyfully sent his legal hundreds; will vote for the Reichs Ban against this worst of Germans, whom he has for Brother-in-law. Dark days in the heart of Wilhelmina, those of the Camp at Fürth. Days which grow ever darker, with strange flashings-out of empyrean lightning from that shrill true heart; no peace more, till the noble heroine die!—

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[1] Her Letter to Friedrich, 'Berlin, 30th October 1757,' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. II. 135.

[2] In Orlich, *Fürst Moritz von Anhalt Dessau* (Berlin, 1842), pp. 74, 75, Prince Moritz's rather mournful Letter on the subject, with Friedrich's sharp Answer.

This *elende* Reichs-Heer, miserable 'Army of the Circles,' is mockingly called 'the Hoopers, Coopers (*Tonneliers*),' and gets quizzing enough, under that and other titles, from an Opposition Public. Far other from the French and Austrians; who are bent that it should do feats in the world, and prove impressive on a robber King. Thus too, 'for Deliverance of Saxony,' to coöperate with Reichs-Heer in that sacred object, thanks to the zeal of Pompadour, Prince de Soubise has got together, in Elsass, a supplementary 30,000 (40,330 said Theory, but Fact never quite so many); and is passing them across the Rhine, in Frankfurt Country, all through July, while the drilling at Fürth goes on. With these, Soubise, simultaneously getting under way, will steer north-eastward; join the Reichs-Heer about Erfurt, before August end; and—

and we shall see what becomes of the combined Soubise and Reichs Army after that!

It must be owned, the French, Pompadour and love of glory urging, are diligent since the event of Kolin. In select Parisian circles, the Soubise Army, or even that of D'Estrées altogether,—produced by the tears of a filial Dauphiness,—is regarded as a quasi-sacred, or uncommonly noble thing; and is called by her name, '*L'Armée de la Dauphine*,' or for shortness '*La Dauphine*' without adjunct. Thus, like a kind of chivalrous Bellona, vengeance in her right hand, tears and fire in her eyes, *The Dauphiness* advances; and will join Reichs-Heer at Erfurt before August end. Such the will of Pompadour; Richelieu encouraging, for reasons of his own. Soubise, I understand, is privately in pique against poor D'Estrées;[1] and intends to eclipse him by a higher style of diligence; though D'Estrées too is doing his best.

July 3d, we saw the D'Estrées people taking Embden; D'Estrées, quiet so long in his Camp at Bielefeld, had at once bestirred himself, Kolin being done;—shot-out a detachment leftwards, and Embden had capitulated that day. Adieu to the Shipping Interests there, and to other pleasant things! 'July 9th, after sunset,' D'Estrées himself got on march from Bielefeld; set forth, in the cool of night, 60,000 strong, and 10,000 more to join him by the road (the rest are left as garrisons, reserves,—1,000 marauders of them swing as monitory pendulums, on their various trees, for one item),—direct towards Hanover and Royal Highness of Cumberland; who retreats, and has retreated, behind the Ems, the Weser, back, ever back; and, to appearance, will make a bad finish yonder.

To Friedrich, waiting at Leitmeritz, all these things are gloomily known; but the most pressing of them is that of the Austrians and Jung-Bunzlau close by. Let us give some utterances of his to Wilhelmina, nearly all we have of direct from him in that time; and then hasten to the Prince of Prussia there:

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[1] 'Reappeared unexpectedly in Paris' (from D'Estrées's Army), '22d June' (four days after Kolin): got-up this *Dauphiness Army*, by aid of Pompadour, with Richelieu, etc.: *Barbier*, iv. 227, 231. Richelieu 'busy at Strasburg lately' (29th July: Collini's *Voltaire*, p. 191).

Friedrich to Wilhelmina (at Baireuth)

Leitmeritz, 1st July 1757. * * 'Sensible as heart can be to the tender interest you deign to take in what concerns me. Dear Sister, fear nothing on my score: men are always in the hand of what we call Fate' ("Predestination, *Gnadenwahl*,"—Pardon us, Papa!—*ce qu'on nomme le destin*); accidents will befall people, walking on the streets, sitting in their room, lying in their bed; and there are many who escape the perils of war.' * * 'I think, through Hessen will be the safest route for your Letters, till we see;—and not to write just now except on occasions of importance. Here is a piece in cipher; anonymous,'—intended for the Newspapers, or some such road.

July 5th. 'By a Courier of Plotho's, returning to Regensburg' (who passes near you), 'I write to apprise my dear Sister of the new misery which overwhelms us. We have no longer a Mother. This loss puts the crown on my sorrows. I am obliged to act; and have not time to give free course to my tears. Judge, I pray you, of the situation of a feeling heart put to so cruel a trial. All losses in the world are capable of being remedied; but those which Death causes are beyond the reach of hope.'

July 7th. 'You are too good; I am ashamed to abuse your indulgence. But do, since you will, try to sound the French, what conditions of Peace they would demand; one might judge as to their intentions. Send that Mirabeau (*ce M. de Mirabeau*) to France. Willingly will I pay the expense. He may offer as much as five million thalers' (750,000*l.*) 'to the Favourite' (yes, even to the Pompadour) 'for Peace alone. Of course, his utmost discretion will be needed';—should the English get the least wind of it! But if they are gone to St. Vitus, and fail in every point, what can one do? *Ce M. de Mirabeau,* readers will be surprised to learn, is an Uncle of the great Mirabeau's; who has fallen into roving courses, gone abroad insolvent; and "directs the Opera at Baireuth," in these years!—One Letter we will give in full:

'Leitmeritz, 13th July 1757.

'MY DEAREST SISTER,—Your Letter has arrived: I see in it your regrets for the irreparable loss we have had of the best and worthiest Mother in this world. I am so struck-down with all these blows from within and without, that I feel myself in a sort of stupefaction.

'The French have just laid hold of Friesland' (seized Embden, July 3d); 'are about to pass the Weser: they have instigated the Swedes to declare War against me; the Swedes are sending 17,000 men (rather more if anything; but they proved beautifully ineffectual) 'into Pommern,'—will be burdensome to Stralsund and the poor country people mainly; having no Captain over them but a hydra-headed National Palaver at home, and a Long-pole with Cocked-hat on it here at hand. 'The Russians are besieging Memel' (have taken it, ten days ago): 'Lehwald has them on his front and in his rear. The Troops of the Reich,' from your Plains of Fürth yonder, 'are also about to march. All this will force me to evacuate Bohemia, so soon as that crowd of enemies gets into motion.

'I am firmly resolved on the extremest efforts to save my Country. We shall see (*quitte à voir*) if Fortune will take a new thought, or if she will entirely turn her back upon me. Happy the moment when I took to training myself in philosophy! There is nothing else that can sustain the soul in a situation like mine. I spread-out to you, dear Sister, the detail of my sorrows: if these things regarded only myself, I could stand it with composure; but I am bound Guardian of the safety and happiness of a People which has been put under my charge. There lies the sting of it: and I shall have to reproach myself with every fault, if, by delay or by overhaste, I occasion the smallest accident; all the more as, at present, any fault may be capital.

'What a business! Here is the liberty of Germany, and that Protestant Cause for which so much blood has been shed; here are those Two great Interests again at stake; and the pinch of this huge game is such, that an unlucky quarter of an hour may establish over Germany the tyrannous domination of the House of Austria for ever! I am in the case of a traveller who sees himself surrounded and ready to be assassinated by a troop of cutthroats, who intend to share his spoils. Since the League of Cambrai' (1508-1510, with a Pope in it and a Kaiser and Most Christian King, iniquitously sworn against poor Venice;—to no purpose, as happily appears), 'there is no example of such a Conspiracy as that infamous Triumvirate' (Austria, France, Russia) 'now forms against me. Was it ever seen before, that three great Princes laid plot in concert to destroy a Fourth, who had done nothing against them? I have not had the least quarrel either with France or with Russia, still less with Sweden. If, in common life, three citizens took it into their heads to fall-upon their neighbour, and burn his house about him, they very certainly, by sentence of tribunal, would be broken on the wheel. What! and will Sovereigns, who maintain these tribunals and these laws in their States, give such example to their subjects?'—'Happy, my dear Sister, is the obscure man, whose good sense, from youth upwards, has renounced all sorts of glory; who, in his safe low place, has none to envy him, and whose fortune does not excite the cupidity of scoundrels!

'But these reflections are vain. We have to be what our birth, which decides, has made us in entering upon this world. I reckoned that, being King, it beseemed me to think as a Sovereign; and I took for principle, that the reputation of a Prince ought to be dearer to him than life. They have plotted against me; the Court of Vienna has given itself the liberty of trying to maltreat me; my honour commanded me not to suffer it. We have come to War; a gang of robbers falls on me, pistol in hand: that is the adventure which has happened to me. The remedy is difficult: in desperate diseases there are no methods but desperate ones.

'I beg a thousand pardons, dear Sister: in these three long pages I talk to you of nothing but my troubles and affairs. A strange abuse it would be of any other person's friendship. But yours, my dear Sister, yours is known to me; and I am persuaded you are not impatient when I open my heart to you:—a heart which is yours altogether; being filled with sentiments of the tenderest esteem, with which I am, my dearest Sister, your' (in truth, affectionate Brother at all times) 'F.'[1]

Prince August Wilhelm finds a bad Problem at Jung-Bunzlau; and does it badly: Friedrich thereupon has to rise from Leitmeritz, and take the Field elsewhere, in bitter Haste and Impatience, with Outlooks worse than ever.

The Prince of Prussia's Enterprise had its intricacies; but, by good management, was capable of being done. At least, so Friedrich thought;—though, in truth, it would have been better had Friedrich gone himself, since the chief pressure happened to fall there! The Prince has to retire, Parthian-like, as slowly as possible, with the late Kolin or Moritz-Bevern Army, towards the Lausitz, keeping his eye upon Silesia the while; of course securing the passes and strong places in his passage, for defence of his own rear at lowest; especially securing Zittau, a fine opulent Town, where his chief Magazine is, fed from Silesia now. The Army is in good strength (guess 30,000), with every equipment complete; in discipline, in health and in heart, such as beseems a

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 294, 295, 296-8.

Prussian Army,—probably longing rather, if it venture to long or wish for anything not yet commanded, to have a stroke at those Austrians again, and pay them something towards that late Kolin score.

The Prince arrived at Jung-Bunzlau, June 30th; Winterfeld with him, and, at his own request, Schmettau. The Austrians have not yet stirred: if they do, it may be upon the King, it may be upon the Prince: in three or even in two marches, Prince and King can be together,—the King only too happy, in the present oppressive coil of doubts, to find the Austrians ready for a new passage of battle, and an immediate decision. The Austrians did, in fact, break-out,—seemingly, at first, upon the King; but in reality upon the Prince, whom they judge safer game; and the matter became much more critical upon him than had been expected.

The Prince was thought to have a good judgment (too much talk in it, we sometimes feared), and fair knowledge in military matters. The King, not quite by the Prince's choice, has given him Winterfeld for Mentor; Winterfeld, who has an excellent military head in such matters, and a heart firm as steel,—almost like a second self in the King's estimation. Excellent Winterfeld;—but then there are also Schmettau, Bevern and others, possibly in private not too well affected to this Winterfeld. In fact, there is rather a multitude of Counsellors;—and an ingenuous fine-spirited Prince, perhaps more capable of eloquence on the Opposition side, than of condensing into real wisdom a multitude of counsels, when the crisis rises, and the affair becomes really difficult. Crisis did rise: the victorious Austrians, after such delay, had finally made-up their minds to press this one a little, this one rather than the King, and hang upon his skirts; Daun and Prince Karl set-out after him, just about the time of his arrival,—'70,000 strong,' the Prince hears, including plenty of Pandours. Certain it is, the poor Prince's mind did flounder a good deal; and his procedures succeeded extremely ill on this occasion. Certain, too, that they were extremely ill-taken at headquarters: and that he even died soon after,—chiefly of broken heart, said the censorious world. It is well known how Europe rang with the matter for a long while; and Books were printed, and Documents, and *Collections by a Master's Hand.*[1] We, who can spend but a page or two on it, must carefully stand by the essential part.

'*June 30th—July 3d,* Prince at Jung-Bunzlau, in chief command. Besides Winterfeld, the Generals under him are Ziethen, Schmettau, Fouquet, Retzow, Goltz, and two others who need not be of our acquaintance. Impossible to stay there, thinks the Prince, thinks everybody; and they shift to Neuschloss, westward thirty miles. July 1st, Daun had crossed the Elbe (Daun let us say for brevity, though it is Daun and Karl, or even Karl *and* Daun, Karl being chief, and capable of saying so at times, though Daun is very splendent since Kolin),—crossed the Elbe above Brandeis; Nadasti, with precursor Pandours, now within an hour's march of Jung-Bunzlau;—and it was time to go.

'*July 3d-6th,* At Neuschloss, which is thought a strong position, key of the localities there, and nearer Friedrich too, the Prince stayed not quite four days; shifted to Böhm (Böhm*isch*) Leipa, *July 7th,*—rather off from Leitmeritz, but a march towards Zittau, where the provisions are.* "A bad change," said the Prince's friends afterwards; "change advised by Winterfeld,—who never mentioned that circumstance to his Majesty, many as he did mention, not in the best way!"—Prince gets to Böhm Leipa July 7th; stays there, in questionable circumstances, nine days.

'Böhm Leipa is still not above thirty miles north-eastward of the King; and it is about the same distance south-westward from Zittau, out of which fine Town, partly by cross-roads, the Prince gets his provisions on this march. From Zittau hitherward, as far as the little Town of Gabel, which lies about half way, there is broad High Road, the great Southern *Kaiser-Strasse*; from Gabel, for Böhm Leipa, you have to cross south-westward by country roads; the keys to which, especially Gabel, the Prince has not failed to secure by proper garrison parties. And so, for about a week, not quite uncomfortably, he continues at Böhm Leipa;

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[1] *Lettres Secrètes touchant la Dernière Guerre; de Main de Maître; divisées en deux parties* (Francfort et Amsterdam, 1772): this is the Prince's own Statement, Proof in hand. By far the clearest Account is in *Schmettau's Leben* (by his Son), pp. 353-384. See also Preuss, ii. 57-61, and especially ii. 223.

* Plan, p. 223.

getting-in his convoys from Zittau. Diligently scanning the Pandour stragglings and sputterings round him, which are clearly on the increasing hand. Diligently corresponding with the King, meanwhile; who much discourages undue apprehension, or retreat movement till the last pinch. "Edging backward, and again backward, you come bounce upon Berlin one day, and will then have to halt!"—which is not pleasant to the Prince. But, indisputably, the Pandour spurts on him do become Pandour gushings, with regulars also noticeable: it is certain the Austrians are out,—pretending first to mean the King and Leitmeritz; but knowing better, and meaning the Prince and Böhm Leipa all the while.'—By way of supplement, take Daun's positions in the interim:

Daun and Karl were at Podschernitz 26th June; 1st July, cross the Elbe, above Brandeis (Nadasti now within an hour's march of Jung-Bunzlau); 7th July (day while the Prince is flitting to Böhm Leipa), Daun is through Jung-Bunzlau to Münchengrätz; thence to Liebenau; 14th, to Niemes, not above four miles from the Prince's rightmost outpost (rightmost or eastmost, which looks away from his Brother); while a couple of advanced parties, Beck and Maguire, hover on his flank Zittau-ward, and Nadasti (if he knew it) is pushing on to rear.

'*Thursday* 14*th July,* About six in the evening, at Böhm Leipa, distinct cannon-thunder is heard from north-east: "Evidently Gabel getting cannonaded, and our wagon convoy" (empty, going *to* Zittau for meal, General Puttkammer escorting) "is in a dangerous state!" And by and by hussar parties of ours come in, with articulate news to that bad effect: "Gabel under hot attack of regulars; Puttkammer with his 3,000 vigorously defending, will expect to be relieved within not many hours!' Here has the crisis come. Crisis sure enough;—and the Prince, to meet it, summons that refuge of the irresolute, a Council of War.

'Winterfeld, who is just come home in these moments, did not attend;—not, till three next morning. Winterfeld had gone to bed; fairly "tired dead," with long marching and hurrying about. To the poor Prince there are three courses visible. Course *first,* That of joining the King at Leitmeritz. Gabel, Zittau lost in that case; game given-up;—reception likely to be bad at Leitmeritz! Course *second,*—the course Friedrich himself would at once have gone upon, and been already well ahead with,—That of instantly taking measures for the relief of Puttkammer. Dispute Gabel to the last; retreat, on loss of it, Parthian-like, to Zittau, by that broad Highway, short and broad, whole distance hence only thirty miles. "Thirty miles," say the multitude of Counsellors: "Yes, but the first fifteen, *to* Gabel, is cross-road, hilly, difficult; they have us in flank!" "We are 25,000," urges the Prince; "fifteen miles is not much!" The thing had its difficulties: the Prince himself, 22d July 1757]

it appears, faintly thought it feasible: "25,000 we; 20,000 they; only fifteen miles," said he. But the variety of Counsellors: "Cross-roads, defiles, flank-march, dangerous," said they. And so the *third* course, which was incomparably the worst, found favour in Council of War: That of leaving Gabel and Puttkammer to their fate; and of pushing-off for Zittau leftwards through the safe Hills, by Kamnitz, Kreywitz, Rumburg;—which, if the reader look, is by a circuitous, nay, quite parabolic course, twice or thrice as far:—"In that manner let us save Zittau and our Main Body!" said the Council of War. Yes, my friends; a cannon-ball, endeavouring to get into Zittau from the town-ditch, would have to take a parabolic course;—and the cannon-ball would be speedy upon it, and not have Hill roads to go by! This notable parabolic circuit of narrow steep roads may have its difficulties for an Army and its baggages!' Enough, the poor Prince adopted that worst third course; and even made no despatch in getting into it; and it proved ruinous to Zittau, and to much else, his own life partly included.

'*July* 16*th*-22*d*. Thursday night, or Friday 3 A.M., that third and incomparably worst course was adopted: Gabel, Puttkammer with his wagons, ensigns, kettledrums, all this has to surrender in a day: High Road to Zittau, for the Austrians, is a smooth march, when they like to gather fully there, and start. And in the Hills, with their jolts and precipitous windings, infested too by Pandours, the poor Prussian Main Body, on its wide parabolic circuit, has a time of it! Loses its pontoons, loses most of its baggage; obliged to set fire, not to the Pandours, but to your own wagons, and necessaries of army life; encamps on bleak heights; no food, not even water; road quite lost, road to be rediscovered or invented; Pandours sputtering on you out of every bush and hollow, your peasant wagoners cutting traces and galloping-off:—such are the phenomena of that march by circuit leftward, on the poor Prince's part. March began, soon after midnight, *Saturday* 16*th*, Schmettau as vanguard; and'—

And, in fine, by *Friday* 22*d*, after not quite a week of it, the Prince, curving from northward (in parabolic course, *less* speedy than the cannon-ball's would have been) into sight of Zittau,—behold, there *are* the Austrians far and wide to left of us, encamped impregnable behind the Neisse River there! They have got the Eckart's Hill, which commands Zittau:—and how to get into Zittau and our magazines, and how to subsist if we were in? The poor Prince takes post on what Heights there are, on his own side of the Neisse; looks wistfully down upon Zittau, asking How?

About stroke of noon the Austrians, from their Eckartsberg, do a thing which was much talked of. They open battery of red-hot balls upon Zittau; kindle the roofs of it, shingle-roofs in dry July; set Zittau all on blaze, the 10,000 innocent souls shrieking in vain to Heaven and Earth; and before sunset, Zittau is ashes and red-hot walls, not Zittau but a cinder-heap,—Prussian Garrison not hurt, nor Magazine as yet; Garrison busy with buckets, I should guess, but beginning to find the air grow very hot. On the morrow morning, Zittau is a smouldering cinder-heap, hotter and hotter to the Prussian Garrison; and does not exist as a City.

One of the most inhuman actions ever heard of in War, shrieks universal Germany; asks itself what could have set a chivalrous Karl upon this devil-like procedure? 'Protestants these poor Zittauers were; shone in commerce; no such weaving, industrying, in all Teutschland elsewhere: Hah! An eye-sorrow, they, with their commerce, their weavings and industryings, to Austrian Papists, who cannot weave or trade?' that was finally the guess of some persons;—wide of the mark, we may well judge. Prince Xavier of Saxony, present in the Camp too, made no remonstrance, said others. Alas, my friends, what could Xavier probably avail, the foolish fellow, with only three regiments? Prince Karl, it was afterwards evident, could have got Zittau unburnt; and could even have kept the Prussians out of Zittau altogether. Zittau surely would have been very useful to Prince Karl. But overnight (let us try to fancy it so), not knowing the Prussian possibilities, Prince Karl, screwed to the devilish point, had got his furnaces lighted, his red-hot balls ready; and so, hurried-on by his Pride and by his other Devils, had —There are devilish things sometimes done in War. And whole cities are made ashes by them. For certain, here is a strange way of commencing your 'Deliverance of Saxony'! And Prince Karl carries, truly, a brand-mark from this conflagration, and will till all memory of him cease. As to

Zittau, it rebuilt itself. Zittau is alive again; a strong stone city, in our day. On its new-built Townhouse stands again '*Bene facere et male audire regium est,* To do well, and be ill spoken of, is the part of kings'[1] (amazingly true of them,—when they are not shams). What times for Herrnhuth; preparing for its Christian Sabbath, under these omens near by!

The Prince of Prussia tells us, he 'early next morning (Saturday 23d July) had his tents pitched'; which was but an unavailing procedure, with poor Zittau gone such a road. 'Bring us bread out of that ruined Zittau,' ordered the Prince: his Detachment returns ineffectual, 'So hot, we cannot march in.' And the Garrison Colonel (one Dierecke and five battalions are garrison) sends out word: 'So hot, we cannot stand it.' 'Stand it yet a very little; and—!' answers the Prince: but Dierecke and battalions cannot, or at least cannot long enough; and set to marching out. In firm order, I have no doubt, and with some modicum of bread: but the tumbling of certain burnt walls parted Colonel and men, in a sad way. Colonel himself, with the colours, with the honours (none of his people, it seems, though they were scattered loose), was picked-up by an Austrian party, and made prisoner. A miserable business, this of Zittau!

Next evening, Sunday, after dark, Prince of Prussia strikes his tents again; rolls-off in a very unsuccinct condition; happily unchased, for he admits that chase would have been ruinous. Off towards Löbau (what nights for Zinzendorf and Herrnhuth, as such things tumble past them!); thence towards Bautzen; and arrives in the most lugubrious torn condition any Prussian General ever stood in. Reaches Bautzen on those terms;—and is warned that his Brother will be there in a day or two.

One may fancy Friedrich's indignation, astonishment and grief, when he heard of that march towards Zittau through the Hills by a parabolic course; the issue of which is too guessable by Friedrich. He himself instantly rises from Leitmeritz; starts, in fit divisions, by the Pascopol, by the Elbe passes, for Pirna; and, leaving Moritz of Dessau with a 10,000 to secure the Passes about Pirna, and Keith to come on with the Magazines, hastens across for Bautzen, to look into these advancing triumphant Austrians, these strange Prussian proceedings. On first hearing of that side-march, his auguries had been bad enough;[1] but the event has far surpassed them. Zittau gone; the Army hurrying home, as if in flight, in that wrecked condition; the door of Saxony, door of Silesia left wide open,—Daun has only to choose! Day by day, as Friedrich advanced to repair that mischief, the news of it have grown worse on him. Days rife otherwise in mere bad news. The Russians in Memel, Preussen at their feet; Soubise's French and the Reichs Army pushing-on for Erfurt, to 'deliver Saxony,' on that western side: and from the French-English scene of operations—In those same bad days Royal Highness of Cumberland has been doing a feat worth notice in the above connexion! Read this, from an authentic source

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[1] A saying of Alexander the Great's (Plutarch, *in Alexandro*).

'*Hastenbeck, 22d-26th July* 1757. Royal Highness, hitching back and back, had got to Hameln, a strong place of his on the safe side of the Weser; and did at last, Hanover itself being now nigh, call halt; and resolve to make a stand. July 22d' (very day while the Prince of Prussia came in sight of Zittau, with the Austrians hanging over it), 'Royal Highness took post in that favourable vicinity of Hameln; at perfect leisure to select his ground: and there sat waiting D'Estrées,—swamps for our right wing, and the Weser not far off; small Hamlet of Hastenbeck in front, and a woody knoll for our left;—totally inactive for four days long; attempting nothing upon D'Estrées and his intricate shufflings, but looking idly noonward to the courses of the sun, till D'Estrées should come up. Royal Highness is much swollen into obesity, into flabby torpor; a changed man since Fontenoy times;

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[1] Letter to Wilhelmina, 'Linay, 22d July' (second day of the march from Leitmeritz): *Œuvres*, xxvii. 1. 298.

shockingly inactive, they say, in this post at Hastenbeck. D'Estrées, too, is ridiculously cautious, "has manœuvred fifteen days in advancing about as many British miles." D'Estrées did at last come up (July 25th), nearly two to one of Royal Highness,—72,000 some count him, but considerably anarchic in parts, overwhelmed with Court Generals and Princes of the Blood, for one item;—and decides on attacking, next morning. D'Estrées duly went to reconnoitre, but unluckily "had mist suddenly falling."—"Well; we must attack, all the same!"

'And so, *26th July*, Tuesday, there ensued a *Battle of Hastenbeck*: the absurdest Battle in the world; and which ought, in fairness, to have been lost by *both*, though Royal Highness alone had the ill luck. Both Captains behaved very poorly; and each of them had a subaltern who behaved well. D'Estrées, with his 70,000 *versus* 40,000 posted there, knows nothing of Royal Highness's position; sees only Royal Highness's left wing on that woody Height; and after hours of preliminary cannonading, sends out General Chevert upon that. Chevert, his subaltern' (a bit of right soldier-stuff, the Chevert whom we knew at Prag, in old Belleisle times), 'goes upon it like fury; whom the Brunswick Grenadiers resist in like humour, hotter and hotter. Some hard fighting there, on Royal Highness's left; Chevert very fiery, Grenadiers very obstinate; till, on the centre, westward, in Royal Highness's chief battery there, some spark went the wrong way, and a powder-wagon shot itself aloft with hideous blaze and roar; and in the confusion, the French rushed-in, and the battery was lost. Which discouraged the Grenadiers; so that Chevert made some progress upon them, on their woody Height, and began to have confident hope.

'Had Chevert known, or had D'Estrées known, there was, close behind said Height, a Hollow, through which these Grenadiers might have been taken in rear. Dangerous Hollow, much neglected by Royal Highness, who has only General Breitenbach with a weak party there. This Breitenbach, happening to have a head of his own, and finding nothing to do in that Hollow or to rightward, bursts-out, of his own accord, on Chevert's left flank; cannonading, volleying, horse-charging; —the sound of which ("Hah, French there too!") struck a damp through Royal Highness, who instantly ordered retreat, and took the road. What singular ill-luck that *sound* of Breitenbach to Royal Highness! For observe, the *effect* of Breitenbach,—which was, to recover the lost battery (gallant young Prince of Brunswick, "Hereditary Prince," or Duke that is to be, striking-in upon it with bayonet-charge at the right moment),—made D'Estrées too order retreat! "Battle lost," thinks D'Estrées;—and with good cause, had Breitenbach been supported at all. But no subaltern durst; and Royal Highness himself was not overtakeable, so far on the road. Royal Highness wept on hearing;

the Brunswick Grenadiers too are said to have wept (for rage); and probably Breitenbach and the Hereditary Prince.'[1]

This is the last of Royal Highness's exploits in War. The retreat had been ordered 'To Hanover'; but the baggage by mistake took the road for Minden; and Royal Highness followed thither,—much the same what road he or it takes. Friedrich might still hope he would retreat on Magdeburg; 40,000 good soldiers might find a Captain there, and be valuable against a D'Estrées and Soubise in those parts. But no; it was through Bremen Country, to Stade, into the Sea, that Royal Highness, by ill luck, retreated! He has still one great vexation to give Friedrich,—to us almost a comfort, knowing what followed out of it;—and will have to be mentioned one other time in this History, and then go over our horizon altogether.

Whether Friedrich had heard of Hastenbeck the day his Brother and he met (July 29th, at Bautzen), I do not know: but it is likely enough he may have got the news that very morning; which was not calculated to increase one's good humour! His meeting with the Prince is royal, not fraternal, as all men have heard. Let us give, with brevity, from Schmettau Junior, the exact features of it; and leave the candid reader, who has formed to himself some notion of kingship and its sorrows and stern conditions (having perhaps himself something of kingly, in a small potential way), to interpret the matter, and make what he can of it:

'*Bautzen, 29th July* 1757. The King with reinforcement is coming hither, from the Dresden side; to take-up the reins of this dishevelled Zittau Army; to speed with it against the Austrians, and, if humanly possible, lock the doors of Silesia and Saxony again, and chase the intruders away. Prince of Prussia and the other Generals have notice, the night before: "At 4 A.M. tomorrow (29th), wait his Majesty." Prince and Generals wait accordingly, all there but Goltz and Winterfeld; they not, which is noted.

'For above an hour, no King; Prince and Generals ride forward:—there is the King coming; Prince Henri, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and others in his train. King noticing them, at about 300 paces distance, drew bridle; Prince of Prussia did the like, train and he saluting

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[1] Mauvillon, i. 228; Anonymous of Hamburg, i. 206 (who gives a Plan and all manner of details, if needed by anybody); Kausler; etc. etc.

30th July 1757]

with their hats, as did the King's train in return. King did not salute;—on the contrary, he turned his horse round and dismounted, as did everybody else on such signal. King lay down on the ground, as if waiting the arrival of his Vanguard; and bade Winterfeld and Goltz sit by him.' Poor Prince of Prussia, and battered heavy-laden Generals! 'After a minute or two, Goltz came over and whispered to the Prince. "Hither, *meine Herren*, all of you; a message from his Majesty!" cried the Prince. Whereupon, to Generals and Prince, Goltz delivered, in equable official tone, these affecting words: "His Majesty commands me to inform your Royal Highness, That he has cause to be greatly discontented with you; that you deserve to have a Court-martial held over you, which would sentence you and all your Generals to death; but that his Majesty will not carry the matter so far, being unable to forget that in the Chief General he has a Brother!"'[1]

The Prince answered, He wanted only a Court-martial; and the like, in stiff tone. Here is the Letter he writes next day to his Brother, with the Answer:

Prince of Prussia to the King

'Bautzen, 30th July 1757.

'My dear Brother,—The Letters you have written me, and the reception I yesterday met with, are sufficient proof that, in your opinion, I have ruined my honour and reputation. This grieves, but it does not crush me, as in my own mind I am not conscious of the least reproach. I am perfectly convinced that I did not act by caprice: I did not follow the counsels of people incapable of giving good ones; I have done what I thought to be suitablest for the Army. All your Generals will do me that justice.

'I reckon it useless to beg of you to have my conduct investigated: this would be a favour you would do me; so I cannot expect it. My health has been weakened by these fatigues, still more by these chagrins. I have gone to lodge in the Town, to recruit myself.

'I have requested the Duke of Bevern to present the Army Reports; he can give you explanation of everything. Be assured, my dear Brother, that in spite of the misfortunes which overwhelm me, and which I have not deserved, I shall never cease to be attached to the State; and as a faithful member of the same, my joy will be perfect when I learn the happy issue of your Enterprises. I have the honour to be,'—

August Wilhelm.[2]

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[1] Schmettau, pp. 384-5.

[2] *Main de Maître*, p. 21.

King's Answer, the same day

'Camp near Bautzen, 30th July 1757.

'My dear Brother,—Your bad guidance has greatly deranged my affairs. It is not the Enemy, it is your ill-judged measures that have done me all this mischief. My Generals are inexcusable; either for advising you so ill, or in permitting you to follow resolutions so unwise. Your ears are accustomed to listen to the talk of flatterers only. Daun has not flattered you;—behold the consequences. In this sad situation, nothing is left for me but trying the last extremity. I must go and give battle; and if we cannot conquer, we must all of us have ourselves killed.

'I do not complain of your heart; but I do of your incapacity, of your want of judgment in not choosing better methods. A man who' (like me; mark the phrase, from such a quarter!) 'has but a few days to live need not dissemble. I wish you better fortune than mine has been; and that all the miseries and bad adventures you have had may teach you to treat important things with more of care, more of sense, and more of resolution. The greater part of the misfortunes which I now see to be near comes only from you. You and your Children will be more overwhelmed by them than I. Be persuaded nevertheless that I have always loved you, and that with these sentiments I shall die.—

Friedrich.'[1]

As the King went off to the Heights of Weissenberg, Zittau way, to encamp there against the Austrians, that same evening, the Prince did not answer this Letter,—except by asking verbally through Lieutenant-Colonel Lentulus (a mute Swiss figure, much about the King, who often turns-up in these Histories), 'for leave to return to Dresden by the first escort.'—'Depends on himself;—an escort is going this night!' answered Friedrich. And the Prince went accordingly; and, by two stages, got into Dresden with his escort on the morrow. And had, not yet conscious of it, quitted the Field of War altogether; and was soon about to quit the world, and die, poor Prince. Died within a year, 12th June 1758, at Oranienburg, beside his Family, where he had latterly been.[2]—Winterfeld was already gone, six months before him; Goltz went, not long after him; the other Zittau Generals all survived this War.

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[1] *Main de Maître*, p. 22.

[2] Preuss, ii. 60 (*ibid.* 78).

The poor Prince's fate, as natural, was much pitied; and Friedrich, to this day, is growled at for 'inhuman treatment' and so on. Into which question we do not enter, except to say that Friedrich too had his sorrows; and that probably his concluding words, 'with these sentiments I shall die,' were perfectly true. *Main de Maître* went widely abroad over the world. The poor Prince's words and procedures were eagerly caught-up by a scrutinising public,—and some of the former were not too guarded. At Dresden, he said, one morning, calling on a General Finck whom we shall hear of again: 'Four such disagreeing, thin-skinned, high-pacing (*uneinige, piquirte*) Generals as Fouquet, Schmettau, Winterfeld and Goltz, about you, what was to be done!' said the Prince to Finck.[1]

His Wife, when at last he came to Oranienburg, nursed him fondly; that is one comfortable fact. Prince Henri, to the last, had privately a grudge of peculiar intensity, on this score, against all the peccant parties, King not excepted. As indeed he was apt to have, on various scores, the jealous, too vehement little man.

Friedrich's humour at this time I can guess to have been well-nigh desperate. He talks once of 'a horse, on too much provocation, getting the bit between its teeth; regardless thenceforth of chasms and precipices:'[2]—though he himself never carries it to that length; and always has a watchful eye, when at his swiftest! From Weissenberg, that night, he drives-in the Pandours on Zittau and the Eckartsberg; but the Austrians don't come out. And, for three weeks, in this fierce necessity of being speedy, he cannot get one right stroke at the Austrians; who sit inexpugnable upon their Eckart's Hill, bristling with cannon; and can in no way be manœuvred down, or forced or enticed into Battle. A baffling, bitterly impatient three weeks;—two of them, the worst two, he spends at Weissenberg itself, chasing Pandours, and scuffling on the surface, till Keith and the Magazine-train come up;—even writing Verses now and then, when the hours get unendurable otherwise!

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[1] Preuss, ii. 79 *n.*: see *ibid.* 60, 78.

[2] Letter to Wilhelmina, 'Linay, 22d July' (cited above).

The instant Keith and the Magazines are come, he starts for Bernstadt; 56,000 strong after this junction:—and a Prussian Officer, dating 'Bernstädtel' (Bernstadt on the now Maps), '21st August 1757,' sends us this account; which also is but of preliminary nature:

> '*August 15th,* Majesty left Weissenberg, and marched hither, much to the enemy's astonishment, who had lain perfectly quiet for a fortnight past, fancying they were a mastiff on the door-sill of Silesia: little thinking to be trampled-on in this unceremonious way! General Beck, when our hussars of the vanguard made appearance, had to saddle and ride as for life, leaving every rag of baggage, and forty of his Pandours captive. Our hussars stuck to him, chasing him into Ostritz, where they surprised General Nadasti at dinner; and did a still better stroke of business: Nadasti himself could scarcely leap on horseback and get off; left all his field-equipage, coaches, horses, kitchen-utensils, flunkies seventy-two in number,—and, what was worst of all, a secret box, in which were found certain Dresden Correspondences of a highly treasonous character, which now the writers there may quake to think of';—if Friedrich, or we, could take much notice of them, in this press of hurries![1]

Next day, August 16th, Friedrich detached five battalions to Görlitz;—Prince Karl (he calls it *Daun*) still camping on the Eckartsberg;—and himself, about 4 P.M., with the main Army, marched up to those Austrians on their Hill, to see if they would fight.[2] No, they wouldn't: they merely hustled themselves round so as to face him; face him, and even flank him with cannon-batteries if he came too near. Steep ground, 'precipitous front of rocks,' in some places. 'A hollow before their front; Village of Wittgenau there, and three roads through it, *one* of them with width for wheels'; Daun sitting inaccessible, in short. Next day, Winterfeld, with a detached Division, crossed the Neisse, tried Nadasti: 'Attack Nadasti, on his woody knoll at Hirschfeld yonder;

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 396-599.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 137.

they will have to rise and save him!' In vain, that too; they let Nadasti take his own luck: for four days (16th-20th August) everything was tried, in vain.

No Battle to be had from these Austrians. And it would have been so infinitely convenient to us: Reichs Army and Soubise's French are now in the actual precincts of Erfurt (August 25th, Soubise took quarter there); Royal Highness of Cumberland is staggering back into the Sea; Richelieu's French (not D'Estrées's any more, D'Estrées being superseded in this strange way) are aiming, it is thought, towards Magdeburg, had they once done with Royal Highness; Swedes are getting hold of Pommern; Russians, in huge force, of Preussen: how comfortable to have had our Austrians finished before going upon the others! For four days more (August 20th-24th), Friedrich arranges his Army for watching the Austrians, and guarding Silesia;—Bevern and Winterfeld to take command in his absence:—and, August 25th, has to march, with a small Division, which, at Dresden, he will increase by Moritz's, now needless in the Pirna Country; towards Thüringen; to look into Soubise and the Reichs Army, as a thing that absolutely cannot wait. Arrives in Dresden Monday August 29th; and—Or let the old Newspaper report it, with the features of life:

> '*Dresden, 29th August* 1757, This day, about noon, his Majesty, with a part of his Army from the Upper Lausitz, arrived at the Neustadt here. Though the kitchen had been appointed to be set up at what they call The Barns (*Die Scheunen*), his Majesty was pleased to alight in Königsbrück Street, at the new House of Brühl's Chamberlain, Haller; and there passed the night. Tuesday evening 30th, his Majesty the King, with his Lifeguards of Horse and of Foot, also with the Gens-d'Armes and other Battalions, marched through the City, about a mile out on the Freiberg road, and took quarter in Klein Hamberg. The 31st, all the Army followed,'—a poor 23,000, Moritz and he, that was all![1]—'the King's field-equipage, which had been taken from the Brühl Palace and packed in twelve wagons, went with them.'[2]

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[1] '22,360' (Tempelhof, i. 228).

[2] Rödenbeck, p. 316; Preuss, ii. 84 *n.*; Mitchell's Interview (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 270).

CHAPTER VI

DEATH OF WINTERFELD

Before going upon this forlorn march of Friedrich's, one of the forlornest a son of Adam ever had, we must speak of a thing which befell to rearward, while the march was only half-done, and which greatly influenced it and all that followed. It was the seventh day of Friedrich's march, not above eighty miles of it yet done, when Winterfeld perished in fight. No Winterfeld now to occupy the Austrians in his absence; to stand between Silesia and them, or assist him farther in his lonesome struggle against the world. Let us spend a moment on the exit of that brave man: Bernstadt, Görlitz Country, September 7th, 1757.

The Bevern Army, 36,000 strong, is still there in its place in the Lausitz, near Görlitz; Prince Karl lies quiet in his near Zittau, ever since he burnt that Town, and stood four days in arms unattackable by Friedrich with prospect of advantage. The Court of Vienna cannot comprehend this state of inactivity: 'Two to one, and a mere Bevern against you, the King far away in Saxony upon his desperate Anti-French mission there: why not go-in upon this Bevern? The French, whom we are by every courier passionately importuning to sweep Saxony clear, what will they say of this strange mode of sweeping Silesia clear?' Maria Theresa and her Kriegs-Hofrath are much exercised with these thoughts, and with French and other remonstrances that come. Maria Theresa and her Kriegs-Hofrath at length despatch their supreme Kaunitz, Graf Kaunitz in person, to stir-up Prince Karl, and look into the matter with his own wise eyes and great heart. Prince Karl, by way of treat to this high gentleman, determines on doing something striking upon Bevern.

Bevern lies with his main body about Görlitz, in and to westward of Görlitz, a pleasant Town on the left bank of the Neisse (readers know there are four Neisses, and which of them this is), with fine hilly country all round, bulky solitary Heights and Mountains rising out of fruitful plains,—two Hochkirchs (*High-Kirks*), for example, are in this region, one of which will become extremely notable next year :—Bevern has a strong camp leaning on the due Heights here, with Görlitz in its lap ; and beyond Görlitz, on the right bank of the Neisse, united to him by a Bridge, he has placed Winterfeld with 10,000, who lies with his back to Görlitz, proper brooks and fencible places flanking him, has a Dorf (*Thorp*) called Moys in *his* lap ; and, some short furlong beyond Moys, a 2,000 of his grenadiers planted on the top of a Hill called the Moysberg, called also the Holzberg (*Woodhill*) and Jäkelsberg, of which the reader is to take notice. Fine outpost, with proper batteries atop, with hussar squadrons and hussar pickets sprinkled about ; which commands a far outlook towards Silesia, and in marching thither, or in continuing here, is useful to have in hand,—were it not a little too distant from the main body. It is this Jäkelsberg, capable of being snatched if one is sudden enough, that Prince Karl decides on ;* it may be good for much or for little to Prince Karl ; and, if even for nothing, it will be a brilliant affront upon Winterfeld and Bevern, and more or less charming to Kaunitz.

Winterfeld, the ardent enterprising man, King's other self, is thought to be the mainspring of affairs here (small thanks to him privately from Bevern, add some) : and is stationed in the extreme van, as we see ; Winterfeld is engaged in many things besides the care of this post ; and indeed where a critical thing is to be done, we can imagine Winterfeld goes upon it. 'We must try to stay here till the King has finished in Saxony !' says Winterfeld always. To which Bevern replies, 'Excellent, truly ; but how ?' Bevern has his provender at Dresden, sadly far off ; has to hold Bautzen garrisoned, and gets much trouble with his convoys. Better in Silesia, with our magazines at hand, thinks Bevern, less mindful of other considerations.

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* See Plan, p. 223.

Tuesday September 6th, Prince Karl sends Nadasti to the right bank of the River, forward upon Moys, to do the Jäkelsberg before day tomorrow : only some 2,000 grenadiers on it ; Nadasti has with him 15,000, some count 20,000 of all arms, artillery in plenty ; surely sufficient for the Jäkelsberg ; and Daun advances, with the main body, on the other side of the River, to be within reach, should Moys lead to more serious consequences. Nadasti diligently marches all day ; posts himself at night within few miles of Moys ; gets his cannon to the proper Hills (*Gallows* Hill and others), his Croats to the proper Woods ; and before daylight on the morrow, means to begin upon the Moys Hill and its 2,000 grenadiers.

Wednesday morning, at the set hour, Nadasti, with artillery bursting-out and quivering battle-lines, is at work accordingly ; hurls-up 1,000 Croats for one item, and regulars to the amount of 'forty companies in three lines.' The grenadiers, somewhat astonished, for the morning was misty and their hussar-posts had come hastily in, stood upon their guard, like Prussian men ; hurled back the 1,000 Croats fast enough ; stubbornly repulsed the regulars too, and tumbled them down hill with bullet-storm for accompaniment ; gallantly foiling this first attempt of Nadasti's. Of course Nadasti will make another, will make ever others : capture of the Jäkelsberg can hardly be doubtful to Nadasti.

Winterfeld was not at Moys, he was at Görlitz, just got in from escorting an important meal-convoy hither out of Bautzen ; and was in conference with Bevern, when rumour of these Croat attacks came in at the gallop from Moys. Winterfeld made little of the rumours : he had heard of some attack intended, but it was to have been overnight, and has not been. 'Mere foraging of Croat rabble, like yesterday !' said Winterfeld, and continued his present business. In few minutes the sound of heavy cannonading convinced him. 'Haha, there are my guests,' said he ; 'we must see if we cannot entertain them right!' sprang to horseback, ordered on, double-quick, the three regiments nearest him, and was off at the gallop,—too late; or, alas, too *early* we might rather say! Arriving at the gallop, Winterfeld found his grenadiers and their insufficient reinforcements rolling back, the Hill lost; Winterfeld 'sprang to a fresh horse,' shot his lightning glances and energies to this hand and that; stormfully rallied the matter, recovered the Hill; and stormfully defended it, for, I should guess, an hour or more; and might still have done one knows not what, had not a bullet struck him through the breast, and suddenly ended all his doings in this world.

Three other reasons the Prussians give for loss of their Hill, which are of no consequence to them or to us in comparison. First, that Bevern, on message after message, sent no reinforcement; that Winterfeld was left to his own 10,000, and what he and they could make of it. Bevern is jealous of Winterfeld, hint they, and willing to see his impetuous audacity checked. Perhaps only cautious of getting into a general action for what was intrinsically nothing? Second, that two regiments of Infantry, whom Winterfeld detached double-quick to seize a couple of villages (Leopoldshayn, Hermsdorf) on his right, and therefrom fusillade Nadasti on flank, found the villages already occupied by thousands of Croats, with regular foot and cannon-batteries, and could in no wise seize them. This was a great reverse of advantage. Third, that an Aide-de-Camp made a small misnomer, misreport of one word, which was terribly important: 'Bring me hither Regiment Manteuffel!' Winterfeld had ordered. The Aide-de-Camp reported it 'Grenadiers Manteuffel': upon which, the grenadiers, who were posted in a walled garden, an important point to Winterfeld's right, came instantly to order; and Austrians instantly rushed-in to the vacant post, and galled Winterfeld's other flank by their fire.[1]

Enough, Winterfeld lay bleeding to death, the Hill was lost, Prussians drawing-off slowly and back-foremost, about two in the afternoon ; upon which the Austrians also drew-off, leaving only a small party on the Hill, who voluntarily quitted it next morning. Next morning, likewise, Winterfeld had died. The Hill was, except as bravado, and by way of comfort to Kaunitz, nothing for the Austrians ; but the death of Winterfeld, which had come by chance to them in the business, was probably a great thing. Better than two pitched battles gained : who shall say ? He was a shining figure, this Winterfeld ; dangerous to the Austrians. The most shining figure in the Prussian Army, except its Chief ; and had great thoughts in his head. Prussia is not skilful to celebrate her Heroes,—the Prussian Muse of History, choked with dry military pipeclay, or with husky cobwebbery and academic pedantry, how can she ?—but if Prussia can produce heroes worth celebrating, that is the one important point. Apart from soldiership, and the outward features which are widely different, there is traceable in Winterfeld some kinship in soul to English Chatham his contemporary ; though he has not had the fame of Chatham.

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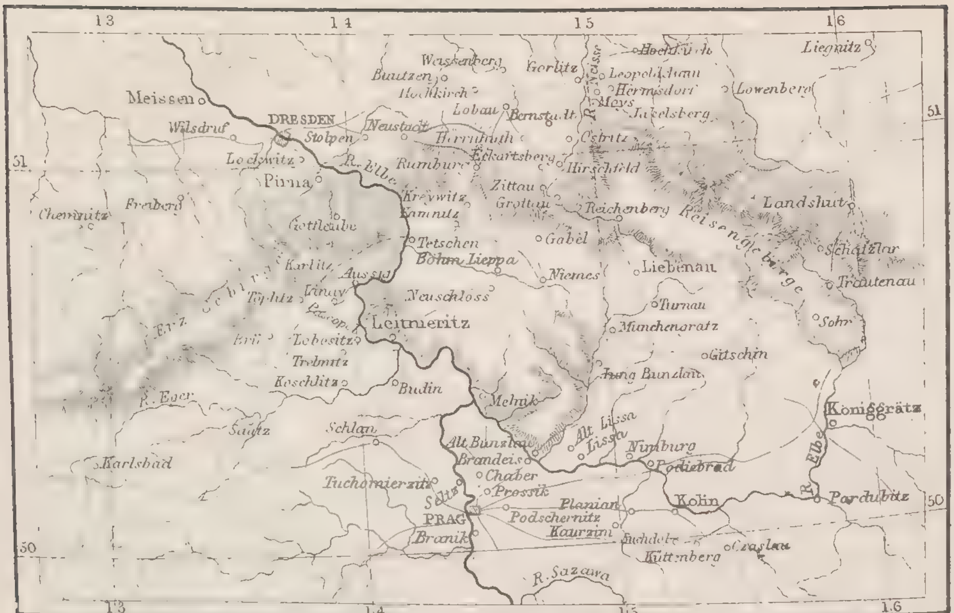
[1] Abundant Accounts in Seyfarth, ii. (*Beylagen*), 162-183; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 615-633; Retzow, i. 216-221.

Winterfeld was by no means universally liked ; as what brave man is or can be ? Too susceptible to flattery ; too this, too that. He is, one feels always, except Friedrich only, the most shining figure in the Prussian Army ; and it was not unnatural he should be Friedrich's one friend,—as seems to have been the case. Friedrich, when this Job's-message reached him (in Erfurt Country, eight days hence), was deeply affected by it. To tears, or beyond tears, as we can fancy. 'Against my multitude of enemies, I may contrive resources,' he was heard to say ; 'but I shall find no Winterfeld again !' Adieu, my one friend, real Peer, sole companion to my lonely pilgrimage in these perilous high regions.

'The Prince of Prussia, contrariwise' (says a miserable little Note, which must not be withheld), 'brightened-up at the news : "I shall now die much more content, knowing that there is one so bad and dangerous man fewer in the Army !" And, six months after, in his actual death-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Karlitz
Aussig
Toplitz
Linay
Lobositz
Leitmeritz
Trebnitz
Koschlitz
Budin
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Czaslau
R. Sazava
Kolin
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Nimburg
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Melnik
Jung Bunzlau
Gitschin
Munchengratz
Turnau
Liebenau
Niemes
Gabel
Reichenberg
Neuschloss
Tetschen
Bohm Leippa
Kamnitz
Kreywitz
Rumburg
Eckartsberg
Zittau
Grottau
Hirschfeld
Ostritz
Herrnhuth
Lobau
Bernstadt
Bautzen
Hochkirch
Wassenberg
Gorlitz
R. Neisse
Hochkirch
Leopoldshain
Hermsdorf
Meys
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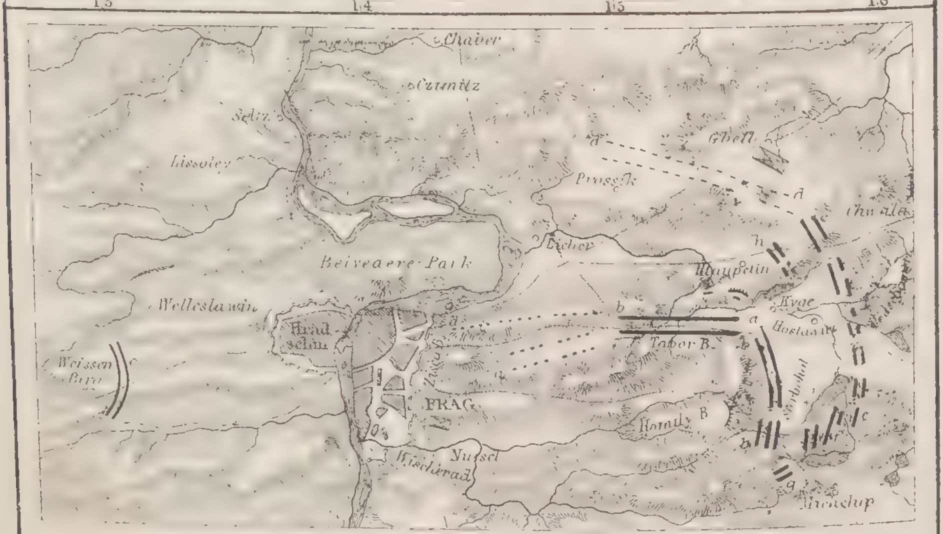
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Hloupetin
Kyge
Hostawitz
Tabor B.
Homily B.
Nusel
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BATTLE OF PRAG.

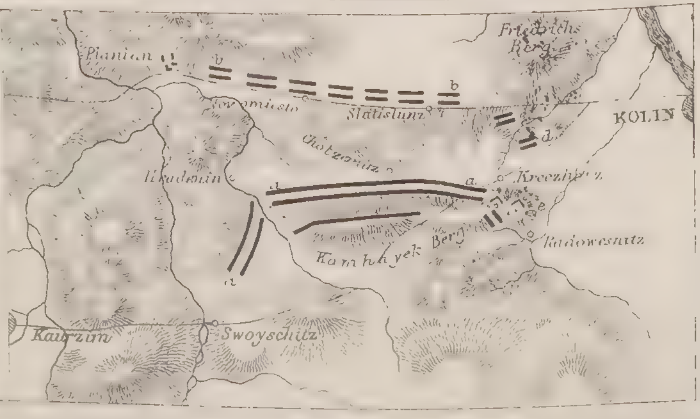
6TH MAY 1757.

a.a.a. First position of Austrian Army.
b.b.b. Second position to meet the Prussian Attack.
c. Prussians under Kieth.
d.d. First position of Prussian Army.
e.e. Second position of Prussian Army.
f. Schwerin's Prussians.
g. Prussian Horse.
h. Mannstein's Attack.
i. Place of Schwerin's Monument.

BATTLE OF KOLIN.

18th June 1757.

a.a. Austrian Army.
b.b. Prussian Army.
c. Ziethen's Hussars.
d. Nadasti's Hussars.
e. The oak wood.


Planian
Friedrichs Berg
Novomiesto
Slatislunz
KOLIN
Chotzemitz
Kradenin
Krzeczhorz
Kamhayek Berg
Radowesnitz
Kaurzim
Swoyschitz
a
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moments, he exclaimed : "I end my life, the last period of which has cost me so much sorrow; but Winterfeld is he who shortened my days!"'[1]—Very bitter Opposition humours circulating, in their fashion, there as elsewhere in this world!

Bevern, the millstone of Winterfeld being off his neck, has become a more responsible, though he feels himself a much-delivered man. Had not liked Winterfeld, they say; or had even hated him, since those bad Zittau times. Can now, at any rate, make for Schlesien and the meal magazines, when he sees good. He will find meal readier there; may he find other things corresponding! Nobody now to keep him painfully manœuvring in these parts; with the King's Army nearer to him, but meal not.

On the third day after (September 10th), Bevern, having finished packing, took the road for Schlesien; Daun and Karl attending him; nothing left of Daun and Karl in those Saxon Countries,—except, at Stolpen, out Dresden-wards, some Reserve-post or Rear-guard of 15,000, should we chance to hear of that again. And from the end of September onwards, Bevern's star, once somewhat bright at Reichenberg, shot rapidly downwards, under the horizon altogether; and there came, post after post, such news out of Schlesien,—to say nothing of that Stolpen Party,—as Friedrich had never heard before.

CHAPTER VII

FRIEDRICH IN THURINGEN, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES ALL COME

THE Soubise-Hildburghausen people had got rendezvoused at Erfurt about August 25th; 50,000 by account, and no enemy within 200 miles of them; and in the Versailles circles it had been expected they would proceed to the 'Deliverance of Saxony' straightway. What is to hinder?—Friedrich, haggling with the Austrians at Bernstadt, could muster but a poor 23,000, when he did march towards Erfurt. In those same neighbourhoods, within reach of Soubise, is the Richelieu, late D'Estrées, Army; elated with Hastenbeck, comfortably pushing Royal Highness of Cumberland, who makes no resistance, step by step, into the sea; victoriously plundering, far and wide, in those Countries, Hanover itself the Headquarter. In the Versailles circles, it is farther expected that Richelieu, 'Conqueror of Minorca,' will shortly besiege and conquer Magdeburg, and so crown his glories. Why not; were the 'Deliverance of Saxony' complete?

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[1] Preuss, ii. 78; citing Retzow.

The whole of which turned-out greatly otherwise, and to the sad disappointment of Versailles. The Conqueror of Minorca is probably aware that the conquering of Magdeburg, against one whose platforms are not rotten, and who does *not* 'lie always in his bed,' as poor old Blakeney did, will be a very different matter. And the private truth is, Maréchal de Richelieu never turned his thoughts upon Magdeburg at all, nor upon any point of war that had difficulties, but solely upon collecting plunder for himself in those Countries. One of the most magnificent marauders on record; in no danger, he, of becoming monitory and a pendulum, like the 1,000 that already swing in that capacity to rear of him! And he did manage, in this Campaign, which was the last of his military services, so as to pay-off at Paris 'above 50,000*l.* of debts; and to build for himself a beautiful Garden Mansion there, which the mocking populations called "Hanover Pavilion (*Pavillon d'Hanovre*)";' a name still sticking to it, I believe.[1] Of the Richelieu Campaign we are happily delivered from saying almost anything; and the main interest for us turns now on that Soubise-Hildburghausen wing of it, —which also is a sufficiently contemptible affair; not to be spoken of beyond the strictly unavoidable.

Friedrich, with his 23,000 setting out from Dresden August 30th, has a march of about 170 miles towards

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[1] Barbier, iii. 256, 271.

Erfurt. He may expect to find,—counting Richelieu, if Royal Highness of Cumberland persist in acting *zero* as hitherto,—a confused mass of about 150,000 Enemies, of one sort and other, waiting him ahead; not to think of those he has just left behind;—and he cannot well be in a triumphant humour! Behind, before, around, it is one gathering of Enemies: one point only certain, that he must beat them, or else die. Readers would fain follow him in this forlorn march; him, the one point of interest now in it: and readers shall, if we can manage, though it is extremely difficult. For, on getting to Erfurt, he finds his Soubise-Hildburghausen Army off on retreat among the inaccessible Hills still farther westward; and has to linger painfully there, and to detach, and even to march personally against other Enemies; and then, these finished, to march back towards his Erfurt ones, who are taking heart in the interim:—and, in short, from September 1st to November 5th, there are two months of confused manœuvring and marching to and fro in that West-Saxon region, which are very intricate to readers. November 5th is a day unforgettable: but anterior to that, what can we do? Here, dated, are the Three grand Epochs of the thing; which readers had better fix in mind as a preliminary:

1°. *September 13th*, Friedrich has got to Erfurt neighbourhood; but Soubise and Company are off westward to the Hills of Eisenach, won't come down; Friedrich obliged to linger thereabouts, painfully waiting almost a month, till

2°. *October 11th*, hearing that '15,000 Austrians' (that Stolpen Party, left as rearguard at Stolpen; Croats mainly, under a General Haddick) are on march for Berlin, he rises in haste thitherward, through Leipzig, Torgau, say 100 miles; hears that Haddick *has* been in Berlin (16th-17th October) for one day, and that he is off again full speed, with a ransom of 30,000*l.*, which they have had to pay him: upon which Friedrich calls halt in the Torgau country;—and would have been uncertain what to do, had not

3°. Soubise and Company, extremely elated with this

Haddick Feat, come out from their Hills, intent to deliver Saxony after all. So that Friedrich has to turn back (October 26th-30th) through Leipzig again; towards,—in fact towards *Rossbach* and *November 5th*, in his old Saale Country, which does not prove so wearisome as formerly!

These are the cardinal dates; these let the reader recur to, if necessary, and keep steadily in mind; it will then perhaps be possible to intercalate, in a manner intelligible to him, what other lucent phenomena there are; and these dismal wanderings, and miserablest two months of Friedrich's life, will not be wholly a provoking blotch of enigmatic darkness, but in some sort a thing with features in the twilight of the Past.

I. *Friedrich's March to Erfurt from Dresden* (31st August—13th September 1757)

The march to Erfurt was of twelve days, and without adventure to speak of. Mayer and Free-Battalion had the vanguard, Friedrich there as usual; main body, under Keith with Ferdinand and Moritz, following in several columns: straight towards their goal; with steady despatch; for twelve days;—weather often very wet.[1] Seidlitz, with cavalry, had gone ahead, in search of one Turpin, a mighty hunter and Hussar among the French, who was threatening Leipzig, threatening Halle: but Turpin made-off at sound of him, without trying fight; so that Seidlitz had only to halt, and rejoin, hoping better luck another time.

A march altogether of the common type,—the stages of it not worth marking except for special readers;—and of memorable to us offers only this, if even this: at Rötha, in Leipzig Country, the eighth stage from Dresden, Friedrich writes, willing to try for Peace if it be possible.

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[1] Tempelhof, i. 229; Rödenbeck, i. 317 (not very correct): in Westphalen (ii. 20 etc.) a personal Diary of this March, and of what followed on Duke Ferdinand's part.

To the Maréchal Duc de Richelieu

'Rötha, 7th September 1757.

'I feel, M. le Duc, that you have not been put in the post where you are for the purpose of Negotiating. I am persuaded, however, that the Nephew of the great Cardinal Richelieu is made for signing treaties no less than for gaining battles. I address myself to you from an effect of the esteem with which you inspire even those who do not intimately know you.

''Tis a small matter, Monsieur (*Il s'agit d'une bagatelle*): only to make Peace, if people are pleased to wish it! I know not what your Instructions are: but, in the supposition that the King your Master, now assured by your successes, will have put it in your power to labour in the pacification of Germany, I address to you the Sieur d'Elcheset' (Sieur Balbi is the real name of him, an Italian Engineer of mine, who once served with you in the Fontenoy times,—and some say he has privately a 15,000*l.* for your Grace's acceptance,—'the Sieur d'Elcheset), in whom you may place complete confidence.

'Though the events of this Year afford no hope that your Court still entertains a favourable disposition for my interests, I cannot persuade myself that a union which has lasted between us for sixteen years may not have left some trace in the mind. Perhaps I judge others by myself. But, however that may be, I, in short, prefer putting my interests into the King your Master's hands rather than into any other's. If you have not, Monsieur, any Instructions as to the Proposal hereby made, I beg of you to ask such, and to inform me what the tenor of them is.

'He who has merited statues at Genoa' (ten years ago, in those *Anti*-Austrian times, when Genoa burst-up in revolt, and the French and Richelieu beautifully intervened against the oppressors); 'he who conquered Minorca in spite of immense obstacles; he who is on the point of subjugating Lower Saxony,—can do nothing more glorious than to restore Peace to Europe. Of all your laurels, that will be the fairest. Work in this Cause, with the activity which has secured you such rapid progress otherwise; and be persuaded that nobody will feel more grateful to you than, Monsieur le Duc,—Your faithful Friend,—

'FRÉDÉRIC.'[1]

Richelieu, it appears by any evidence there is, went willingly into this scheme; and applied at Versailles, as desired; with a peremptory negative for result. Nothing came of the Richelieu attempt there; nor of '*ce M. de Mirabeau*,' if he ever went; nor of any other on that errand. Needless to apply for Peace at Versailles (and a mere waste of your 'sum of 15,000*l.*,' which one hopes is fabulous in the present scarcity of money):—nor should we perhaps have mentioned the thing at all, except for the sake of Wilhelmina, whose fond scheme it is in this extremity of fate; scheme which she tries in still other directions, as we shall see; her Brother willing too, but probably with much less hope. If a civil Letter and a bribe of Money will do it, these need not be spared.

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[1] Given in *Rödenbeck*, i. 313 (doubtless from *Mémoires de Richelieu*, Paris, 1793, ix. 175, the one fountain-head in regard to this small affair): for 'the 15,000*l.*' and other rumoured particulars, see Retzow, i. 197; Preuss, ii. 84; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 145.

This at Rötha is the day while Winterfeld, on Moys Hill, is meeting his death. To-day at Pegau, in this neighbourhood, Seidlitz, who could not fall-in with Turpin, has given the Hussars of Loudon a beautiful slap; the first enemy we have seen on this march; and the last,—nothing but Loudon and Hussars visibly about, the rest of those Soubise-Reichs people dormant, as would seem. 'D'Elcheset,' Balbi, or whoever he was, would not find Richelieu at Hanover; but at a place called Kloster-Zeven, in Bremen Country, fifty or sixty miles farther on. There, this day, are Richelieu with one Sporcken a Hanoverian, and one Lynar a Dane, rapidly finishing a thing they were pleased to call 'Convention of Kloster-Zeven'; which Friedrich regarded as another huge misfortune fallen on him,—though it proved to have been far the reverse a while after. Concerning which take this brief Note; cannot be too brief on such a topic:

'Never was there a more futile Convention than that of Kloster-Zeven; which filled all Europe with lamentable noises, indignations and anxieties, during the remainder of that Year; and is now reduced, for Europe and the Universe, to a silent mathematical point, or mere mark of position, requiring still to be attended to in that character, though itself zero in any other. Here are the main particulars, in their sequence.

'August 3d, towards midnight, "11 P.M." say the Books, Maréchal de Richelieu arrives in the D'Estrées Camp ("Camp of Oldendorf," still

9th Sept. 1757]

only one march west of Hastenbeck); to whom D'Estrées on the instant loftily delivers-up his Army; explains with loyalty, for a few days more, all things needful to the new Commander; declines to be himself Second; and loftily withdraws to the Baths of Aachen "for his health."

'Royal Highness of Cumberland is, by this time, well-on Elbe-ward, Ocean-ward. Till August 1st, for one week, Royal Highness of Cumberland lay at Minden, some thirty odd miles from Hastenbeck; deploring that sad mistake; but unpersuadable to stand, and try amendment of it: August 1st, the French advancing on him again, he moved off northward, sea-ward. By Nienburg, Verden, Rotenburg, Zeven, Bremenvörde, Stade;—arrived at Stade, on the tidal Waters of the Elbe, August 5th; and by necessity did halt there. From Minden onwards, Richelieu, not D'Estrées, has had the chasing of Royal Highness: one of the simplest functions; only that the country is getting muddy, difficult for artillery-carriage (thinks Richelieu), with an Army so dilapidated, hungry, short of pay; and that Royal Highness, a very furious person to our former knowledge, might turn on us like a boar at bay, endangering everything; and finally, that one's desire is not for battle, but for a fair chance of plunder to pay one's debts.

'Britannic Majesty, in this awful state of his Hanover Armaments, has been applying at the Danish Court; Richelieu too sends off an application thither: "Mediate between us, spare useless bloodshed!"[1]—Whereupon Danish Majesty (Britannic's son-in-law) cheerfully undertakes it; bids one Lynar bestir himself upon it. Count Lynar, an esteemed Official of his, who lives in those neighbourhoods; Danish Viceroy in Oldenburg,—much concerned with the Scriptures, the Sacred Languages and other seraphic studies,—and a changed man since we saw him last in the Petersburg regions, making love to Mrs. Anton Ulrich long ago! Lynar, feeling the axis of the world laid on his shoulder in this manner, loses not a moment; invokes the Heavenly Powers; goes on it with an alacrity and a despatch beyond praise. Runs to the Duke of Cumberland at Stade; thence to Richelieu at Zeven; back to the Duke, back to Zeven: "Won't you; and won't *you*?" and in four short days has the once world-famed "Convention of Kloster-Zeven" standing on parchment,—signed, ready for ratifying: "Royal Highness's Army to go home to their countries again" (routes, methods, times: when, how, and what next, all left unsettled), "and noise of War to cease in those parts." Signed cheerfully on both sides 9th September 1757; and Lynar striking the stars with his sublime head.[2]

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[1] Valfons, p. 291.

[2] Büsching (who alone is exact in the matter), *Beyträge*, iv. 167-8, § Lynar: see Schöll, iii. 49; Valfons, pp. 292-3; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 143 (with correction of Preuss's Note there).

'Unaccountable how Lynar had managed such a difficulty. He says seraphically, in a Letter to a friend, which the Prussian hussars got hold of, "The idea of it was inspired by the Holy Ghost": at which the whole world haha'd again. For it was a Convention vague, absurd, not capable of being executed; ratification of it refused by both Courts, by the French Court first, if that was any matter:—and the only thing now memorable of it is, that *it* was a total Futility; but that there ensued from it a Fact still of importance; namely:

'That on the 5th of October following, Royal Highness quitted Stade, and his wrecked Army hanging sorrowful there, like a flight of plucked cranes in mid-air;—arrived at Kensington October 12th; heard the paternal Majesty say, that evening, "Here is my son who has ruined me, and disgraced himself!"—and thereupon indignantly laid-down his military offices, all and sundry; and ceased altogether to command Armies, English or other, in this world.[1] Whereby, in the then and now diagram of things, Kloster-Zeven, as a mathematical point, continues memorable in History, though shrunk otherwise to zero!

'Pitt's magnanimity to Royal Highness was conspicuous. Royal Highness, it is said, had been very badly used in this matter by his poor peddling Father and the Hanover Ministers; the matter being one puddle of imbecilities from beginning to end. He was the soul of honour; brave as a Welf lion; but of dim poor head; and had not the faintest vestige' (*allergeringste* says Mauvillon) 'of military skill: awful in the extreme to see in command of British Armies! Adieu to him, forever and a day.'

Ever since July 29th, three days after Hastenbeck, Pitt had been in Office again; such the bombardment by Corporation-Boxes and Events impinging on Britannic Majesty: but not till now, as I fancy, had Pitt's way, in regard to those German matters, been clear to him. The question of a German Army, if you must have a No-General at the top of it, might well be problematical to Pitt. To equip your strong fighting man, and send him on your errand, regardless of expense; and, by way of preliminary, cut the head off him, before saying 'Good-speed to you, strong man!' But with a General, Pitt sees that it can be different; that perhaps 'America can be conquered in Germany,' and that, with a Britannic Majesty so disposed, there is no other way of trying it. To this course Pitt stands henceforth, heedless of the gazetteer cackle, 'Hah, our Pitt too become German, after all his talking!'—like a seventy-four under full sail, with sea, wind, pilot all of one mind, and only certain waterfowl objecting. And is King of England for the next Four Years; the one King poor England has had this long while; —his hand felt shortly at the ends of the Earth. And proves such a blessing to Friedrich, among others, as nothing else in this War; pretty much his one blessing, little as he expected it. Before long, Excellency Mitchell begins consulting about a General,—and Friedrich dimly sees better things in the distance, and that Kloster-Zeven had not been the misfortune he imagined, but only 'The darkest hour,' which, it is said, lies 'nearest to the dawn.'

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[1] In *Walpole* (iii. 59-64) the amplest minuteness of detail.

II. *The Soubise-Hildburghausen People take into the Hills; Friedrich in Erfurt Neighbourhood, hanging on, Week after Week, in an Agony of Inaction* (13th September—10th October)

Friedrich's march has gone by Döbeln, Grimma, to Pegau and Rötha, Leipzig way, but with Leipzig well to right: it just brushes Weissenfels to rightward, next day after Rötha; crosses Saale River near Naumburg, whence straight through Weimar Country, Weimar City on your left, to Erfurt on the northern side;[1]—and,

'*Erfurt, Tuesday 13th September* 1757, About 10 in the morning' (listen to a faithful Witness), 'there appeared Hussars on the heights to northward:—"Vanguard of his Prussian Majesty!" said Erfurt with alarm, and our French guests with alarm. And scarcely were the words uttered, when said Vanguard, and gradually the whole Prussian Army' (only some 9,000, though we all thought it the whole), 'came to sight; posting itself in half-moon shape round us there; French and Reichs folk hurrying-off what they could from the Cyriaksberg and Petersberg, by the opposite gates,'—towards Gotha, and the Hills of Eisenach.

'Think what a dilemma for Erfurt, jammed between two horns in this way, should one horn enter before the other got out! Much parleying and supplicating on the part of Erfurt: Till at last, about 4 P.M., French being all off, Erfurt flung its gates open; and the new Power did enter, with some due state: Prussian Majesty in person (who could have hoped it!) and Prince Henri beside him; Cavalry with drawn swords; Infantry with fieldpieces, and the band playing'—Prussian grenadier march, I should hope, or something equally cheering. 'The rest of the Vanguard, and, in succession, the Army altogether, had taken Camp outside, looking down on the Northern Gate, over at Ilgertshofen, a village in the neighbourhood, about two miles off.'[1]

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[1] Map, end of vol.

That is the first sight Friedrich has of '*La Dauphine*,' as the Versailles people call this Bellona, come to 'deliver Saxony'; and she is considerably coyer than had been expected. Many sad days, and ardent vain vows of Friedrich, before he could see the skirt of her again! From Ilgertshofen, north-westward to Dittelstädt, Gamstädt, and other poor specks of villages in Gotha Territory, is ten or fifteen miles; from Dittelstädt eastward to Buttstädt and Buttelstädt, in Weimar Country, may be twenty-five: in this area, Friedrich, shifting about, chiefly for convenience of quarters,—headquarter Kirschleben for a while, Buttelstädt finally and longest,—had to wander impatiently to and fro for four weeks and more; no work procurable, or none worth mentioning:—in the humour of a man whose House is on fire, flaming out of every window, front and rear; who *has* run-up with quenching apparatus; and cannot, being spell-bound, get the least bucket of it applied. And is by nature the rapidest soul now alive. Figure his situation there, as it gradually becomes manifest to him!—

For the present, *Dauphiness* Bellona, hurrying to the Hills, has left some tagrag of remnant in Gotha. Whereupon, the second day, here is an 'Own Correspondent' again,—not coming by electric telegraph, but (what is a sensible advantage) credible in every point, when he does come:

'*Gotha, Thursday* 15*th September.* Grand-Duke and Duchess, like everybody else, have been much occupied all morning with the fact, that

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 636-7.

15th Sept. 1757]

the Prussian Army' (Seidlitz and a regiment or two, nothing more) 'is actually here; took possession of the Town-Gates and Main Guard this morning,—certain Hungarian-French hussar rabble, hateful to every one in Gotha, having made-off in time, rapidly towards Eisenach and the Hills.

'Towards noon, his Royal Majesty in highest person, with his Lord Brother the Prince Henri's Royal Highness, arrived in Gotha; sent straightway, by one of his Officers, a compliment to the Grand-Duke; and "would have the pleasure to come and dine, if his Serene Highness permitted." Serene Highness, self and Household always cordially Friedrich's, was just about sitting-down to dinner; and answered with exuberantly glad surprise,—or was answering, when Royal Majesty himself stept-in with smiling face; and embracing the Duke, said: "I timed myself to arrive at this moment, thinking your Durchlaucht would be at dinner, that I might be received without ceremony, and dine like a neighbour among you." Unexpected as this visit was, the joy of Duke and Duchess,' always fast friends to Friedrich, and the latter ever afterwards his correspondent, 'may be conceived, but not adequately expressed; as both the Serenities were touched, in the most affecting manner, by the honour of so great a King's sudden presence among them.

'His Majesty requested that the Frau von Buchwald, our Most Gracious Duchess's Hof-Dame, whose qualities he much valued, might dine with them,'—being always fond of sensible people, especially sensible women. 'The whole Highest and High company' (Royal, that is, and Ducal) 'was, during table, uncommonly merry. The King showed himself altogether content; and his bright clever talk and sprightly sallies, awakening everybody to the like, left not the least trace visible of the weighty toils he was then engaged in;—as if the weightier these were, the less should they fetter the noble openness (*Freymüthigkeit*) of this high soul, which is not to be cast down by the heaviest burden.

'His Majesty having taken leave of Duke and Duchess, and graciously permitted the chiefest persons of the Gotha Court to pay their respects, withdrew to his Army.'[1] Slept, I find elsewhere, 'at Gamstädt, on the floor of a little Inn'; meaning to examine Posts in that part, next morning.

Here has been a cheerful little scene for Friedrich; the last he has in these black weeks. A laborious Predecessor, striving to elucidate, leaves me this Note:

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[1] Letter in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 638-9.

'What a pity one knows nothing, nor can know, about this Duke and Duchess, though their names, especially the latter's name, are much tossed to and fro in the Books! We heard of them, favourably, in Voltaire's time; and may again, at least of the Lady, who is henceforth a Correspondent of Friedrich's. The above is a dim direct view of them, probably our last as well as first. Duke's name is Friedrich III.; I do believe, a man of solidity, honour and polite dignified sense, a highly respectable Duke of Sachsen-Gotha, contented to be obscure, and quietly do what was still doable in that enigmatic situation. He is Uncle to our George III.;—his Sister is the now Princess-Dowager of Wales, with a Lord Bute, and I know not what questionable figures and intrigues, or suspicions of intrigue, much about her. His Duchess, Louisa Dorothee, is a Princess of distinguished qualities, literary tastes, — Voltaire's Hostess, Friedrich's Correspondent: a bright and quietly-shining illumination to the circle she inhabits. Duke is now fifty-eight, Duchess forty-seven; and they lost their eldest Son last year. There has been lately a considerable private brabble as to Tutorage of the Duke of Weimar (Wilhelmina's maddish Duke, who is dead lately; and a Prince left, who soon died also, but left a Son, who grew to be Goethe's friend); Tutorage claimed by various Cousins, has been adjudged to this one, King Friedrich coöperating in such result.

'As to the famed Grand-Duchess, she is a Sachsen-Meiningen Princess, come of Ernst the Pious, of Johann the Magnanimous, as her Husband and all these Sachsens are: when Voltaire went precipitant, with such velocity, from the Potsdam Heaven, she received him at Gotha; set him on writing his *History of the Empire*, and endeavoured to break his fall. She was noble to Voltaire, and well honoured by that uncertain Spirit. There is a fine Library at Gotha; and the Lady bright loves Books, and those that can write them;—a friend of the Light, a Daughter of the Sun and the Empyrean, not of Darkness and the Stygian Fens.'[1]

Friedrich's first Letter to her Highness was one of thanks, above a year ago, for an act of kindness, act of justice withal, which she did to one of his Official people. Here, on the morrow of that dinner, is the second Letter, much more aerial and cordial, in which style they all continue, now that he has seen the admired Princess.

[1] Michaelis, i. 517; etc. etc.

To the Most Serene Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha

Dittelstädt, '16th September 1757.

'Madam,—Yesterday was a Day I shall never forget; which satisfied a just desire I have had, this long while, to see and hear a Princess whom all Europe admires. I am not surprised, Madam, that you subdue people's hearts; you are made to attract the esteem and the homage of all who have the happiness to know you. But it is incomprehensible to me how you can have enemies; and how men representing Countries that by no means wish to pass for barbarous, can have been so basely (*indignement*) wanting in the respect they owe you, and in the consideration which is due to all sovereigns' (French not famous for their refined demeanour in Saxony this time). 'Why could not I fly to prevent such disorders, such indecency! I can only offer you a great deal of good-will; but I feel well that, in present circumstances, the thing wanted is effective results and reality. May I, Madam, be so happy as to render you some service! May your fortune be equal to your virtues! I am with the highest consideration, Madam, your Highness's faithful Cousin,— F.'[1]

To Wilhelmina he says of it, next day, still gratified, though sad news have come in the interim;—death of Winterfeld, for one black item:

* * 'The day before yesterday I was in Gotha. It was a touching scene to see the partners of one's misfortunes, with like griefs and like complaints. The Duchess is a woman of real merit, whose firmness puts many a man to shame. Madam de Buchwald appears to me a very estimable person, and one who would suit you much: intelligent, accomplished, without pretensions, and good-humoured. My Brother Henri is gone to see them today. I am so oppressed with grief, that I would rather keep my sadness to myself. I have reason to congratulate myself much on account of my Brother Henri; he has behaved like an angel, as a soldier, and well towards me as a Brother. I cannot, unfortunately, say the same of the elder. He sulks at me (*il me boude*), and has sulkily retired to Torgau, from whence, I hear, he is gone to Wittenberg. I shall leave him to his caprices and to his bad conduct; and I prophesy nothing good for the future, unless the younger guide him.'[2] * *

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 166.

[2] 'Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 17th September 1757' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. I. 306).

This is part of a long sad Letter to Wilhelmina; parts of which we may recur to, as otherwise illustrative. But before going into that tragic budget of bad news, let us give the finale of Gotha, which occurred the next day,—tragicomic in part,—and is the last bit of action in those dreary four weeks.

Gotha, 18th September. 'Since Thursday 15th, Major-General Seidlitz,' youngest Major-General of the Army, but a rapidly-rising man, 'has been Commandant in Gotha, under flourishing circumstances; popular and supreme, though only with a force of 1,500, dragoons and hussars. Monday morning early, Seidlitz's scouts bring word that the Soubise-Hildburghausen people are in motion hitherward; French hussars and Austrian, Turpin's, Loudon's, all that are; grenadiers in mass;—total, say, 8,000 horse and foot, with abundance of artillery;—have been on march all night, to retake Gotha; with all the Chief Generals and Dignitaries of the Army following in their carriages, for some hours past, to see it done. Seidlitz, ascertaining these things, has but one course left,—that of clearing himself out, which he does with orderly velocity: and at 9 A.M. the Dignitaries and their 8,000 find open gates, Seidlitz clean off; occupy the posts, with due emphasis and flourish; and proceed to the Schloss in a grand triumphant way,—where privately they are not very welcome, though one puts the best face on it, and a dinner of importance is the first thing imperative to be set in progress. A flurried Court, that of Gotha, and much swashing of French plumes through it, all this morning, since Seidlitz had to flit.

'Seidlitz has not flitted very far. Seidlitz has ranked his small dragoon-hussar force in a hollow, two miles off; has got warning sent to a third regiment within reach of him, "Come towards me, and in a certain defile, visible from Gotha eastward, spread yourselves so and so!"—and judges by the swashing he hears of up yonder, that perhaps something may still be done. Dinner, up in the Schloss, is just being taken from the spit, and the swashing at its height, when—"Hah, what is that, though?" and all plumes pause. For it is Seidlitz, artistically spread into single files, on the prominent points of vision; advancing again, more like 15,000 than 1,500: "And in the Defile yonder, that regiment, do you mark it; the King's vanguard, I should say?—To horse!"

'That is Seidlitz's fine Bit of Painting, hung out yonder, hooked on the sky itself, as temporary background to Gotha, to be judged of by the connoisseurs. For pictorial effect, breadth of touch, truth to Nature and real power on the connoisseur, I have heard of nothing equal by any artist. The high Generalcy, Soubise, Hildburghausen, Darmstadt, mount in the highest haste; everybody mounts, happy he who has anything to mount; the grenadiers tumble out of the Schloss; dragoons, artillery tumble out; Dauphiness takes wholly to her heels, at an extraordinary pace: so that Seidlitz's hussars could hardly get a stroke at her; caught sixty and odd, nine of them Officers not of mark; did kill thirty; and had such a haul of equipages and valuable effects, cosmetic a good few of them, habilatory, artistic, as caused the hussar heart to sing for joy. Among other plunder, was Loudon's Commission of Major-General, just on its road from Vienna' (poor Mannstein's death the suggesting cause, say some);—'undoubtedly a shining Loudon; to whom Friedrich, next day, forwarded the Document with a polite Note.'[1]

The day after this bright feat of Seidlitz's, which was a slight consolation to Friedrich, there came a Letter from the Duchess, not of compliment only; the Letter itself had to be burnt on the spot, being, as would seem, dangerous for the High Lady, who was much a friend of Friedrich's. Their Correspondence, very polite and graceful, but for most part gone to the unintelligible state, and become vacant and spectral, figures considerably in the Books, and was, no doubt, a considerable fact to Friedrich. His Answer on this occasion may be given, since we have it,—lest there should not elsewhere be opportunity for a second specimen.

Friedrich to the Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha

'Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 20th September 1757.

'MADAM,—Nothing could happen more glorious to my troops than that of fighting, Madam, under your eyes and for your defence. I wish their help could be useful to you; but I foresee the reverse. If I were obstinately to insist on maintaining the post of Gotha with Infantry, I should ruin your City for you, Madam, by attracting thither and fixing there the theatre of the War; whereas, by the present course, you will only have to suffer little rubs (*passades*), which will not last long.

'A thousand thanks that you could, in a day like yesterday, find the moment to think of your Friends, and to employ yourself for them.' (Seidlitz's attack was brisk, quite sudden, with an effect like Harlequin's sword in Pantomimes; and Gotha in every corner, especially in the

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 640; Westphalen, ii. 37; *Œuvres de Frédéric.*

Schloss below and above stairs,—dinner cooked for A, and eaten by B, in that manner,—must have been the most agitated of little Cities.) 'I will neglect nothing of what you have the goodness to tell me; I shall profit by these notices. Heaven grant it might be for the deliverance and the security of Germany!

'The most signal mark of obedience I can give you consists unquestionably in doing your bidding with this Letter.' (Burn it, so soon as read.) 'I should have kept it as a monument of your generosity and courage: but, Madam, since you dispose of it otherwise, your orders shall be executed; persuaded that if one cannot serve one's friends, one must at least avoid hurting them; that one may be less circumspect for one's own interest, but that one must be prudent and even timid for theirs. I am, with the highest esteem and the most perfect consideration, Madam, your Highness's most faithful and affectionate Cousin,—F.'[1]

From Erfurt, on the night of his arrival, finding the Dauphiness in such humour, Friedrich had ordered Ferdinand of Brunswick with his Division and Prince Moritz with his, both of whom were still at Naumburg, to go on different errands,—Ferdinand out Halberstadt-Magdeburg way, whither Richelieu, vulture-like, if not eagle-like, is on wing; Moritz to Torgau, to secure our magazine, and be on the outlook there. Both of them marched on the morrow (November 14th): and are sending him news,—seldom comfortable news; mainly that, in spite of all one can do (and it is not little on Ferdinand's part), the Richelieu vultures, 80,000 of them, floating onward, leagues broad, are not to be kept out of Halberstadt, well if out of Magdeburg itself;—and that, in short, the general conflagration, in those parts too, is progressive.[2] Moritz, peaceable for some weeks in Torgau Country, was to have an eye on Brandenburg withal, on Berlin itself; and before long, Moritz will see something noticeable there!

From Preussen, Friedrich hears of mere ravagings and horrid cruelties, Cossack-Calmuck atrocities, which make human nature shudder:[1] 'Fight those monsters; go into them, at all hazards!' he writes to Lehwald peremptorily. Lehwald, 25,000 against 80,000, does so; draws-up, in front of Wehlau, not far east of Königsberg, among woody swamps, *August 30th*, at a Hamlet called *Gross-Jägersdorf*, with his best skill; fights well, though not without mistakes; and is beaten by cannon and numbers.[2] Preussen now lies at Apraxin's discretion. This bit of news too is on the road for Erfurt Country. Such a six weeks for the swift man, obliged to stand spellbound,—idle posterity never will conceive it; and description is useless.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 167.

[2] In Orlich's *Fürst Moritz*, pp. 71-89; and in *Westphalen*, ii. 23-143 (about Ferdinand): interesting Documentary details, Autographs of Friedrich, etc., in regard to both these Expeditions.

Let us add here, that Apraxin did not advance on Königsberg, or farther into Preussen at all; but, after some loitering, turned, to everybody's surprise, and wended slowly home. 'Could get no provision,' said Apraxin for himself. 'Thought the Czarina was dying,' said the world; 'and that Peter her successor would take it well!' Plodded slowly home, for certain; Lehwald following him, not too close, till over the border. Nothing left of Apraxin, and his huge Expedition, but Memel alone; Memel, and a great many graves and ruins. So that Lehwald could be recalled, to attend on the Swedes, before Winter came. And Friedrich's worst forebodings did not take effect in this case;—nor in some others, as we shall see!

Lamentation-Psalms of Friedrich

Meanwhile, is it not remarkable that Friedrich wrote more Verses, this Autumn, than almost in any other three months of his life? Singular, yes; though perhaps not inexplicable. And if readers could fairly understand that fact, instead of running away with the shell of it, and leaving the essence, it would throw a great light on Friedrich. He is not a brooding inarticulate man, then; but a bright-glancing, articulate; not to be struck dumb by the face of Death itself. Flashes clear-eyed into the physiognomy of Death, and Ruin, and the Abysmal Horrors opening; and has a sharp word to say to them. The explanation of his large cargo of Verses this Autumn is, That always, alternating with such fiery velocity, he had intolerable periods of waiting till things were ready. And took to verses, by way of expectorating himself, and keeping-down his devils. Not a bad plan, in the circumstances,—especially if you have so wonderful a turn for expectoration by speech. 'All bad as Poetry, those Verses?' asks the reader. Well, some of them are not of first-rate goodness. Should have been burnt; or the time marked which they took up, and whether it was good time wasted (which I suppose it almost never was), or bad time skilfully got over. Time, that is the great point; and the heart-truth of them, or mere lip-truth, another. We must give some specimens, at any rate.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 427-437, the hideous details.

[2] Tempelhof, i. 299; Retzow, i. 212; etc. etc. ('Russians lost about 9,000,' by their own tale 5,000; 'the Prussians 3,000' and the Field).

Especially that notable Specimen from the Zittau Countries: the 'Epistle to Wilhelmina (*Epître à ma Sœur*[1])'; which is the key-note, as it were; the fountain-head of much other verse, and of much prose withal, and Correspondencing not with Wilhelmina alone, of which also some taste must be given. Primary *Epître*, written, I perceive, in that interval of waiting for Keith and the magazines,—though the final date is 'Bernstadt, August 24th.' Concerning which, Smelfungus takes, over-hastily, the liberty to say: 'Strange, is it not, to be on the point of fighting for one's existence; overwhelmed with so many businesses; and disposed to go into verse in addition! *Conceive* that form of mind; it would illuminate something of Friedrich's character: I cannot yet rightly understand such an aspect of structure, and know not what to say of it, except "Strange!"'—

Understand it or not, we do gather by means of it some indisputable glimpses, nearly all the direct insight allowed us out of any source, into Friedrich's inner man; what his thoughts were, what his humour was in that unique crisis; and to readers in quest of that, these Pieces, fallen obsolete and frosty to all other kinds of readers, are well worth perusing, and again perusing. Most veracious Documents, we can observe; nothing could be truer; Confessions they are, in the most emphatic sense; no truer ever made to a Priest in the name of the Most High. Like a soliloquy of Night-Thoughts, accidentally becoming audible to us. Mahomet, I find, wrote the Koran in this manner. From these poor Poems, which are voices *De Profundis*, there might, by proper care and selection, be constructed a Friedrich's Koran; and, with commentary and elucidation, it would be pleasant to read. The Koran of Friedrich, or the Lamentation-Psalms of Friedrich! But it would need an Editor,—other than Dryasdust! Mahomet's Koran, treated by the Arab Dryasdust (merely turning-up the bottom of that Box of Shoulder-blades, and printing them), has become dreadfully tough reading, on this side of the Globe; and has given rise to the impossiblest notions about Mahomet! Indisputable it is, Heroes, in their affliction, Mahomet and David, have solaced themselves by snatches of Psalms, by Suras, bursts of Utterance rising into Song;—and if Friedrich, on far other conditions, did the like, what has History to say of blame to him?

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 36-42.

Wilhelmina comes out very strong, in this season of trouble; almost the last we see of our excellent Wilhelmina. Like a lioness; like a shrill mother when her children are in peril. A noble sisterly affection is in Wilhelmina; shrill Pythian vehemence trying the impossible. That a Brother, and such a Brother, the most heroic now breathing, brave and true, and the soul of honour in all things, should have the whole world rise round him, like a delirious Sorcerer's-Sabbath, intent to hurl the mountains on him,—seems such a horror and a madness to Wilhelmina. Like the brood-hen flying in the face of wild dogs, and packs of hounds in full trail! Most Christian Pompadour Kings, enraged Czarinas, implacable Empress-

Queens; a whole world in armed delirium rushes on, regardless of Wilhelmina. Never mind, my noble one; your Brother will perhaps manage to come up with this leviathan or that, among the heap of them, at a good time, and smite into the fifth rib of him. Your Brother does not the least shape towards giving-in; thank the Heavens, he will stand to himself at least; his own poor strength will all be on his own side.

Wilhelmina's hopes of a Peace with France; mission of her Mirabeau, missions and schemes not a few, we have heard of on Wilhelmina's part with this view; but the notablest is still to mention: that of stirring-up, by Voltaire's means, an important-looking Cardinal de Tencin to labour in the business. Eminency Tencin lives in Lyon, known to the Princess on her Italian Tour;—shy of asking Voltaire to dinner on that fine occasion;—but, except Officially, is not otherwise than well-affected to Voltaire. Was once Chief Minister of France, and would fain again be; does not like these Bernis novelties and Austrian Alliances, had he now any power to overset them. Let him correspond with Most Christian Majesty, at least; plead for a Peace with Prussia, Prussia being so ready that way. Eminency Tencin, on Voltaire's suggestion, did so, perhaps is even now doing so; till ordered to hold *his* peace on such subjects. This is certain and well known; but nothing else is known, or to us knowable, about it; Voltaire, in vague form, being our one authority, through whom it is vain to hunt, and again hunt.[1] The Dates, much more the features and circumstances, all lie buried from us, and,—till perhaps the *Lamentation-Psalms* are well edited,—must continue lying. As a fact certain, but undeniably vague.

Voltaire's procedure, one can gather, is polite, but two-faced; not sublime on this occasion. In fact, is intended to serve himself. To the high Princess he writes devotionally, ready to obey in all things; and then to his Eminency Cardinal Tencin, it rather seems as if the tone were: 'Pooh!

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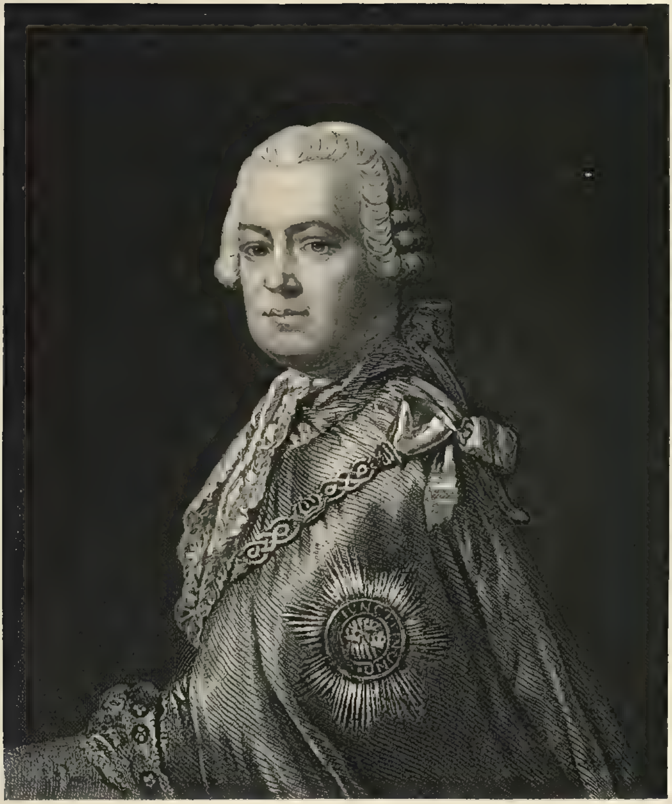
[1] *Œuvres* (*Mémoires*), ii. 92-93; *ib.* i. 143: Preuss, ii.



de Votre Majesté

Le tres Humble et tres
Obeiſsant Serviteur
Andw: Mitchell
de Sedelitz
ce 23 Octobre 1756

yes, your Eminency; such are the poor Lady's notions. But does your Eminency take notice how high my connections are; what service a poor obscure creature might perhaps do the State some day?' Friedrich himself is, in these ways, brought into correspondence with Voltaire again; and occasionally writes to him in this War, and ever afterwards · Voltaire responds with fine sympathy, always prettily, in the enthusiasm of the moment;—and at other times he writes a good deal about Friedrich, oftenest in rather a mischievous dialect. 'The traitor!' exclaim some Prussian writers, not many or important, in our time. In fact, there is a considerable touch of grinning malice (as of Monkey *versus* Cat, who had once burnt *his* paw, instead of getting his own burnt), in those utterances of Voltaire; some of which the reader will grin over too, without much tragic feeling,—the rather as they did our Felis Leo no manner of ill, and show our incomparable *Singe* with a sparkle of the *Tigre* in him; theoretic sparkle merely and for moments, which makes him all the more entertaining and interesting at the domestic hearth.

Of Friedrich's Lamentation-Psalms we propose to give the First and the Last: these, with certain Prose Pieces, intermediate and connecting, may perhaps be made intelligible to readers, and throw some light on these tragic weeks of the King's History:

1°. *Epître à ma Sœur* (First of the Lamentation-Psalms).—This is the famed 'Epistle to Wilhelmina,' already spoken of; which the King despatched from Bernstadt 'August 24th,' just while quitting those parts, on the Erfurt Errand;—though written before, in the tedium of waiting for Keith. The Piece is long, vehement, altogether sincere; lyrically sings aloud, or declaims in rhyme, what one's indignant thought really is on the surrounding woes and atrocities. We faithfully abridge, and condense into our briefest Prose;—readers can add water and the jingle of French rhymes *ad libitum*. It starts thus:

'O sweet and dear hope of my remaining days; O Sister, whose friendship, so fertile in resources, shares all my sorrows, and with a helpful arm assists me in the gulf! It is in vain that the Destinies have overwhelmed me with disasters: if the crowd of Kings have sworn my ruin; if the Earth have opened to swallow me,—you still love me, noble and affectionate Sister: loved by you, what is there of misfortune? (Branches-off into some survey of it, nevertheless.)

'Huge continents of thunder-cloud, plots thickening against me' (in those Menzel Documents), 'I watched with terror; the sky getting blacker, no covert for me visible: on a sudden, from the deeps of Hell, starts-forth Discord' (with capital-letter), 'and the tempest broke.

> '*Ce fut dans ton Sénat, O fougueuse Angleterre!*
> *Où ce monstre inhumain fit éclater la guerre:*

It was from thy Senate, stormful England, that she first launched-out War. In remote climates first; in America, far away;—between France and thee. Old Ocean shook with it; Neptune, in the depths of his caves (*ses grottes profondes*), saw the English subjecting his waves (*ses ondes*): the wild Iroquois, prize of these crimes (*forfaits*), bursts-out; detesting the tyrants who disturb his Forests,'—and scalping Braddock's people, and the like.

'Discord, charmed to see such an America, and feeble mortals crossing the Ocean to exterminate one another, addresses the European Kings: "How long will you be slaves to what are called laws? Is it for you to bend under worn-out notions of justice, right? Mars is the one God: Might is Right. A King's business is to do something famous in this world."

'O Daughter of the Cæsars,' Maria Theresa, 'how, at these words, ambition, burning in thy soul, breaks-out uncontrollable! Probity, honour, treaties, duty: feeble considerations these, to a heart letting loose its flamy passions; determining to rob the generous Germans of their liberties; to degrade thy equals; to extinguish "Schism" (so called), and set-up despotism on the wrecks of all.'

'Huge project'—'*fier Triumvirat*,'—what not: 'From Roussillon and the sunny Pyrenees to frozen Russia, all arm for Austria, and march at her bidding. They concert my downfall, trample on my rights.

'The Daughter of the Cæsars, proudly certain of victory,—'tis the way of the Great, whose commonplace virtue, pusillanimous in reverses, overbearing in success, cannot bridle their cupidity,—designates to the Triumvirate what Kings are to be proscribed' (Britannic George and me, Reich busy on us both even now), 'and those ungrateful tyrants, by united crime, immolate to each other, without remorse, their dearest allies.' For instance:

> '*O jour digne d'oubli! Quelle atroce imprudence!*
> *Thérèse, c'est l'Anglais que tu vends a la France;*

'Theresa! it is England thou art selling to France;'—Yes, a thing worth noting. 'Thy generous support in thy first adversities; thy one friend then, when a world had risen to devour thee. Thou reignest now:—but it was England alone that saved thee anything to reign over!

> *'Tu règnes, mais lui seul a sauvé tes états:*
> *Les bienfaits chez les rois ne font que des ingrats.*

'And thou, lazy Monarch,'—stupid Louis, let us omit him:—'Pompadour, selling her lover to the highest bidder, makes France, in our day, Austria's slave!' We omit Kolin Battle, too, spoken of with a proud modesty (Prag is not spoken of at all); and how the neighbouring ravenous Powers, onlookers hitherto, have opened their throats with one accord to swallow Prussia, thinking its downfall certain: 'Poor mercenary Sweden, once so famous under its soldier Kings, now debased by a venal Senate;'—Sweden, 'what say I? my own kindred' (foolish Anspach and others), 'driven by perverse motives, join in the plot of horrors, and become satellites of the prospering Triumvirs.

'And thou, loved People' (my own Prussians), 'whose happiness is my charge' (notable how often he repeats this), 'it is thy lamentable destiny, it is the danger which hangs over thee, that pierces my soul. The pomps of my rank I could resign without regret. But to rescue thee, in this black crisis, I will spend my heart's blood. Whose *is* that blood but thine? With joy will I rally my warriors to avenge thy affront; defy death at the foot of the ramparts' (of Daun and his Eckartsberg, ahead yonder), 'and either conquer, or be buried under thy ruins.' Very well; but ah,—

'Preparing with such purpose, ye Heavens, what mournful cries are those that reach us: "Death has laid low thy Mother!"—Hah, that was the last stroke, then, which angry Fate had reserved for me.——O Mother, Death flies my misfortunes, and spreads his livid horrors over thee!' (Very tender, very sad, what he says of his Mother; but must be omitted and imagined. General finale is:)

'Thus Destiny with a deluge of torments fills the poisoned remnant of my days. The present is hideous to me, the future unknown: what, you say I am the creature of a *Bene*ficent Being?—

> *'Quoi! serais-je formé par un Dieu bienfaisant?*
> *Ah! s'il était si bon, tendre pour son ouvrage'*—

—Husht, my little Titan!

'And now, ye promoters of sacred lies, go on leading cowards by the nose, in the dark windings of your labyrinth:—to me the enchantment is ended, the charm disappears. I see that all men are but the sport of Destiny. And that, if there do exist some Gloomy and Inexorable Being, who allows a despised herd of creatures to go on multiplying here, he values them as nothing; looks down on a Phalaris crowned, on a Socrates in chains; on our virtues, our misdeeds, on the horrors of war, and all the cruel plagues which ravage Earth, as a thing indifferent to him. Wherefore, my sole refuge and only haven, loved Sister, is in the arms of death:

> '*Ainsi mon seul asile et mon unique port*
> *Se trouve, chère sœur, dans les bras de la mort.*'[1]

2°. *Wilhelmina to Voltaire, with something of Answer* (First of certain intercalary Prose Pieces).—Wilhelmina has been writing to Voltaire before, and getting consolations since Kolin; but her Letters are lost, till this the earliest that is left us:

Baireuth, 19*th August* 1757 (*To Voltaire*).—'One first knows one's friends when misfortunes arrive. The Letter you have written does honour to your way of thinking. I cannot tell you how much I am sensible to what you have done' (set Cardinal Tencin astir, with result we will hope). 'The King, my Brother, is as much so as I. You will find a Note here, which he bids me transmit to you' (Note lost). 'That great man is still the same. He supports his misfortunes with a courage and a firmness worthy of him. He could not get the Note transcribed. It began by verses. Instead of throwing sand on it, he took the ink-bottle; that is the reason why it is cut in two.'

—This Note, we say, is lost to us;—all but accidentally thus: Voltaire, 12th September, writes twice to friends. Writing to his D'Argental, he says: 'The affairs of this King' (Friedrich) 'go from bad to worse. I know not if I told you of the Letter he wrote to me about three weeks ago' (say August 17-18th: this same Note through Wilhelmina, evidently): '"I have learned," says he, "that you had interested yourself in my successes and misfortunes. There remains to me nothing but to sell my life dear," etc. His Sister writes me one much more lamentable;' the one we are now reading:—

'I am in a frightful state; and will not survive the destruction of my House and Family. That is the one consolation that remains to me. You will have fine subjects for making Tragedies of. O times! O manners! You will, by the illusory representation, perhaps draw tears; while all contemplate with dry eyes the reality of these miseries: the downfall of a whole House, against which, if the truth were known, there is no solid complaint. I cannot write farther of it: my soul is so troubled that I know not what I am doing. But whatever happen, be persuaded that I am more than ever your friend,—WILHELMINA.'[2]

Friedrich, while Wilhelmina writes so, is at the foot of the Eckartsberg, eagerly manœuvring with the Austrians, in hopes of getting battle out of them,—which he cannot. Friedrich, while he wrote that Note to Voltaire, and instead of sandbox shook the inkbottle over it, was just going out on that errand.

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[1] *Œuvres*, xii. 36-42; is sent-off to Wilhelmina 24th August.

[2] In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 30.

Voltaire, 12th September (to a Lady whose Son is in the D'Estrées wars).[1]—'Here are mighty revolutions, Madame; and we are not at the end yet. They say there have 18,000 Hanoverians been disposed of at Stade' (Convention of Kloster-Zeven). 'That is no small matter. I can hope M. Richelieu' (who is '*mon héros,*' when I write to himself) 'will adorn his head with the laurels they have stuck in his pocket. I wish Monsieur your Son abundance of honour and glory without wounds, and to you, Madame, unalterable health. The King of Prussia has written me a very touching Letter' (one line of which we have read); 'but I have always Madame Denis's adventure on my heart,' at Frankfurt yonder. 'If I were well, I would take a run to Frankfurt myself on the business,'—now that Soubise's reserves are in those parts, and could give Freytag and Schmidt such a dusting for me, if they liked! Shall I write to Collini on it? Does write, and again write, the second year hence, as still better chances rise.[2]

3°. *Wilhelmina to Voltaire again, with Answer* (Second of the Prose Pieces).—Not a very zealous friend of Friedrich's, after all, this Voltaire! Poor Wilhelmina, terrified by that *Epître* of her Brother's, and his fixed purpose of seeking Death, has, in her despair (though her Letter is lost), been urging Voltaire to write dissuading him;—as Voltaire does. Of which presently. Her Letter to Voltaire on this thrice-important subject is lost. But in the very hours while Voltaire sat writing what we have just read, 'always with Madame Denis's adventure on my heart,' Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, is again writing to him as follows:

Baireuth, 12*th September* 1757 (*To Voltaire*).—'Your Letter has sensibly touched me; that which you addressed to me for the King' (both Letters lost to us) 'has produced the same effect on him. I hope you will be satisfied with his Answer as to what concerns yourself; but you will be as little so as I am with the resolutions he has formed. I had flattered myself that your reflections would make some impression on his mind. You will see the contrary by the Letter adjoined.

'To me there remains nothing but to follow his destiny if it is unfortunate. I have never piqued myself on being a philosopher; though I have made my efforts to become so. The small progress I made did teach me to despise grandeurs and riches: but I could never find in philosophy any cure for the wounds of the heart, except that of getting done with our miseries by ceasing to live. The state I am in is worse than death. I see the greatest man of his age, my Brother, my friend, reduced to the frightfulest extremity. I see my whole Family exposed to dangers and perhaps destruction; my native Country torn by pitiless enemies; the Country where I am' (Reichs Army, Anspach, what not) 'menaced by perhaps similar misfortune. Would to Heaven I were alone loaded with all the miseries I have described to you! I would suffer them, and with firmness.

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[1] In *Œuvres de Voltaire,* lxxii. 55, 56.

[2] Collini, p 208-211 ('January—May 1759').

'Pardon these details. You invite me, by the part you take in what regards me, to open my heart to you. Alas, hope is wellnigh banished from it. Fortune, when she changes, is as constant in her persecutions as in her favours. History is full of those examples:—but I have found none equal to the one we now see; nor any War as inhuman and as cruel among civilised nations. You would sigh if you knew the sad situation of Germany and Preussen. The cruelties which the Russians commit in that latter Country make nature shudder.[1] How happy you in your Hermitage; where you repose on your laurels, and can philosophise with a calm mind on the deliriums of men! I wish you all the happiness imaginable. If Fortune ever favour us again, count on all my gratitude. I will never forget the marks of attachment which you have given; my sensibility is your warrant; I am never half-and-half a friend, and I shall always be wholly so of Brother Voltaire.—WILHELMINA.

'Many compliments to Madame Denis. Continue, I pray you, to write to the King.'[2]

Voltaire to Wilhelmina (Day uncertain: *The Délices, September* 1757). —'Madam, my heart is touched more than ever by the goodness and the confidence your Royal Highness deigns to show me. How can I be but melted by emotion! I see that it is solely your nobleness of soul that renders you unhappy. I feel myself born to be attached with idolatry to superior and sympathetic minds, who think like you.

'You know how much I have always, essentially and at heart, been attached to the King your Brother. The more my old age is tranquil, and come to renounce everything, and make my retreat here a home and country, the more am I devoted to that Philosopher-King. I write nothing to him but what I think from the bottom of my heart, nothing that I do not think most true; and if my Letter' (dissuasive of seeking Death; wait, reader) 'appears to your Royal Highness to be suitable, I beg you to protect it with him, as you have done the foregoing.'[3]

4°. *Friedrich to Wilhelmina, and, by anticipation, her Answer* (Third of the Prose Pieces).—'*Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 17th September* 1757.—My dearest Sister, I find no other consolation but in your precious

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[1] Details, horrible but authentic, in *Helden-Geschichte*, already cited.

[2] In *Voltaire*, ii. 197-199; lxxvii. 57.

[3] *Ib.* lxxvii. 37, 39.

Letters. May Heaven reward so much virtue and such heroic sentiments!

'Since I wrote last to you, my misfortunes have but gone on accumulating. It seems as though Destiny would discharge all its wrath and fury upon the poor Country which I had to rule over. The Swedes have entered Pommern. The French, after having concluded a Neutrality humiliating to the King of England and themselves' (Kloster-Zeven, which we know), 'are in full march upon Halberstadt and Magdeburg. From Preussen I am in daily expectation of hearing of a battle having been fought: the proportion of combatants being 25,000 against 80,000' (was fought, Gross-Jägersdorf, 30th August, and lost accordingly). 'The Austrians have marched into Silesia, whither the Prince of Bevern follows them. I have advanced this way to fall upon the corps of the allied Army; which has run-off, and intrenched itself, behind Eisenach, amongst hills, whither to follow, still more to attack them, all rules of war forbid. The moment I retire towards Saxony, this whole swarm will be upon my heels. Happen what may, I am determined, at all risks, to fall upon whatever corps of the enemy approaches me nearest. I shall even bless Heaven for its mercy, if it grant me the favour to die sword in hand.

'Should this hope fail me, you will allow that it would be too hard to crawl at the feet of a company of traitors, to whom successful crimes have given the advantage to prescribe the law to me. How, my dear, my incomparable Sister, how could I repress feelings of vengeance and of resentment against all my neighbours, of whom there is not one who did not accelerate my downfall, and will not share in our spoils? How can a Prince survive his State, the glory of his Country, his own reputation? A Bavarian Elector, in his nonage' (Son of the late poor Kaiser, and left shipwrecked in his seventeenth year), 'or rather in a sort of subjection to his Ministers, and dull to the biddings of honour, may give himself up as a slave to the imperious domination of the House of Austria, and kiss the hand which oppressed his Father: I pardon it to his youth and his ineptitude. But is that the example for me to follow? No, dear Sister, you think too nobly to give me such mean (*lâche*) advice. Is Liberty, that precious prerogative, to be less dear to a Sovereign in the eighteenth century than it was to Roman Patricians of old? And where is it said, that Brutus and Cato should carry magnanimity farther than Princes and Kings? Firmness consists in resisting misfortune: but only cowards submit to the yoke, bear patiently their chains, and support oppression tranquilly. Never, my dear Sister, could I resolve upon such ignominy.'—

'If I had followed only my own inclinations, I should have ended it (*je me serais dépêché*) at once, after that unfortunate Battle which I lost. But I felt that this would be weakness, and that it behoved me to repair the evil which had happened. My attachment to the State awoke; I said to myself, It is not in seasons of prosperity that it is rare to find defenders, but in adversity. I made it a point of honour with myself to redress all that had got out of square; in which I was not unsuccessful; not even in the Lausitz' (after these Zittau disasters) last of all. But no sooner had I hastened this way to face new enemies, than Winterfeld was beaten and killed near Görlitz, than the French entered the heart of my States, than the Swedes blockaded Stettin. Now there is nothing effective left for me to do: there are too many enemies. Were I even to succeed in beating two armies, the third would crush me. The enclosed Note' (in cipher) 'will show you what I am still about to try: it is the last attempt.

'The gratitude, the tender affection, which I feel towards you, that friendship, true as the hills, constrains me to deal openly with you. No, my divine Sister, I shall conceal nothing from you that I intend to do; all my thoughts, all my resolutions shall be open and known to you in time. I will precipitate nothing: but also it will be impossible for me to change my sentiments.

'As for you, my incomparable Sister, I have not the heart to turn you from your resolves. We think alike, and I cannot condemn in you the sentiments which I daily entertain (*éprouve*). Life has been given to us as a benefit: when it ceases to be such'— ! 'I have nobody left in this world, to attach me to it, but you. My friends, the relations I loved most, are in the grave; in short, I have lost everything. If you take the resolution which I have taken, we end together our misfortunes and our unhappiness; and it will be the turn of them who remain in this world, to provide for the concerns falling to their charge, and to bear the weight which has lain on us so long. These, my adorable Sister, are sad reflections, but suitable to my present condition.

'The day before yesterday I was at Gotha' (yes, see above;—and tomorrow, if I knew it, Seidlitz with pictorial effects will be there). * *

'But it is time to end this long, dreary Letter; which treats almost of nothing but my own affairs. I have had some leisure, and have used it to open on you a heart filled with admiration and gratitude towards you. Yes, my adorable Sister, if Providence troubled itself about human affairs, you ought to be the happiest person in the Universe. Your not being such, confirms me in the sentiments expressed at the end of my *Epître*. In conclusion, believe that I adore you, and that I would give my life a thousand times to serve you. These are the sentiments which will animate me to the last breath of my life; being, my beloved Sister, ever'—Your— F.[1]

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[1] *Œuvres*, xxvii. 1. 303-307.

Wilhelmina's Answer,—by anticipation, as we said: written '15th September,' while Friedrich was dining at Gotha, in quest of Soubise.

'*Baireuth, 15th September* 1757. My dearest Brother, your Letter and the one you wrote to Voltaire, my dear Brother, have almost killed me. What fatal resolutions, great God! Ah, my dear Brother, you say you love me; and you drive a dagger into my heart. Your *Epître*, which I did receive, made me shed rivers of tears. I am now ashamed of such weakness. My misfortune would be so great' in the issue there alluded to, 'that I should find worthier resources than tears. Your lot shall be mine: I will not survive either your misfortunes or those of the House I belong to. You may calculate that such is my firm resolution.

'But, after this avowal, allow me to entreat you to look back at what was the pitiable state of your Enemy when you lay before Prag! It is the sudden whirl of Fortune for both parties. The like can occur again, when one is least expecting it. Cæsar was the slave of pirates; and he became the master of the world. A great genius like yours finds resources even when all is lost; and it is impossible this frenzy can continue. My heart bleeds to think of the poor souls in Preussen' (Apraxin and his Christian Cossacks there,—who, it is noted, far excel the Calmuck worshippers of the Dalai-Lama). 'What horrid barbarity, the detail of cruelties that go on there! I feel all that you feel on it, my dear Brother. I know your heart, and your sensibility for your subjects.

'I suffer a thousand times more than I can tell you; nevertheless hope does not abandon me. I received your Letter of the 14th by W.' (who W. is, no mortal knows). 'What kindness to think of me, who have nothing to give you but a useless affection, which is so richly repaid by yours! I am obliged to finish; but I shall never cease to be, with the most profound respect (*très-profond respect*,'—that, and something still better, if my poor pen were not embarrassed), 'your'—

WILHELMINA.

5°. *Friedrich's Response to the Dissuasives of Voltaire* (Last of the Lamentation-Psalms: 'Buttstädt, October 9th').—Voltaire's Dissuasive Letter is a poor Piece;[1] not worth giving here. Remarkable only by Friedrich's quiet reception of it; which readers shall now see, as Finis to those Lamentation-Psalms. There is another of them, widely known, which we will omit: the *Epître to D'Argens*;[2] passionate enough, wandering wildly over human life, and sincere almost to shrillness, in parts; which Voltaire has also got hold of. Omissible here; the fixity of purpose being plain otherwise to Voltaire and us. Voltaire's counter-arguments are weak, or worse: 'That Roman death is not now expected of the Philosopher; that your Majesty will, in the worst event, still have considerable Dominions left, all that your Great-Grandfather had; still plenty of resources; that, in Paris Society, an estimable minority even now thinks highly of you; that in Paris itself your Majesty' (does not say expressly, as dethroned and going on your travels) 'would have resources!' To which beautiful considerations Friedrich answers, not with fire and brimstone, as one might have dreaded, but in this quiet manner (*Réponse au Sieur Voltaire*):

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 80-83 (*Les Délices*, early in September 1757; no date given).

[2] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 50-56 ('Erfurt, 23d September 1757').

> '*Je suis homme, il suffit, et né pour la souffrance;*
> *Aux rigueurs du destin j'oppose ma constance.*[1]

But with these sentiments, I am far from condemning Cato and Otho. The latter had no fine moment in his life, except that of his death.' (Breaks-off into Verse:)

> '*Croyez que si j'étais Voltaire,*
> *Et particulier comme lui,*
> *Me contentant du nécessaire,*
> *Je verrais voltiger la fortune légère,*—Or,

to wring the water and the jingle out of it, and give the substance in Prose:

'Yes, if I were Voltaire and a private man, I could with much composure leave Fortune to her whirlings and her plungings; to me, contented with the needful, her mad caprices and sudden topsy-turvyings would be amusing rather than tremendous.

'I know the ennui attending on honours, the burdensome duties, the jargon of grinning flatterers, those pitiabilities of every kind, those details of littleness, with which you have to occupy yourself if set on high on the stage of things. Foolish glory has no charm for me, though a Poet and King: when once Atropos has ended me forever, what will the uncertain honour of living in the Temple of Memory avail? One moment of practical happiness is worth a thousand years of imaginary in such Temple.—Is the lot of high people so very sweet, then? Pleasure, gentle ease, true and hearty mirth, have always fled from the great and their peculiar pomps and labours.

'No, it is not fickle Fortune that has ever caused my sorrows; let her smile her blandest, let her frown her fiercest on me, I should sleep every night, refusing her the least worship. But our respective conditions are our law; we are bound and commanded to shape our temper to the employment we have undertaken. Voltaire in his hermitage, in a

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[1] 'I am a man, and therefore born to suffer; to destiny's rigours my steadfastness must correspond.'—Quotation from I know not whom.

Country where is honesty and safety, can devote himself in peace to the life of the Philosopher, as Plato has described it. But as to me, threatened with shipwreck, I must consider how, looking the tempest in the face, I can think, can live and can die as a King:

'Pour moi, menacé du naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi.'[1]

This is of October 9th; this ends, worthily, the Lamentation-Psalms; work having now turned-up, which is a favourable change. Friedrich's notion of suicide, we perceive, is by no means that of puking-up one's existence, in the weak sick way of *felo de se*; but, far different, that of dying, if he needs must, as seems too likely, in uttermost spasm of battle for self and rights to the last. From which latter notion nobody can turn him. A valiantly definite, lucid and shiningly practical soul,—with such a power of always expectorating himself into clearness again. If he do frankly wager his life in that manner, beware, ye Soubises, Karls and flaccid trivial persons, of the stroke that may chance to lie in him!—

III. *Rumour of an Inroad on Berlin suddenly sets Friedrich on March thither: Inroad takes Effect,—with important Results, chiefly in a left-hand Form*

October 11th, express arrived, important express from General Finck (who is in Dresden, convalescent from Kolin, and is even Commandant there, of anything there is to command), 'That the considerable Austrian Brigade or Outpost, which was left at Stolpen when the others went for Silesia, is all on march for Berlin.' Here is news! 'The whole 15,000 of them,' report adds;—though it proved to be only a Detachment, picked Tolpatches mostly, and of nothing like that strength; shot-off, under a swift General Haddick, on this errand. Between them and Berlin is not a vestige of force; and Berlin itself has nothing but palisades, and perhaps a poor 4,000 of garrison. 'March instantly, you Moritz, who lie nearest; cross Elbe at Torgau; I follow instantly!' orders Friedrich;[1]—and that same night is on march, or has cavalry pushed ahead for reinforcement of Moritz.

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[1] *Œuvres*, xxiii. 14.

Friedrich, not doubting but there would be captaincy and scheme among his Enemies, considered that the Swedes, and perhaps the Richelieu French, were in concert with this Austrian movement,—from east, from north, from west, three Invasions coming on the core of his Dominions;—and that here at last was work ahead, and plenty of it! That was Friedrich's opinion, and most other people's, when the Austrian inroad was first heard of: 'mere triple ruin coming to this King,' as the Gazetteers judged;—great alarm prevailing among the King's friends; in Berlin, very great. Friedrich, glad, at any rate, to have done with that dismal lingering at Buttelstädt, hastens to arrange himself for the new contingencies; to post his Keiths, his Ferdinands, with their handfuls of force, to best advantage; and push ahead after Moritz, by Leipzig, Torgau, Berlin-wards, with all his might. At Leipzig, in such press of business and interest,—judge by the following phenomenon, what a clear-going soul this is, and how completely on a level with whatever it may be that he is marching towards:

'*Leipzig, 15th October* 1757 (Interview with Gottsched.)—At 11 this morning, Majesty came marching into Leipzig; multitudes of things to settle there; things ready, things not yet ready, in view of the great events ahead. Seeing that he would have time after dinner, he at once sent for Professor Gottsched, a gigantic gentleman, Reigning King of German Literature for the time being, to come to him at 3 P.M. Reigning King at that time; since gone wholly to the Dustbins,—"Popular Delusion," as old Samuel defines it, having since awakened to itself, with scornful hahas upon its poor Gottsched, and rushed into other roads worse and better; its poor Gottsched become a name now signifying Pedantry, Stupidity, learned Inanity and the Worship of Coloured Water, to every German mind.

'At 3 precise, the portly old gentleman (towards sixty now, huge of stature, with a shrieky voice, and speaks uncommonly fast) bowed himself in; and a Colloquy ensued, on Literature and so forth, of the kind we may conceive. Colloquy which had great fame in the world; Gottsched himself having,—such the inaccuracy of rumour and Dutch Newspapers, on the matter,—published authentic Report of it;[1] now one of the dullest bits of reading, and worth no man's bit of time. Colloquy which lasted three hours, with the greatest vivacity on both sides; King impugning, for one principal thing, the roughness of German speech; Gottsched, in swift torrents (far too copious in such company), ready to defend. "Those consonants of ours," said the King, "they afflict one's ear: what Names we have; all in mere *k*'s and *p*'s: *Knap*—, *Knip*—, *Klop*—, *Krotz*—, *Krok*—;—your own Name, for example!"'—Yes, his own Name, unmusical Gott*sched*, and signifying God's-Damage (God's-*skaith*) withal. '"Husht, don't take a Holy Name in vain; call the man *Sched* ('Damage' by itself), can't we!" said a wit once.[2]—"Five consonants together, *ttsch, ttsch*, what a tone!" continued the King. "Hear, in contrast, the music of this Stanza of Rousseau's" (Repeats a stanza). "Who could express that in German with such melody?" And so on; branching through a great many provinces; King's knowledge of all Literature, new and ancient, "perfectly astonishing to me"; and I myself, the swift-speaking Gottsched, rather copious than otherwise. Catastrophe, and summary of the whole, was: Gottsched undertook to translate the Rousseau Stanza into German of moderate softness; and by the aid of water did so, that very night;[3] sent it next day, and had "within an hour" a gracious Royal Answer in verse; calling one, incidentally, "Saxon Swan, *Cygne Saxon*," though one is such a Goose! "Majesty to march at 7 tomorrow morning," said a Postscript,—no interviewing more, at present.

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[1] His Message to Moritz, *Orlich*, p. 73: Rödenbeck, p. 322 (dubious, or wrong).

'About ten days after' (not to let this thing interrupt us again), Friedrich, on his return to Leipzig, had another Interview with Gottsched; of only one hour, this time;—but with many topics: Reading of some Gottsched Ode (*Ode*, very tedious, frothy, watery, *of Thanks* to Majesty for such goodness to the Saxon Swan; reading, too, of 'some of Madam Gottsched's Pieces"). Majesty confessed afterwards, Every hour from the very first had lowered his opinion of the Saxon Swan, till at length Goosehood became too apparent. Friedrich sent him a gold snuffbox by and by, but had no farther dialoguing.

'A saying of Excellency Mitchell's to Gottsched,—for Gottsched, on that second Leipzig opportunity, went swashing about among the King's Suite as well,—is still remembered. They were talking of Shakspeare: "Genial, if you will," said Gottsched, "but the Laws of Aristotle; Five Acts, unities strict!"—"Aristotle? What is to hinder a man from making his Tragedy in Ten acts, if it suit him better?" "Impossible, your Excellency!"—"Pooh," said his Excellency; "suppose Aristotle, and general Fashion too, had ordered that the clothes of every man were to be cut from five ells of cloth: how would the Herr Professor like" (with these huge limbs of his) "if he found there were no breeches for him, on Aristotle's account?" Adieu to Gottsched; most voluminous of men;—who wrote a Grammar of the German Language, which, they say, did good. I remember always his poor Wife with some pathos; who was a fine, graceful, loyal creature, of ten times his intelligence; and did no end of writing and translating and compiling (Addison's *Cato,* Addison's *Spectator,* thousands of things from all languages), on order of her Gottsched, till life itself sank in such enterprises; never doubting, tragically faithful soul, but her Gottsched was an authentic Seneschal of Phœbus and the Nine.'[1]

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[1] Next Year, in a principal Leipzig Magazine, with name signed: given in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 728-39 (with multifarious commentaries and flourishings, denoting an attentive world). Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 286-290.

[2] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 287.

[3] Copied duly in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 726.

Monday 17th, at seven, his Majesty pushed-off accordingly; cheery he in the prospect of work, whatever his friends in the distance be. Here, from Eilenburg, his first stage Torgau-way, are a Pair of Letters in notable contrast.

Wilhelmina to the King (on rumour of Haddick swoln into a Triple Invasion, Austrian, Swedish, French)

Baireuth, '15th October 1757.

'My dearest Brother,—Death and a thousand torments could not equal the frightful state I am in. There run reports that make me shudder. Some say you are wounded; others, dangerously ill. In vain have I tormented myself to have news of you; I can get none. Oh, my dear Brother, come what may, I will not survive you. If I am to continue in this frightful uncertainty, I cannot stand it; I shall sink under it, and then I shall be happy. I have been on the point of sending you a courier; but' (environed as we are) 'I durst not. In the name of God, bid somebody write me one word.

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[1] Her *Letters,* collected by a surviving Lady-Friend, '*Briefe der Frau Luise Adelgunde Viktorie Gottsched,* born *Kulmus* (Dresden, 1771-1772, 3 vols. 8vo),' are, I should suppose, the only Gottsched Piece which anybody would now think of reading.

'I know not what I have written; my heart is torn in pieces; I feel that by dint of disquietude and alarms I am losing my wits. Oh, my dear, adorable Brother, have pity on me. Heaven grant I be mistaken, and that you may scold me; but the least thing that concerns you pierces me to the heart, and alarms my affection too much. Might I die a thousand times, provided you lived and were happy!

'I can say no more. Grief chokes me; and I can only repeat that your fate shall be mine; being, my dear Brother, your—WILHELMINA.'

What a shrill penetrating tone, like the wildly-weeping voice of Rachel; tragical, painful, gone quite to falsetto and above pitch; but with a melody in its dissonance like the singing of the stars. My poor shrill Wilhelmina!—

King to Wilhelmina (has not yet received the Above)

'Eilenburg, 17th October 1757.

'MY DEAREST SISTER,—What is the good of philosophy unless one employ it in the disagreeable moments of life? It is then, my dear Sister, that courage and firmness avail us.

'I am now in motion; and having once got into that, you may calculate I shall not think of sitting down again, except under improved omens. If outrage irritates even cowards, what will it do to hearts that have courage?

'I foresee I shall not be able to write again for perhaps six weeks: which fails not to be a sorrow to me: but I entreat you to be calm during these turbulent affairs, and to wait with patience the month of December; paying no regard to the Nürnberg Newspapers nor to those of the Reich, which are totally Austrian.

'I am tired as a dog (*comme un chien*). I embrace you with my whole heart; being with the most perfect affection (*tendresse*), my dearest Sister, your'—FRIEDRICH.

* * (*at some other hour, same place and day.*) '"No possibility of Peace," say your accounts' (Letter lost); '"the French won't hear my name mentioned." Well; from me they shall not farther. The way will be, to speak to them by action, so that they may repent their impertinences and pride.'[1]

The Haddick affair, after all the rumour about it, proved to be a very small matter. No Swede or Richelieu had dreamt of cöoperating; Haddick, in the end, scarce 4,000 with four cannon; General Rochow, Commandant of Berlin, with his small garrison, had not Haddick skilfully slidden through woods, and been so magnified by rumour, might have marched out, and beaten a couple of Haddicks. As it was, Haddick skilfully emerging, at the Silesian Gate of Berlin, 16th October, about eleven in the morning, demanded ransom of 300,000 thalers (45,000*l.*); was refused; began shooting on the poor palisades, on the poor drawbridge there; 'at the third shot brought down the drawbridge'; rushed into the suburb; and was not to be pushed out again by the weak party Rochow sent to try it. Rochow, ignorant of Haddick's force, marched off thereupon for Spandau with the Royal Family and effects; leaving Haddick master of the suburb, and Berlin to make its own bargain with him. Haddick, his Croats not to be quite kept from mischief, remained master of the suburb, minatory upon Berlin, for twelve hours or more: and after a good deal of bargaining,—ransom of 45,000*l.*, of 90,000*l.*, finally of 27,000*l.* and 'two-dozen pair of gloves to the Empress Queen,'—made off about five in the morning; wind of Moritz's advance adding wings to the speed of Haddick.'[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1, 308, 309, 310.

Moritz did arrive next evening (18th); but with his tired troops there was no catching of Haddick, now three marches ahead. Royal Family and effects returned from Spandau the day following; but in a day or two more, removed to Magdeburg till the Capital were safe from such affronts. Much grumbling against Rochow. 'What could I do? How could I know?' answered Rochow, whose eyesight indeed had been none of the best. Berlin smarts to the length of 27,000*l.* and an alarm; but asserts (not quite mythically, thinks Retzow), that 'the two-dozen pair of gloves were all gloves for the left hand,'—Berlin having wit, and a touch of *absinthe* in it, capable of such things! Friedrich heard the news at Annaburg, a march beyond Torgau; and there paused, again uncertain, for about a week coming; after which, he discovered that Leipzig would be the place; and returned thither, appointing a general rendezvous and concentration there.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 715-723 (Haddick's own Account, and the Berlin one).

Scene at Regensburg in the Interim

Just while Haddick was sliding swiftly through the woods, Berlin now nigh, there occurred a thing at Regensburg; tragic thing, but ending in farce,—Finale of *Reichs-Acht*, in short;—about which all Regensburg was loud, wailing or haha-ing according to humour; while Berlin was paying its ransom and left-hand gloves. One moment's pause upon this, though our haste is great.

'Reichs Diet had got its Ban of the Reich ready for Friedrich; *Citatio* (solemn Summons) and all else complete; nothing now wanted but to serve Citatio on him, or "insinuate" it into him, as their phrase is;—which latter essential point occasions some shaking of wigs. Dangerous, serving Citatio in that quarter: and by what art try to smuggle it into the hands of such a one? "Insinuate it here into his, Plotho's, hand; that is the method, and that will suffice!" say the wigs, and choose an unfortunate Reichs Notary, Dr. Aprill, to do it; who, in ponderous Chancery-style, gives the following affecting report,—wonderful, but intelligible (when abridged):

'Citatio' to come and receive your Ban,—a very solemn-sounding Document, commencing (or perhaps it is Aprill himself that so commences, no matter which), "In the Name of the Most High God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen,"—'was given, Wednesday 12th October, in the Year after Christ our dear Lord and Saviour's Birth, 1757 Years, To me Georgius Mathias Josephus Aprill, sworn Kaiserlich Notarius Publicus; In my Lodging, first-floor fronting south, in Jacob Virnrohr the Innkeeper's House here at Regensburg, called the Red-Star,' for insinuation into Plotho:

With which solemn Piece, Aprill proceeded next day, Thursday, half-past 2 P.M., to Plotho's dwelling-place, described with equal irrefragability; and, continues Aprill, 'did there, by a servant of the Herr Ambassador von Plotho's, announce myself; adding that I had something to say to his Excellency, if he would please to admit me. To which the Herr Ambassador by the same servant sent answer, that he was ill with a cold, and that I might speak to his Secretarius what I had to say.

But, as I replied that my message was to his Excellenz in person, the same servant came back with intimation that I might call again tomorrow at noon.'

Tomorrow, at the stroke of noon, Friday 14th October, Aprill punctually appears again, with recapitulation of the pledge given him yesterday; and is informed that he can walk up stairs. 'I proceeded thereupon, the servant going before, up one pair of stairs, or with the appurtenances (*Gezeugen*) rather more than one pair, into the Herr Ambassador Freiherr von Plotho's Ante-room; who, just as we were entering, stept in himself, through a side-door; in his dressing-gown, and with the words, "Speak now what you have to say."

'I thereupon slipt into his hand *Citatio Fiscalis,* and said'—said at first nothing, Potho avers; merely mumbled, looked like some poor caitiff, come with Law-papers on a trifling Suit we happen to have in the Courts here;—and only by degrees said (let us abridge; *Scene,* Aprill and Plotho, Ante-room in Regensburg, first-floor and rather higher):

Aprill. '"I have to give your Excellenz this Writing,"—(which privately, could your Excellenz guess it, is) "*Citatio Fiscalis* from the Reichstag, summoning his Majesty to show cause why Ban of the Reich should not pass upon him!" His Excellenz at first took the *Citatio* and adjuncts from me; and looking into them to see what they were, his Excellenz's face began to colour, and soon after to colour a little more, and on his looking attentively at *Citatio Fiscalis,* he broke into violent anger and rage, so that he could not stand still any longer; but with burning face, and both arms held aloft, rushed close to me, *Citatio* and adjuncts in his right hand, and broke-out in this form:

Plotho. '"What; insinuate (*insinuieren*), you scoundrel!"

Aprill. '"It is my Notarial Office; I must do it." In spite of which the Freiherr von Plotho fell on me with all rage; grasped me by the front of the cloak, and said:

Plotho. '"Take it back, wilt thou!" And as I resisted doing so, he stuck it in upon me, and shoved it down with all violence between my coat and waistcoat; and, still holding me by the cloak, called to the two servants who had been there, "Fling him down stairs!"—which they, being discreet fellows, and in no flurry, did not quite, nor needed quite to do ("Must, sir, you see, unless!"), and so forced me out of the house; Excellenz Plotho retiring through his Ante-room, and his Body-servant, who at first had been on the stairs, likewise disappearing as I got under way,'—and have to report, in such manner, to the Universe and Reichs Diet, with tears in my eyes.[1]

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[1] Preuss, ii. 397-401; in *Helden-Geschichte,* iv. 745-9, Plotho's Account.

What became of Reichs Ban after this, ask not. It fell dead by Friedrich's victories now at hand; rose again into life on Friedrich's misfortunes (August 1758), threatening to include George Second in it; upon which the *Corpus Evangelicorum* made some counter-mumblement; —and, I have heard, the French privately advised: 'Better drop it; these two Kings are capable of walking out of you, and dangerously kicking the table over as they go!'—Whereby it again fell dead, positively for the last time, and, in short, is worth no mention or remembrance more.

Corpus Evangelicorum had always been against Reichs Ban: a few Dissentients, or Half-Dissentients excepted,—as Mecklenburg wholly and with a will; foolish Anspach wholly; and the Anhalts haggling some dissent, and retracting it (why, I never knew);—for which Mecklenburg and the Anhalts, lying within clutch of one, had to repent bitterly in the years coming! Enough of all that.

The Haddick invasion, which had got its gloves, left-hand or not, and part of its road expenses, brought another consequence much more important on the *per-contra* side. The triumphing, *te-deum*-ing and jubilation over it,—'His Metropolis captured; Royal Family in flight!'—raised the Dauphiness Army, and especially Versailles, into such enthusiasm, that Dauphiness came bodily out (on order from Versailles); spread over the Country, plundering and insulting beyond example; got herself reinforced by a 15,000 from the Richelieu Army; crossed the Saale; determined on taking Leipzig, beating Friedrich, and I know not what. Keith, in Leipzig with a small Party, had summons from Soubise's vanguard (October 24th): Keith answered, He would burn the suburbs;—upon which, said vanguard, hearing of Friedrich's advent withal, took itself rapidly away. And Soubise and it would fain have recrossed Saale, I have understood, had not Versailles been peremptory.

In a word, Friedrich arrived at Leipzig October 26th; Ferdinand, Moritz and all the others coming or already come: and there is something great just at hand. Friedrich's stay in Leipzig was only four days. Cheering prospect of work now ahead here;—add to this, assurance from Preussen that Apraxin is fairly going home, and Lehwald coming to look after the Swedes. Were it not that there is bad news from Silesia, things generally are beginning to look up.

Of the hour spent on Gottsched, in these four days, we expressly take no notice farther; but there was another visit much less conspicuous, and infinitely more important: that of a certain Hanoverian Graf von Schulenburg, not in red or with plumes, like a Major-General as he was, but 'in the black suit of a Country Parson,'—coming, in that unnoticeable guise, to inform Friedrich officially, 'That the Hanoverians and Majesty of England have resolved to renounce the Convention of Kloster-Zeven; to bring their poor Stade Army into the field again; and do now request him, King Friedrich, to grant them Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick to be General of the same.'[1]

Here is an unnoticeable message, of very high moment indeed. To which Friedrich, already prepared, gives his cheerful consent; nominations and practicalities to follow, the instant these present hurries are over. Who it was that had prepared all this, whose suggestion it first was, Friedrich's, Mitchell's, George's, Pitt's, I do not know,—I cannot help suspecting Pitt; Pitt and Friedrich together. And certainly of all living men, Ferdinand,—related to the English and Prussian royalties, a soldier of approved excellence, and likewise a noble-minded, prudent, patient and invincibly valiant and steadfast man,—was, beyond comparison, the fittest for this office. Pitt is now fairly in power; and perceives,—such Pitt's originality of view,—that an Army *with* a Captain to it may differ beautifully from one without. And in fact we may take this as the first twitch at the reins, on Pitt's part; whose delicate strong hand, all England running to it with one heart, will be felt at the ends of the earth before many months go. To the great and unexpected joy of

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[1] Mauvillon, i. 256; Westphalen, i. 315: indistinct both, and with slight variations. Mitchell Papers (in British Museum), likewise indistinct: Additional MSS. 6815, pp. 96 and 108 ('Lord Holderness to Mitchell,' doubtless on Pitt's instigation, '10th October 1757,' is the *beginning* of it,—two days before Royal Highness got home from Stade); see *ib.* 6806, pp. 241-252.

Friedrich, for one. 'England has taken long to produce a great man,' he said to Mitchell; 'but here is one at last!'

CHAPTER VIII

BATTLE OF ROSSBACH

Friedrich left Leipzig Sunday October 30th; encamped, that night, on the famous Field of Lützen; with the vanguard, he (as usual, and Mayer with him, who did some brisk smiting-home of what French there were); Keith and Duke Ferdinand following, with main body and rear.

Movements on the Soubise-Hildburghausen part are all retrograde again;—can Dauphiness Bellona do nothing, then, except shuttle forwards and then backwards according to Friedrich's absence or presence? The Soubise-Hildburghausen Army does immediately withdraw on this occasion, as on the former; and makes for the safe side of the Saale again, rapidly retreating before Friedrich, who is not above one to two of them,—more like one to three, now that Broglio's Detachment is come to hand. Broglio got to Merseburg October 26th,—guess 15,000 strong;—considerably out of repair, and glad to have done with such a march, and be within reach of Soubise. This is the Second Son of our old Blusterous Friend; a man who came to some mark, and to a great deal of trouble, in this War; and ended, readers know how, at the Siege of the Bastille thirty-two years afterwards!

So soon as rested, Broglio, by order, moves leftwards to Halle, to guard Saale Bridge there; Soubise himself edging after him to Merseburg, on a similar errand; and leaving Hildburghausen to take charge of Weissenfels and the Third Saale Bridge.* That is Dauphiness's posture while Friedrich encamps at Lützen:—let impatient human nature fix these three places for itself, and hasten to the catastrophe of wretched Dauphiness. Soubise, it ought to be remembered, is not in the highest spirits; but his Officers in over-high, 'Doing this *petit Marquis de Brandebourg* the honour to have a kind of War with him (*de lui faire une espèce de guerre*),' as they term it. Being puffed-up with general vanity, and the newspaper rumour about Haddick's feat,—which, like the gloves it got, is going all to left-hand in this way. Hildburghausen and the others overrule Soubise; and indeed there is no remedy; 'Provision almost out;—how retreat to our magazines and our fastnesses, with Friedrich once across Saale, and sticking to the skirts of us?' Here, from eyewitnesses where possible, are the successive steps of Dauphiness towards her doom, which is famous in the world ever since.

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* Plan, end of vol.

'Monday 31st October 1757,' as the Town-Syndic of Weissenfels records, 'about eight in the morning,[1] the King of Prussia, with his whole Army' (or what seemed to us the whole, though it was but a half; Keith with the other half being within reach to northward, marching Merseburg way), 'came before this Town.' Has been here before; as Keith has, as Soubise and others have: a town much agitated lately by transit of troops. It was from the eastern, or high landward side, where the so-called Castle is, that Friedrich came: Castle built originally on some 'White Crag (*Weisse Fels*,' not now conspicuous), from which the town and whilom Duchy take their name.

'We have often heard of Weissenfels, while the poor old drunken Duke lived, who used to be a Suitor of Wilhelmina's, liable to hard usage; and have marched through it, with the Salzburgers, in peaceable times. A solid pleasant-enough little place (6,000 souls or so); lies leant against high ground (White Crags, or whatever it once was) on the eastern or right bank of the Saale; a Town in part flat, in part very steep; the streets of it, or main street and secondaries, running off level enough from the River and Bridge; rising by slow degrees, but at last rapidly against the high ground or cliffs, just mentioned; a stiff acclivity of streets, till crowned by the so-called Castle, the "Augustus Burg" in those days, the "Friedrich-Wilhelm Barrack" in ours. It was on this crown of the cliffs that his Prussian Majesty appeared.

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[1] Müller, *Schlacht bei Rossbach* ('a Centenary Piece,' Berlin, 1857,—containing several curious extracts), p. 44; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 643, 651-668.

'Saale is of good breadth here; has done perhaps two hundred miles, since he started, in the Fichtelgebirge (*Pine Mountains*), on his long course Elbe-ward; received, only ten miles ago, his last big branch, the wide-wandering Unstrut, coming-in with much drainage from the northern parts:—in breadth, Saale may be compared to Thames, to Tay or Beauly; his depth not fordable, though nothing like so deep as Thames's; main cargo visible is rafts of timber: banks green, definite, scant of wood: river of rather dark complexion, mainly noiseless, but of useful pleasant qualities otherwise.'

From this Castle or landward side come Friedrich and his Prussians, on Monday morning about eight. 'The garrison, some 4,000 Reichs folk and a French Battalion or two, shut the Gates, and assembled in the Market-place,'—a big square, close at the foot of the Heights; 'on the other hand, from the top of the Heights' (*Klammerk* the particular spot), 'the Prussians cannonaded Town and Gates; to speedy bursting-open of the same; and rushed in over the walls of the Castle-court, and by other openings into the Town: so that the garrison above-said had to quit, and roll with all speed across the Saale Bridge, and set the same on fire behind them.' This was their remedy for all the Three Bridges, when attacked; but it succeeded nowhere so well as here.

'The fire was of extreme rapidity; prepared beforehand': Bridge all of dry wood coated with pitch;—'fire reinforced too, in view of such event, by all the suet, lard and oleaginous matter the Garrison could find in Weissenfels; some hundredweights of tallow-dips, for one item, going up on this occasion.' Bridge, 'worth 100,000 thalers,' is instantly ablaze: some 400 finding the Bridge so flamy, and the Prussians at their skirts, were obliged to surrender;—Feldmarschall Hildburghausen, sleeping about two miles off, gets himself awakened in this unpleasant manner. Flying garrison halt on the other side of the River, where the rest of their Army is; plant cannon there against quenching of the Bridge; and so keep firing, answered by the Prussians, with much noise and no great mischief, till 3 P.M., when the Bridge is quite gone (Tollkeeper's Lodge and all), and the enterprise of crossing there had plainly become impossible.

Friedrich quickly, about a mile farther down the River, has picked-out another crossing-place, in the interim, and founded some new adequate plank or raft bridge there; which, by diligence all night, will be crossable tomorrow. So that, except for amusing the enemy, the cannonading may cease at Weissenfels. A certain Duc de Crillon, in command at this Weissenfels Bridge-burning and cannonade, has a chivalrous Anecdote (amounting nearly to zero when well examined) about saving or sparing Friedrich's life on this interesting occasion: How, being now on the safe side of the River, he Crillon with his staff taking some refection of breakfast after the furious flurry there had been; there came to him one of his Artillery Captains, stationed in an Island in the River, asking, 'Shall I shoot the King of Prussia, Monseigneur? He is down reconnoitering his end of the Bridge: sha'n't I, then?' To whom Crillon gives a glass of wine and smilingly magnanimous answer to a negative effect.[1] Concerning which, one has to remark, Not only, *first*, that the Artillery Captain's power of seeing Friedrich (which is itself uncertain) would indeed mean the power of aiming at him, but differs immensely from that of hitting him with shot; so that this 'Shall I kill the King?' was mainly thrasonic wind from Captain Bertin. But *secondly*, that there is no 'Island' in the River thereabouts, for Captain Bertin to fire from! So that probably the whole story is wind or little more: dreamlike, or at best some idle thrasonic-theoretic question, on the part of Bertin; proper answer thereto (consisting mainly of a glass of wine) from Monseigneur:—all which, on retrospection, Monseigneur feels, or would fain feel, to have been not theoretic-thrasonic but practical, and of a rather godlike nature. Zero mainly, as we said; Friedrich thanks you for zero, Monseigneur.

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[1] '*Mémoires militaires de Louis, etc., Duc de Crillon* (Paris, 1791), p. 166';—as cited by Preuss, ii. 88.

'The Prussians were billeted in the Town that night,' says our Syndic; 'and in many a house there came to be twenty men, and even thirty and above it, lodged. All was quiet through the night; the French and the Reichs folk were drawn back upon the higher grounds, about Burgwerben and on to Tagwerben;* and we saw their watchfires burning.' Friedrich's Bridge meanwhile, unmolested by the enemy, is getting ready.

Keith, looking across to Merseburg on the morrow morning (Tuesday Nov. 1st), whither he had marched direct with the other Half of the Army, finds Merseburg Bridge destroyed, or broken; and Soubise with batteries on the farther side, intending to dispute the passage. Keith despatches Duke Ferdinand to Halle, another twelve miles down, who finds Halle Bridge destroyed in like manner, and Broglio intending to dispute; which, however, on second thoughts, neither of them did. Friedrich's new Bridge at Herren-Mühle (*Lordships' Mill*) is of course an important point to them; Friedrich's passage now past dispute! 'Let us fall back,' say they, 'and rank ourselves a little; we are 50 or 60,000 strong; ill-off for provisions; but well able to retreat; and have permission to fight on this side of the River.'

The combined Army, 'Dauphiness,' or whatever we are to call it, does on Wednesday morning (November 2d) gather-in its cannon and outskirts, and give-up the Saale question; retire landwards to the higher grounds some miles; and dilligently get itself united, and into order of battle better or worse, near the Village of Mücheln (which means Kirk *Michael*, and is still written '*Sanct Michel*' by some on this occasion). There Dauphiness takes post, leaning on the heights, not in a very scientific way; leaving Keith and Ferdinand to rebuild their Bridges unmolested, and all Prussians to come across at discretion. Which they have diligently done (2d-3d November), by their respective Bridges; and on Thursday afternoon are all across, encamped at Bedra, in close neighbourhood to Mücheln; which Friedrich has been out reconnoitering, and finds that he can attack next morning very early.

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* Sketch of Plan, end of vol.

Next morning, accordingly, 'by 2 o'clock, with a bright moon shining,' Friedrich is on horseback, his Army following. But on examining by moonlight, the enemy have shifted their position; turned on their axis, more or less, into new wood-patches, new batteries and bogs; which has greatly mended their affair. No good attacking them so, thinks Friedrich; and returns to his Camp; slightly cannonaded, one wing of him, from some battery of the enemy; and immoderately crowed-over by them: 'Dare not, you see! Tried, and was defeated!' cry their newspapers and they,—for one day. Friedrich lodges again in Bedra this night, others say in Rossbach; shifts his own Camp a little; left wing of it now at Rossbach (*Horse-Brook*, or *Beck*, soon to be a world-famous Hamlet): the effects of hunger on the Dauphiness, so far from her supplies, will, he calculates, be stronger than on him, and will bring her to better terms shortly. Dauphiness needs bread; one may have fine clipping at the skirts of her, if she try retreat That Dauphiness would play the prank she did next morning, Friedrich had not ventured to calculate.

Catastrophe of Dauphiness (Saturday 5th November 1757)

Meandering Saale is on one of his big turns, as he passes Weissenfels; turning, pretty rapidly here, from south-eastward, which he was a dozen miles ago, round to north-eastward again or northward altogether, which he gets to be at Merseburg, a dozen farther down. Right across from Weissenfels, lapped in this crook of the Saale, or washed by it on south side and on east, rises, with extreme laziness, a dull circular lump of country, six or eight miles in diameter; with

Rossbach and half-a-dozen other scraggy sleepy Hamlets scattered on it;—which, till the morning of Saturday 5th November 1757, had not been notable to any visitor. The topmost point or points, for there are two (not discoverable except by tradition and guess), the country people do call Hills *Janus-Hügel*, *Pölzen-Hügel*,—Hill sensible to wagon-horses, in those bad loose tracks of sandy mud, but unimpressive on the Tourist, who has to admit that there seldom was so flat a Hill. Rising, let us guess, forty yards in the three or four miles it has had. Might be called a perceptibly potbellied plain, with more propriety; flat country, slightly puffed-up;—in shape not steeper than the mould of an immense tea-saucer would be. Tea-saucer 6 miles in diameter, 100 feet in depth, and of irregular contour, which indeed will sufficiently represent it to the reader's mind.

Saale, at four or five miles distance, bounds this scraggy lump on the east and on the south. Westward and northward, springing about Mücheln on each hand, and setting off to right and to left Saale-ward, are what we take to be two brooks; at least are two hollows: and behind these, the country rises higher; undulating still on lazy terms, but now painted azure by the distance, not unpleasant to behold, with its litter all lapped out of sight, and its poor brooks tinkling forward (as we judge) into the Saale, Merseburg way, or reverse-wise into the Unstrut, the last big branch of Saale. Southward from our Janus Height, eight or nine miles off, may be seen some vestige of Freiburg; steeple or gilt weathercock faintly visible, on the Unstrut yonder;—which I take to be Soubise's bread-basket at present. And farther off, and opposite the *mouth* of the Unstrut, well across the Saale, lies another nameable Town (visible in clear weather, as a smoke-cloud at certain hours, about meal-time, when the kettles are on boil), the Town of Naumburg,—one of several German Naumburgs,—the Naumburg of Gustaf Adolf; where his slain body lay, on the night of Lützen Battle, with his poor Queen and others weeping over it. Naumburg is on the other side of Saale, not of importance to Soubise in such posture.

This is the circular block, or lump of country, on the north or north-west side of which Friedrich now lies, and which will become, he little thinks how memorable on the morrow. Over the heights, immediately eastward of Friedrich, there is a kind of hollow, or scooped-out place; shallow valley of some extent, which deserves notice against tomorrow: but in general the ground is lazily spherical, and without noticeable hollows or valleys when fairly away from the River. A dull blunt lump of country; made of sand and mud,—may have been grassy once, with broom on it, in the pastoral times; is now under poor plough-husbandry, arable or scratchable in all parts, and looks rather miserable in winter-time. No vestige of hedge on it, of shrub or bush; one tree, ugly but big, which may have been alive in Friedrich's time, stands not far from Rossbach Hamlet; one, and no more, discoverable in these areas.

Various Hamlets lie sprinkled about: very sleepy, rusty, irregular little places; huts and cattle-stalls huddled down, as if shaken from a bag; much straw, thick thatch and crumbly mud-brick; but looking warm and peaceable, for the Fourfooted and the Twofooted; which latter, if you speak to them, are solid reasonable people, with energetic German eyes and hearts, though so ill-lodged. These Hamlets, needing shelter and spring-water, stand generally in some slight hollow, if well up the Height, as Rossbach is; sometimes, if near the bottom, they are nestled in a sudden dell or gash,—work of the primeval rains, accumulating from above, and ploughing-out their way. The rains, we can see, have been busy; but there is seldom the least stream visible, bottom being too sandy and porous. On the western slope, there is in our time a kind of coal, or coal-dust, dug up; in the way of quarrying, not of mining; and one or two big chasms of this sort are confusedly busy: the natives mix this valuable coal-dust with water, mould it into bricks, and so use as fuel: one of the features of these hamlets is the strange black bricks, standing on edge about the cottage-doors, to drip, and dry in the sun. For this or for other reasons, the westward slope appears to be the best; and has a major share of hamlets on it: Rossbach is high up, and looks over upon Mücheln, and its dim belfry and appurtenances, which lie safe across the hollow, perhaps two miles off,—safe from Friedrich, if there were eatables and lodging to be had in such a place. Friedrich's left wing is in Rossbach. Bedra where Friedrich's right wing is; Branderode where the Soubise right is; then Gröst, Schevenroda, Zeuchfeld, Pettstädt, Lunstädt,—especially Reichartswerben, where Soubise's right will come to be: these the reader may take note of in his Map. Several of them lie in ashes just then; plundered, re-plundered, and at last set fire to; so busy have Soubise's hungry people been, of late, in the Country they came to 'deliver.' The Freiburg road, the Naumburg road, both towards Merseburg, cross this Height; straight like the string, Saale by Weissenfels being the bow.

The *Herrenhaus* (Squire's Mansion) still stands in Rossbach, with the littery Hamlet at its flank: a high, pavilion-roofed, and though dilapidated, pretentious kind of House; some kind of court round it, some kind of hedge or screen of brushwood and brickwall: terribly in need of the besom, it and its environment throughout. King, I suppose, did lodge there overnight. certain it is the Squire was absent; and the Squire's Man, three days afterwards, reported to him as follows: * * * 'Saturday the 5th, about 8 A.M., his Majesty mounted to the roof of the Herrenhaus here, some tiles having been removed' (for that end, or by accident, is not said), 'and saw how the French and Reichs Army were getting in movement,'—wriggling out of their Camp leftwards, evidently aiming towards Gröst. 'In about an hour, near half their Army was through Gröst, and had turned southward, rather south-eastward, from Gröst, out in the Rossbach and Almsdorf region, and proceeding still towards Pettstädt,'—towards Schevenroda more precisely, not towards Pettstädt yet. 'His Majesty looked always through the perspective: and to me was the grace done to be ever at his side, and to name for him the roads the French and Reichs Army was marching.'[1]

The King had heard of this phenomenon hours before, and had sent out hussars and scouts upon it; but now sees it with his eyes:—'Going for Freiburg, and their bread-cupboard,' thinks the King; who does not as yet make much of the movement; but will watch it well, and calculates to have a stroke at the rear end of it, in due season. With which view, the cavalry, Seidlitz and Mayer, are ordered to saddle; foot regiments, and all else, to be in readiness. This French-Reichs Dauphiness is not rapid in her field-exercise; and has a great deal of wriggling and unwinding before she can fairly pick herself out, and get forward towards Schevenroda on the Freiburg road. In three or in two parallel columns, artillery between them, horse ahead, horse arear; haggling alone there;—making for their bread-baskets, thinks the King. A body of French, horse chiefly, under St. Germain, come out, in the Schortau-Almsdorf part, with some salvoing and prancing, as if intending to attack about Rossbach, where our left wing is: but his Majesty sees it to be a pretence merely; and St. Germain, motionless, and doing nothing but cannonade a little, seems to agree that it is so. Dauphiness continues her slow movements; King, in this Squire's Mansion of Rossbach, sits down to dinner, dinner with Officers at the usual hour of noon,—little dreaming what the Dauphiness has in her head.

Truth is, the Dauphiness is in exultant spirits, this morning; intending great things against a certain 'little Marquis of Brandenburg,' to whom one does so much honour. Generals looking down yesterday on the King of Prussia's Camp, able to count every man in it (and half the men being invisible, owing to bends of the ground), counted him to 10,000 or so; and had said, 'Pshaw, are not we above 50,000; let us end

[1] Müller, p. 50; Rödenbeck. p. 326.

it! Take him on his left. Round yonder, till we get upon his left, and even upon his rear withal, St. Germain coöperating on the other side of him: on left, on rear, on front, at the same moment, is not that a sure game?' A very ticklish game, answers surly sagacious Lloyd: 'No general will permit himself to be taken in flank with his eyes open; and the King of Prussia is the unlikeliest you could try it with!'

Trying it meanwhile they are; marching along by the low grounds here, intending to sweep gradually leftwards towards Janus-Hill quarter; there to sweep home upon him, coil him up, left and rear and front, in their boa-constrictor folds, and end his trifle of an Army and him. 'Why not, if we do our duty at all, annihilate his trifle of an Army; take himself prisoner, and so end it?' Report says, Soubise had really, in some moment of enthusiasm lately, warned the Versailles populations to expect such a thing; and that the Duchess of Orleans, forgetful of poor King Louis's presence, had in *her* enthusiasm, exclaimed: '*Tant mieux*, I shall at last see a King, then!' But perhaps it is a mere French epigram, such as the winds often generate there, and put down for fact.—Friedrich's retreat to Weissenfels is cut-off for Friedrich: an Austrian party has been at the Herren-Mühle Bridge this morning, has torn it up and pitched it into the river; planks far on to Merseburg by this time. And, in fact, unless Friedrich be nimble—But that he usually is.

Friedrich's dinner had gone on with deliberation for about two hours, Friedrich's intentions not yet known to any, but everybody, great and small, waiting eagerly for them, like greyhounds on the slip,—when Adjutant Gaudi, who had been on the Housetop the while, rushes into the Dining-room faster than he ought, and, with some tremor in his voice and eyes, reports hastily: 'At Schevenroda, at Pettstädt yonder! Enemy has turned to left. Clearly for the left.'—'Well, and if he do? No flurry needed, Captain!' answered Friedrich,—(*not* in these precise words; but rebuking Gaudi, with a look not of laughter wholly, and with a certain question, as to the state of Gaudi's stomachic part, which is still known in traditionary circles, but is not mentionable here);—and went, with due gravity, himself to the roof, with his Officers. 'To the left, sure enough; meaning to attack us there': the thing Friedrich had despaired of is voluntarily coming, then; —and it is a thing of stern qualities withal; a wager of life, with glorious possibilities behind.

Friedrich earnestly surveys the phenomenon for some minutes; in some minutes, Friedrich sees his way through it, at least into it, and how he will do it. Off, eastward; march! Swift are his orders; almost still swifter the fulfilment of them. Prussian Army is a nimble article in comparison with Dauphiness! In half an hour's time, all is packed and to the road; and, except Mayer and certain Free-Corps or Light-Horse, to amuse St. Germain and his Almsdorf people, there is not a Prussian visible in these localities to French eyes. 'At half-past two,' says the Squire's Man,—or let us take him a sentence earlier, to lose nothing of such a Document: 'At noon his Majesty took dinner; sat till about two o'clock; then again went to the roof; and perceived that the Enemy's Army at Pettstädt were turning about the little Wood there north-eastward, as if for Lunstädt' (into the Lunstädt road);—'such cannonading too,' from those Almsdorf people, 'that the balls flew over our heads,' —or I tremulously thought so. At half-past two, the word was given, March! And good speed they made about it, in this Herrenhaus, and out of doors too, striking their tents, and cording-up and trimly shouldering everything with incredible brevity,' as if machinery were doing it; 'and at three, on the Prussian part, all was packed and out into the court for being carried off; and, in fact, the Prussian Army was on march at three.' Seidlitz, with all his Horse, vanishing round the corner of the Height; speeding along, invisible on his northern slope there, straight for the Janus-Pölzen Hill part; the Infantry following, double-quick;—well knowing, each, what he has got to do.

But at this interesting point, the Editors,—small thanks to them, authentic but thrice-stupid mortals,—cut short our Eye-witness, not so much as telling us his name, some of them not even his date or whereabouts; and so the curtain tumbles down (as if its string had been cut, or suddenly eaten by unwise animals), and we are left to grey hubbub, and our own resources at secondhand. Except only that a French Officer,—one of those cannonading from Almsdorf, no doubt,—declares that 'it was like a change of scene in the Opera (*décoration d'Opéra*),[1] so very rapid; and that 'they all rolled-off eastward at quick time.' At extremely quick time;—and soon, in the slight hollow behind Janus Hügel, vanished from sight of these Almsdorf French, and of the Soubise-Hildburghausen Army in general. Which latter is agreeably surprised at the phenomenon; and draws a highly flattering conclusion from it. 'Gone, then; off at double-quick for Merseburg; aha!' think the Soubise-Hildburghausen people: 'Double-quick you too, my pretty men, lest they do whisk away, and we never get a stroke at them!'—

Seidlitz meanwhile, with his cavalry (thirty-eight squadrons, about 4,000 horse), is rapidly doing the order he has had. Seidlitz at a sharp military trot, and the infantry at double-quick to keep-up near him, which they cannot quite do, are, as we have said, making right across for the Pölzen-Hill and Janus-Hill quarter; their route the string, French route the bow; and are invisible to the French, owing to the heights between. Seidlitz, when he gets to the proper point eastward, will wheel about, front to southward, and be our left wing; infantry, as centre and right, will appear in like manner; and—we shall see!

The exultant Dauphiness, or Soubise-Hildburghausen Army (let us call it, for brevity's sake, Dauphiness or French, which it mainly was), on that rapid disappearance of the Prussians, never doubted but the Prussians were off on flight for Merseburg, to get across by the Bridge there. Whereat Dauphiness, doubly exultant, mended her own pace, cavalry at a sharp trot, infantry double-quick, but unable to keep up,—for the purpose of capturing or intercepting the runaway Prussians. Speed, my friends,—if you would do a stroke upon Friedrich, and show the Versailles people a King at last! Thus they, hurrying on, in two parallel columns,—infantry, long floods of it, coming double-quick but somewhat fallen behind; cavalry 7,000 or so, as vanguard,—faster and faster; sweeping forward on their southern side of the Janus-and-Pölzen slope, and now rather climbing the same.

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[1] Letter in *Müller*, p. 60. In *Westphalen* (ii. 128-133) is a much superior French Letter, intercepted somewhere, and fallen to Duke Ferdinand; well worth reading, on Rossbach and the previous Affairs.

Seidlitz has his hussar pickets on the top, to keep him informed as to their motions, and how far they are got. Seidlitz, invisible on the south slope of the Pölzen Hügel, finds about half-past three P.M. that he is now fairly ahead of Dauphiness; Seidlitz halts, wheels, comes to the top, 'Got the flank of them, sure enough!'—and without waiting signal or farther orders, every instant being precious, rapidly forms himself; and plunges down on these poor people. 'Compact as a wall, and with an incredible velocity (*d'une vitesse incroyable*),' says one of them. Figure the astonishment of Dauphiness; of poor Broglio, who commands the horse here. Taken in flank, instead of taking other people; intercepted, not in the least needing to intercept! Has no time to form, though he tried what he could. Only the two Austrian regiments got completely formed; the rest very incompletely; and Seidlitz, in the blaze of rapid steel, is in upon them. The two Austrian regiments, and two French that are named, made what debate was feasible;—courage nowise wanting, in such sad want of captaincy; nay, Soubise in person galloped into it, if that could have helped. But from the first, the matter was hopeless; Seidlitz slashing it at such a rate, and plunging through it and again through it, thrice, some say four times: so that, in the space of half an hour, this luckless cavalry was all tumbling off the ground; plunging down-hill, in full flight, across his own infantry or whatever obstacle, Seidlitz on the hips of it; and galloping madly over the horizon, towards Freiburg as it proved; and was not again heard of that day.

In about half an hour that bit of work was over; and Seidlitz, with his ranks trimmed again, had drawn himself southward a little, into the Hollow of Tageswerben, there to wait impending phenomena. For Friedrich with the Infantry is now emerging over Janus Hill, in a highly thunderous manner,—eighteen pieces of artillery going, and 'four big guns taken from the walls of Leipzig'; and there will be events anon. It is said, Hildburghausen, at the first glimpse of Friedrich over the hill-top, whispered to Soubise, 'We are lost, Royal Highness!'—'Courage!' Soubise would answer; and both, let us hope, did their utmost in this extremely bad predicament they had got into.

Friedrich's artillery goes at a murderous rate; had come in view, over the hill-top, before Seidlitz ended,—'nothing but the muzzles of it visible' (and the fire-torrents from it) to us poor French below. Friedrich's lines; or rather his one line, mere tip of his left wing,—only seven battalions in it, five of them under Keith from the second or reserve line; whole centre and right wing standing 'refused' in oblique rank, invisible, *behind* the Hill,—Friedrich's line, we say, the artillery to its right, shoots-out in mysterious Prussian rhythm, in echelons, in potences, obliquely down the Janus-Hill side; straight, rigid, regular as iron clockwork; and strides towards us, silent, with the lightning sleeping in it:—Friedrich has got the flank of Dauphiness, and means to keep it. Once and again and a third time, poor Soubise, with his poor regiments much in an imbroglio, here heaped on one another, there with wide gaps, halt being so sudden,—attempts to recover the flank, and pushes-out this regiment and the other, rightward, to be even with Friedrich. But sees with despair that it cannot be; that Friedrich with his echelons, potences and mysterious Prussian resources, pulls himself out like the pieces of a prospect-glass, piece after piece, hopelessly fast and seemingly no end to them; and that the flank is lost, and that—Unhappy Generals of Dauphiness, what a phenomenon for them! A terrible Friedrich, not fled to Merseburg at all; but mounted there on the Janus Hill, as on his saddle-horse, with face quite the other way;—and for holster-pistol, has plucked out twenty-two cannon. Clad verily in fire; Chimæra-like, *riding* the Janus Hill, in that manner; left leg (or wing) of him spurning us into the abysses, right one ready to help at discretion!

Hildburghausen, I will hope, does his utmost; Soubise, Broglio, for certain do. The French line is in front, next the Prussians: poor Generals of Dauphiness are panting to retrieve themselves. But with regiments jammed in this astonishing way, and got collectively into the lion's throat, what can be done? Steady, rigid as iron clockwork, the Prussian line strides forward; at forty-paces distance delivers its first shock of lightning, bursts into platoon fire; and so continues, steady at the rate of five shots a minute,—hard to endure by poor masses all in a coil. 'The artillery tore-down whole ranks of us,' says the Würtemberg Dragoon;[1] 'the Prussian musketry did terrible execution.'

Things began to waver very soon, French reeling back from the Prussian fire, Reichs troops rocking very uneasy, torn by such artillery; when, to crown the matter, Seidlitz, seeing all things rock to the due extent, bursts out of Tageswerben Hollow, terribly compact and furious, upon the rear of them. Which sets all things into inextricable tumble; and the Battle is become a rout and a riding into ruin, no Battle ever more. Lasted twenty-five minutes, this second act of it, or till half-past four: after which, the curtains rapidly descending (Night's curtain, were there no other) cover the remainder; the only stage-direction, *Exeunt Omnes.* Which for a 50 or 60,000, ridden-over by Seidlitz Horse, was not quite an easy matter! They left, of killed and wounded, near 3,000; of prisoners, 5,000 (Generals among them 8, Officers 300): in sum, about 8,000; not to mention cannon, 67 or 72; with standards, flags, kettledrums and meaner baggages *ad libitum* in a manner. The Prussian loss was, 165 killed, 376 wounded;—between a sixteenth and a fifteenth part of theirs: in number the Prussians had been little more than one to three; 22,000 of all arms,—not above half of whom ever came into the fire; Seidlitz and seven battalions doing all the fighting that was needed. St. Germain tried to cover the retreat; but 'got broken,' he says,—Mayer bursting-in on him,—and soon went to slush like the others.

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[1] His Letter in *Müller*, p. 83.

Seldom, almost never, not even at Crecy or Poictiers, was any Army better beaten. And truly, we must say, seldom did any better deserve it, so far as the Chief Parties went. Yes, Messieurs, this is the *petit Marquis de Brandebourg*; you will know this one, when you meet him again! The flight, the French part of it, was towards Freiburg Bridge; in full gallop, long after the chase had ceased; crossing of the Unstrut there, hoarse, many-voiced, all night; burning of the Bridge; found burnt, when Friedrich arrived next morning. He had encamped at Obschütz, short way from the field itself. French Army, Reichs Army, all was gone to staves, to utter chaotic wreck. Hildburghausen went by Naumburg; crossed the Saale there; bent homewards through the Weimar Country; one wild flood of ruin, swift as it could go; at Erfurt 'only one regiment was in rank, and marched through with drums beating.' His Army, which had been disgustingly unhappy from the first, and was now fallen fluid on these mad terms, flowed all away in different rills, each by the course straightest home; and Hildburghausen arriving at Bamberg, with hardly the ghost or mutilated skeleton of an Army, flung down his truncheon,—'A murrain on your Reichs Armies and regimental chaoses!'—and went indignantly home. Reichs Army had to begin at the beginning again; and did not reappear on the scene till late next Year, under a new Commander, and with slightly improved conditions.

Dauphiness Proper was in no better case; and would have flowed home in like manner, had not home been so far, and the way unknown. Twelve thousand of them rushed straggling through the Eichsfeld; plundering and harrying, like Cossacks or Calmucks: 'Army blown asunder, over a circle of forty-miles radius,' writes St. Germain: 'had the Enemy pursued us, after I got broken' (burst-in upon by Mayer and his Free-Corps people), 'we had been annihilated. Never did Army behave worse; the first cannon-salvo decided our rout and our shame.'[1]

In two-days time (November 7th), the French had got to Langensalza, fifty-five miles from the Battlefield of Rossbach; plundering, running, *sacre-dieu*-ing; a wild deluge of molten wreck, filling the Eichsfeld with its waste noises, making night hideous and day too;—in the villages Placards were stuck-up, appointing Nordhausen and Heiligenstadt for rallying-place.[2]

Soubise rode, with few attendants, all night towards Nordhausen,—eighty miles off, foot of the Brocken Country, where the Richelieu resources are;—Soubise with few attendants, face set towards the Brocken; himself, it is like, in a somewhat hag-ridden condition.

'The joy of poor Teutschland at large,' says one of my Notes, 'and how all Germans, Prussian and Anti-Prussian alike, flung-up their caps, with unanimous *Lebe-hoch,* at the news of Rossbach, has often been remarked; and indeed is still almost touching to see. The perhaps bravest Nation in the world, though the least braggart, very certainly *ein tapferes Volk* (as their Goethe calls them); so long insulted, snubbed and trampled-on, by a luckier, not a braver:—has not your exultant Dauphiness got a beautiful little dose administered her; and is gone off in foul shrieks, and pangs of the interior,—let no man ask whitherward! "*Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit* (Can a German possibly have sharpness of wits)?" Well, yes, it would seem: here is one German graduate who understands his medicine-chest, and the quality of patients!—Dauphiness got no pity anywhere; plenty of epigrams, and mostly nothing but laughter even in Paris itself. Napoleon long after, who much admires Friedrich, finds that this Victory of Rossbach was inevitable; "but what fills me with astonishment and shame," adds he, "is that it was gained by six battalions and thirty squadrons" (seven properly, and thirty-eight) "over such a multitude!"[1]—It is well known, Napoleon, after Jena, as if Jena had not been enough for him, tore-down the first Monument of Rossbach, some poor ashlar Pyramid or Pillar, raised by the neighbourhood, with nothing more afflictive inscribed on it than a date; and sent it off in carts for Paris (where no stone of it ever arrived, the Thüringen carmen slinking-off, and leaving it scattered in different places over the face of Thüringen in general); so that they had the trouble of a new one lately.'[2]

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[1] St Germain to Verney: different Excerpts of Letters in the two weeks after Rossbach and before (given in Preuss, ii. 97).

[2] Müller, p. 73.

From Friedrich the 'Army of the Circles,' that is, Dauphiness and Company,—called *Hoop*ers or 'Coopers' (*Tonneliers*), with a desperate attempt at wit by pun,—get their Adieu in words withal. This is the famed *Congé de l'Armée des Cercles et des Tonneliers*; a short metrical Piece; called by Editors the most profane, most indecent, most etc.; and printed with asterisk veils thrown over the worst passages. Who shall dare, searching and rummaging for insight into Friedrich, and complaining that there is none, to lift any portion of the veil; and say, 'See—Faugh!' The cynicism, truly, but also the irrepressible honest exultation, has a kind of epic completeness, and fulness of sincerity; and, at bottom, the thing is nothing like so wicked as careless commentators have given out. Dare to look a little:

'*Adieu, grands écraseurs de rois*,' so it starts: 'Adieu, grand crushers of Kings; arrogant windbags, Turpin, Broglio, Soubise,—Hildburghausen with the grey beard, foolish still as when your beard was black in the Turk-War time:—brisk journey to you all!' That is the first stanza; unexceptionable, had we room. The second stanza is,—with the veils partially lifted; with probably '*Moïse*' put into the first blank, and into the third something of or belonging to '*César*,'—

'*Je vous ai vu comme* . . .
Dans des ronces en certain lieu
Eut l'honneur de voir . . .
Ou comme au gré de sa luxure
Le bon Nicomède à l'écart
Aiguillonnait sa flamme impure
Des . . . . .

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[1] Montholon, *Mémoires etc. de Napoléon* (Napoleon's *Précis des Guerres de Frédéric II.* vii. 210).

[2] Rödenbeck, *Beyträge*, i. 299; *ib.* p. 385, Lithograph of the poor extinct Monument itself.

Enough to say, the Author, with a wild burst of spiritual enthusiasm, sings the charms of the rearward part of certain men; and what a royal ecstatic felicity there sometimes is in indisputable survey of the same. He rises to the heights of Anti-Biblical profanity, quoting Moses on the Hill of Vision; sinks to the bottomless of human or ultra-human depravity, quoting King Nicomedes's experiences on Cæsar (happily known only to the learned); and, in brief, recognises that there is, on occasion, considerable beauty in that quarter of the human figure, when it turns on you opportunely. A most cynical, profane affair: yet, we must say by way of parenthesis, one which gives no countenance to Voltaire's atrocities of rumour about Friedrich himself in this matter; the reverse rather, if well read; being altogether theoretic, scientific; sings with gusto the glow of beauty you find in that unexpected quarter, —while *kicking* it deservedly and with enthusiasm. 'To see the'—what shall we call it: seat of honour, in fact, 'of your enemy': has it not an undeniable charm? 'I own to you in confidence, O Soubise and Company, this fine laurel I have got, and was so in need of, is nothing more or other than the sight of your '—*four asterisks.* 'Oblige me, whenever clandestine Fate brings us together, by showing me that'—always that, if you would give me pleasure when we meet. 'And oh,' next stanza says, 'to think what our glory is founded on,'—on view of that unmentionable object, I declare to you!—And through other stanzas, getting smutty enough (though in theory only), which we need not prosecute farther.[1] A certain heartiness and epic greatness of cynicism, life's nakedness grown almost as if innocent again; an immense suppressed insuppressible Haha, on the part of this King. Strange *Te-Deum* indeed. Coming from the very heart, truly, as few of them do; but not, in other points, recommendable at all!—Here, of the night before, is something better:

To Wilhelmina

'Near Weissenfels' (Obschütz, in fact; does not yet know what the Battle will be *called*), '5th November 1757.

'At last, my dear Sister, I can announce you a bit of good news. You were doubtless aware that the Coopers with their circles had a mind to take Leipzig. I ran up, and drove them beyond Saale. The Duc de Richelieu sent them a reinforcement of twenty battalions and fourteen squadrons' (say 15,000 horse and foot); 'they then called themselves 63,000 strong. Yesterday I went to reconnoitre them; could not attack them in the post they held. This had rendered them rash. Today they came out with the intention of attacking me; but I took the start of them (*les ai prévenu*). It was a Battle *en douceur* (soft to one's wish). Thanks to God I have not a hundred men killed; the only General ill wounded is Meinecke. My Brother Henri and General Seidlitz have slight hurts' (gunshots, not so slight, that of Seidlitz) 'in the arm. We have all the Enemy's cannon, all the' * * 'I am in full march to drive them over the Unstrut' (already driven, your Majesty; bridge burning).

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 70-73 (*written* at Freiburg, 6th November, when his Majesty got thither, and found the Bridge burnt).

'You, my dear Sister, my good, my divine and affectionate Sister' (faithful to the bone, in good truth, poor Wilhelmina), 'who deign to interest yourself in the fate of a Brother who adores you, deign also to share in my joy. The instant I have time, I will tell you more. I embrace you with my whole heart. Adieu. F.'[1]

Ulterior Fate of Dauphiness; flies over the Rhine in bad Fashion: Dauphiness's Ways with the Saxon Populations in her Deliverance-Work

Friedrich had no more fighting with the French. November 9th, at Merseburg, in all stillness, Duke Ferdinand got his Britannic Commission, his full Powers, from Friedrich and the parties interested; in all stillness made his arrangements, as if for Magdeburg and his Governorship there,—Friedrich hastening off for Silesia the while. Duke Ferdinand did stay six days in Magdeburg, inspecting or pretending to inspect; very pleasant with his Sister and the Royalties that are now there; but at midnight of day sixth shot-off silently on wider errand. And, in sum, on Thursday 24th November 1757, appeared in Stade, on horseback at morning parade there; intimating, to what joy of the poor Brunswick Grenadiers and others, That he was come to take command; that Kloster-Zeven is abolished; that we are not an 'Observation Army,' rotting here in the parish pound, any longer, but an 'Allied Army' (such now our title), intending to strike for ourselves, and get out of pound straightway!—

'*Thursday 24th November—Tuesday 29th.* Duke Ferdinand did accordingly pick-up the reins of this distracted Affair; and, in a way wonderful to see, shot sanity into every fibre of it; and kept it sane and road-worthy for the Five Years coming. With a silent velocity, an energy, an imperturbable steadfastness and clear insight into cause and effect; which were creditable to the school he came from; and were a very joyful sight to Pitt and others concerned. So that from next Tuesday, "November 29th, before daylight," when Ferdinand's batteries began playing upon Harburg (French Fortress nearest to Stade), the reign of the French ceased in those Countries; and an astonished Richelieu and his French, lying scattered over all the West of Germany, in readiness for nothing but plunder, had to fall more or less distracted in their turn; and do a number of astonishing things. To try this and that, of futile, more or less frantic nature; be driven from post after post; be driven across the Aller first of all;—Richelieu to go home thereupon, and be succeeded by one still more incompetent.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. I. 310.

'*December* 13*th*, a fortnight after Ferdinand's appearance, Richelieu had got to the safe side of the Aller (burning of Zelle Bridge and Zelle Town there, his last act in Germany); Ferdinand's quarters now wide enough; and vigorous speed of preparation going on for farther chase, were the weather mended. *February* 17*th* (1758), Ferdinand was on foot again; Prince de Clermont, the still more incompetent successor of Richelieu, gazing wide-eyed upon him, but doing nothing else: and for the next six weeks there was seen a once triumphant Richelieu-d'Estrées French Army, much in rags, much in disorder, in terror, and here and there almost in despair,—winging their way; like clouds of draggled poultry caught by a mastiff in the corn. Across Weser, across Ems, finally across the Rhine itself, every feather of them,—their long-drawn cackle, of a shrieky type, filling all Nature in those months; the mastiff steadily following.[1] To the astonishment of Pitt and mankind. Can this be the same Army that Royal Highness led to the Sea and the Parish Pound? The same identically, wasted to about two-thirds by Royal Highness; not a drum in it changed otherwise, only One Man different, —and he is the important one!

'Pitt, when the news of Rossbach came, awakening the bonfires and steeple-bells of England to such a pitch, had resolved on an emphatic measure: that of sending English Troops to reinforce our Allied Army, and its new General;—such an Ally as that Rossbach one being rare in the eyes of Pitt. "Postpone the meeting of Parliament, yet a few days, your Majesty," said Pitt, "till I get the estimates ready!"[1] To which Majesty assented, and all England with him: "England's own Cause," thinks Pitt, with confidence: "our way of conquering America,—and, in the circumstances, our one way!" English did land, accordingly; first instalment of them, a 12,000 (in August next), increased gradually to 20,000; with no end of furnishings to them and everybody; with results again satisfactory to Pitt; and very famous in the England that then was, dim as they are now grown.'

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[1] Mauvillon, i. 252-284 ('9th November 1757—1st April 1758'); Westphalen, i. 316-503 (abundantly explicit, authentic and even entertaining,—with the ample Correspondences, *ib.* ii. 147-350); Schaper, *Vie militaire du Maréchal Prince Ferdinand* (2 tomes, 8vo, Magdebourg, 1796, 1799), i. 7-100 (a careful Book; of an official exactitude, like Westphalen's,—and appears to be left incomplete like his).

The effect of all which was, that Pitt, with his Ferdinands and reinforcements, found work for the French ever onwards from Rossbach; French also turning as if exclusively upon perfidious Albion: and the thing became, in Teutschland, as elsewhere, a duel of life and death between these natural enemies,—Teutschland the centre of it,—Teutschland and the accessible French Sea-Towns,—but the circumference of it going round from Manilla and Madras to Havanna and Quebec again. Wide-spread furious duel; prize, America and life. By land and sea; handsomely done by Pitt on both elements. Land part, we say, was always mainly in Germany, under Ferdinand,—In Hessen and the Westphalian Countries, as far west as Minden, as far east as Frankfurt-on-Mayn, generally well north of Rhine, well south of Elbe. that was, for five years coming, the cockpit or place of deadly fence between France and England. Friedrich's arena lies eastward of that, occasionally playing into it a little, and played into by it, and always in lively sympathy and consultation with it: but, except the French subsidisings, diplomatisings and great diligence against him in foreign Courts, Friedrich is, in practical respects, free of the French; and ever after Rossbach, Ferdinand and the English keep them in full work,—growing yearly too full. A heavy business for England and Ferdinand; which is happily kept extraneous to Friedrich thenceforth; to him and us; which is not on the stage of his affairs and ours, but is to be conceived always as vigorously proceeding alongside of it, close beyond the scenes, and liable at any time to make tragic entry on him again:—

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[1] Thackeray, i. 310.

of which we shall have to notice the louder occurrences and cardinal phases, but, for the future, nothing more.

Soubise, who had crept into the skirts of the Richelieu Army in Hanover or Hessen Country, had of course to take wing in that general flight before the mastiff. Soubise did not cross the Rhine with it; Soubise made off eastward;[1]—found new roost in Hanau-Frankfurt Country; and had thoughts of joining the Austrians in Bohemia next Campaign; but got new order,—such the pinches of a winged Clermont with a mastiff Ferdinand at his poor draggled tail;—and came back to the Ferdinand scene, to help there; and never saw Friedrich again. Both Broglio and he had a good deal of fighting (mostly beating) from Ferdinand; and a great deal of trouble and sorrow in the course of this War; but after Rossbach it is not Friedrich or we, it is Ferdinand and the Destinies that have to do with them. Poor Soubise, except that he was the creature of Generalissima Pompadour, which had something radically absurd in it, did not deserve all the laughter he got: a man of some chivalry, some qualities. As for Broglio, I remember always, not without human emotion, the two extreme points of his career as a soldier: Rossbach and the Fall of the Bastille. He was towards forty, when Friedrich bestrode the Janus Hill in that fiery manner; he was turned of seventy when, from the pavements of Paris, the Chimæra of Democracy rose on him, in fire of a still more horrible description.

Dauphiness-Bellona, in her special and in her widest sense, has made exit, then. Gone, like clouds of draggled poultry home across the Rhine. She was the most marauding Army lately seen, also the most gasconading, and had the least capacity for fighting: three worse qualities no army could have. How she fought, we have seen sufficiently. Before taking leave of her forever, readers, as she is a paragon in her kind, would perhaps take a glance or two at her marauding qualities,—by a good opportunity that offers. Plotho at Regensburg, that a supreme Reichs Diet may know what a 'deliverance of Saxony' this has been, submits one day the following irrefragable Documents, 'which have happened,' not without good industry of my own, 'to fall into my' (Plotho's) 'hands.' They are Documents partly of epistolary, partly of a Petitionary form, presented to Polish Majesty, out of that Saxon Country; and have an *affidavit* quality about them, one and all.

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[1] Westphalen, i. 501 ('end of March 1758').

1°. *Big Dauphiness* (that is, D'Estrées) *in the Wesel Countries, at an early Stage,—while still endeavouring what she could to behave well, having* 1,000 *marauders and the like* (A private Letter)

'*County Mark, 20th June* 1757. The French troops are going on here in a way to utterly ruin us. Schmidt, their President of Justice, whom they set-up in Cleve, has got orders to change all the Magistracies of the Country' (Protestant by nature), 'so as that half the members shall be Catholic. Bielefeld was openly plundered by the French for three hours long. You cannot by possibility represent to yourself what the actual state of misery in these Countries is. A *scheffel* of rye costs three thalers sixteen groschen' (who knows how many times its natural price!). 'And now we are to be forced to eat the spoiled meal those French troops brought with them; which is gone to such a state no animal would have it. This poisoned meal we are to buy from them, ready money, at the price they fix; and that famine may induce us, they are about to stop the mills, and forcibly take away what little bread-corn we have left. God have pity on us, and deliver us soon! Next week we are to have a transit of 6,000 Pfalzers' (Kur-Pfalz, foolish idle fellow, and Kur-Baiern too, are both in subsidy of France, as usual; 6,000 Pfalzers just due here); 'these, I suppose, will sweep us clean bare.'[1]

Wesel Fortress, Gate of the Rhine, could not be defended by Friedrich: and the Hanover Incapables, and England still all in St. Vitus, would not hear of undertaking it; left it wide-open for the French; never could recover it, or get the Rhine-Gate barred again, during the whole War. One hopes they repented;—but perhaps it was only Pitt and Duke Ferdinand that did so, instead! The Wesel Countries were at once occupied by the French; 'a conquest of her Imperial Majesty's'; continued to be administered in Imperial Majesty's name,—and are thriving as above.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 399.

2°. *Dauphiness Proper* (that is, Soubise) *in Thüringen, at a late Stage*

'*Letter from Freiburg, shortly after Rossbach.*—It was on the 23d October, a Sunday, that we of Freiburg had our first billeting of French; a body of cavalry from different regiments' (going to take Leipzig, take Torgau, what not): 'and from that day Freiburg never emptied of French, who kept marching through it in extraordinary quantities. The marching lasted fourteen days, namely, till the 6th November' (day *after* Rossbach; when they burnt our poor Bridge, and marched for the last time); 'and often the billeting was so heavy, that in a single house there were forty or fifty men. Who at all times had to be lodged and dieted gratis; nay, many householders, over and above the ordinary meal, were obliged to give them money too; and many poor people, who can scarcely get their own bit of bread, had to run and bring at once their sixteen or eighteen groschen' (pence) 'worth of wine, not to speak of coffee and sugar. And a great increase of the mischief it was always, that the soldiers and common people did not understand one another's language.'—Heavy billeting; but what was that? * * 'Vast, nearly impossible, quantities of forage and provision,' were wrung from us, as from all the other Towns and Villages about, 'under continual threatening to burn and rase us from the earth. Often did our French Colonel threaten, "He would have the cannon opened on Freiburg straightway." Nay, had it stood by foraging, we might have reckoned ourselves lucky. But our straits increased day by day; and sheer plundering became more and more excessive.

'The robbing and torturing of travellers, the plundering and burning of Saxon Villages'—'Almost all the Towns and Villages hereabouts are so plundered out, that many a one now has nothing but what he carries on his body. Plundering was universal: and no sooner was one party away, than another came, and still another; and often the same house was three or four times plundered. Branderode, a Village two leagues from this' (stands on the Field of Rossbach, if we look), 'is so ruined out, that nobody almost has anything left: Chief-Inspector Baron von Bose's Schloss there, with its splendid appointments, they ruined utterly; took all money, victuals, valuables, furniture, clothes, linen and beds, all they could carry; what could not be carried away, they cut, hewed and smashed to pieces; broke the wine-casks; and even tore-up the documents and letters they found lying in the place. Branderode Dorf was twice set fire to by them; and was, at last, with Zeuchfeld, which is an Amtsdorf,—after both had been plundered,—reduced to ashes. The Churches of Branderode and Zeuchfeld, with several other Churches, were plundered; the altars broken, the altar-cloths and other vestures cut to pieces, and the sacred vessels and cups carried away,—except' (for we have a notarial exactness, and will exaggerate nothing) 'that in the case of Branderode they sent the cup back. Of the pollution of the altars, and of the blasphemous songs these people sang in the churches, one cannot think without horror.

'And it was merely our pretended Allies and Protectors that have desecrated our divine service, utterly wasted our Country, reduced the inhabitants to want and desperation, and, in short, have so behaved that you would not know this region again. Truly these troops have realised for us most of the infamies we heard reported of the Cossacks, and their ravagings in Preussen lately.

'It is one of their smallest doings that they robbed a Saxon Clergyman' (name and circumstances can be given if required), 'three times over, on the public Highway; shot at him, tied him to a horse's tail and dragged him along with them; so that he is now lying ill, in danger of his life. On the whole, it is our beloved Pastors, Clergymen most of all, that have been plundered of everything they had.

'Balgart and Zschieplitz, both Villages half a league from this, have likewise been heavily plundered; they have even left the Parson nothing but what he wore on his back. Gröst,' another Rossbach place, 'which belongs to the Kammerjunker Heldorf, has likewise' * * *Ohe, satis!* —'All this happened between the 23d and 31st October; consequently before the Battle.' * * 'In many Villages you see the trees and fields sprinkled with feathers from the beds that have been slit-up.

'In several Villages belonging to the Royal Electoral Privy Councillor von Brühl' (who is properly the fountain of all this and of much other misery to us, if we knew it!), 'the plundering likewise had begun; and a quantity of about a hundred swine' (so ho!) 'had been cut in pieces: but in the midst of their work, the Allies heard that these were Brühl estates, and ceased their havoc of them. These accordingly are the only lands in all this region whose fate has been tolerable.

'The appellation, every moment renewed, of "Heretic!" was the courteous address from these people to our fellow-Christians; "heretic dogs (*ketzerische Hunde*)" was a *Prädicat* always in their mouth.

'In Weischütz,' a mile or two from us, up the Unstrut, 'a French Colonel who wanted to ride out upon the works, made the there Pastor, Magister Schren, stoop down by way of horse-block, and mounted into the saddle from his back.' (Messieurs, you will kindle the wrath of mankind some day, and get a terrible plucking, with those high ways of yours!)

'Churches are all smashed; obscene songs were sung, in form of litany, from the pulpits and altars; what was done with the communionvessels, when they were not worth stealing,'—is hideous to the religious sense, and shall not be mentioned in human speech.

3°. *The Broglio Reinforcement coming across to join Soubise, and perform at Rossbach* (Humble Petition from the Magistrates of Sangerhausen, To the King of Poland's Majesty):

Sangerhausen, 23d October 1757.—'Scarcely had we, with profound submission (*allerunterthänigst*), under date of the 13th current, represented to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency how heavily we were pressed-down by the forage-requisitions and transits of troops, and the consequent expenditure in food, drinking, in oats and hay, which no one pays,—when directly thereafter, on the 14th of October, a new French party, of the Fischer Corps,'—Fischer is a mighty Hussar, scarcely inferior to Turpin; and stands in astonishing authority with Richelieu, and an Army whose object is plunder,[1]—'new party of the Fischer Corps, of some sixty men and horse, arrived in the Town; demanded meat, drink, oats and hay, and all things necessary; which they received from us;—and not only paid not one farthing for all this, but furthermore some of them, instead of thanks to their Landlord, Rossold, forcibly broke-up his press, drank his brandy, and carried-off a *Toute* (gather-all) with money in it. From a Tanner, Lindauer by name, they bargained for a buck-skin; and having taken, would not pay it. In the *Rathskeller* (Town Public-house) they drank much wine, and gave nothing for it: nay, on marching off,—because no mounted guide (*reitender Bote*) was at hand, and though they had before expressly said none such would be needed,—they rushed about like distracted persons (*wie rasende Leute*) in the market-place and in the streets; beat the people, tumbled them about, and lugged them along, in a violent manner; using abusive language to a frightful extent, and threatening every misfortune.

'Hardly were we rid of this confusion and astonishment, when, on October 21st, a whole swarm of horses, men, women, children and wagons, which likewise all belonged to the Fischer Corps, and were commanded by First-Lieutenant Schmidt, came into our Town. This troop consisted of 80 men, part infantry, part cavalry; with some 80 work-horses, 10 baggage-wagons, and about 100 persons, women, sick people and the like. They stayed the whole night here; made meat, drink, corn, hay and whatever they needed be brought them; and went off next day without paying anything.

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[1] Ferdinand's Correspondents, *sæpius* (*Westphalen*, i. 40-127), etc. etc.

5th Nov. 1757]

'Our Inns were now almost quite exhausted of forage in corn or hay; and we knew not how we were to pay what had been spent,—when the thirty French Light Cavalry, of whom we, with profound submission, on the 13th *hujus* gave your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency account, renewed their visit upon us; came, under the command of Rittmeister de Mocu, on the 22d of October' (while the baggage-wagons, work-horses, women, sick, and so forth, were hardly gone), 'towards evening, into the Town; consumed in meat and drink, oats and hay, and the like, what they could lay hold of; and next morning early marched away, paying, as their custom is, nothing.

'Not enough that,—besides the great forage contribution (*Lieferung*), which we already, with profound submission, notified to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency as having been laid upon us; and that, by order of the Duc de Broglio, a new requisition is now laid on us, and we have had to engage for sixty-four more sacks of wheat, and thirty-two of rye (as is noted under head A, in the enclosed copy),—there has farther come on us, on the part of the Reichs Army, from Kreis-Commissarius Heldorf' (whose Schloss of Gröst, we perceive, they have since burnt, by way of thanks to him),[1] the simultaneous Order for instant delivery of Forage (as under head B, here enclosed)! Thus are we, at the appointed places, all at once to furnish such quantities, more than we can raise; and know not when or where we shall, either for what has been already furnished, or for what is still to be, receive one penny of money: nay, over and above, we are to sustain the many marchings of troops, and provide to the same what meat, drink, oats, hay and so on, they require, without the least return of payment!

'So unendurable, and, taken all together, so hard (*sic*) begins the conduct of these troops, that profess being come as friends and helpers, to appear to us. And Heaven alone knows how long, under a continuance of such things, the subjects (whom the Hailstorm of last year had at any rate impoverished) shall be able to support the same. We would, were a reasonable delivery of forage laid upon us even at a low price, and the board and billet of the marching troops paid to us even in part, lay-out our whole strength in helping to bear the burdens of the Fatherland; but if such things go on, which will soon leave us only bare life and empty huts, we can look forward to nothing but our ruin and destruction. But, as it is not your Royal Majesty's and Electoral Translucency's most gracious will that we, your Most Supreme Self's most faithful subjects, should entirely perish, therefore we repeat our former most submissive prayer once again with hot (*sic*) sorrow of mind to Highest-the-Same; and sob most submissively for that help which your Most Supreme Self, through most gracious mediation with the

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[1] Suprà, No. 2.

Duc de Richelieu, with the Reichs Army or wherever else, might perhaps most graciously procure for us. Who, in deepest longing thitherwards, with the most deepest devotion, remain—'[1] (*Names*, unfortunately, not given).

How many Saxons and Germans generally,—alas, how many men universally,—cry towards celestial luminaries of the governing kind with the most deepest devotion, in their extreme need, under their unsufferable injuries; and are truly like dogs in the backyard barking at the Moon. The Moon won't come down to them, and be eaten as green cheese; the Moon can't!—

4.° *Dauphiness after Rossbach.* 'Excise-Inspector Neitsche, at Bebra, near Weissenfels' (Bebra is well ahead from Freiburg and the burnt Bridge, and a good twenty-five miles west of Weissenfels), 'writes To the King of Poland's Majesty, 9*th November* 1757:

'May it please your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency, out of your highest grace, to take knowledge, from the accompanying Registers *sub signo Martis*' (sign unknown to readers here), 'of the things which, in the name of this Township of Bebra, the Bürgermeister Johann Adam, with the Raths and others concerned, have laid before the Excise-Inspection here. As follows:

'It will be already well known to the Excise-Inspection that on the 7th of November (*a.c.*) of the current year' (day before yesterday, in fact!), 'the French Army so handled this place as to have not only taken from the inhabitants, by open force, all bread and articles of food, but likewise all clothes, beds, linens (*Wäsche*), and other portable goods; that it has broken, split to pieces, and emptied out, all chests, boxes, presses, drawers; has shot dead, in the backyards and on the thatch-roofs, all manner of feathered-stock, as hens, geese, pigeons; also carried forth with it all swine, cow, sheep and horse cattle; laid violent hands on the inhabitants, clapped guns, swords, pistols to their breast, and threatened to kill them unless they showed and brought out whatever goods they had; or else has hunted them wholly out of their houses, shooting at them, cutting, sticking and at last driving them away, thereby to have the freer room to rob and plunder: flung-out hay and other harvest-stock from the barns into the mud and dung, and had it trampled to ruin under the horses' feet; nay, in fact, has dealt with this place in so unpermitted a way as even to the most hard-hearted man must seem compassionable.'— —Poor fellows: *cetera desunt*; but that is enough!

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 688-691.

What can a Polish Majesty and Electoral Translucency do? Here too is a sorrowful howling to the Moon.[1]

* * 'For a hundred miles round, writes St. Germain, 'the Country is plundered and harried as if fire from Heaven had fallen on it; scarcely have our plunderers and marauders left the houses standing.'—'I lead a band of robbers, of assassins, fit for breaking on the wheel; they would turn tail at the first gunshot, and are always ready to mutiny. If the Government (*la Cour*,' with its Pompadour presiding, very unlikely for such an enterprise!) 'cannot lay the knife to the root of all this, we may give-up the notion of War.'[2] * *

Such a pitch have French Armies sunk to. When was there seen such a Bellona as Dauphiness before? Nay, in fact, she is the same devil-serving Army that Maréchal de Saxe commanded with such triumph,—Maréchal de Saxe in better luck for opponents; Army then in a younger stage of its development. Foaming then as sweet must, as new wine, in the hands of a skilful vintner, poisonous but brisk; not run, as now, to the vinegar state, intolerable to all mortals. She can now announce from her camp-theatres the reverse of the Roucoux program, 'Tomorrow, Messieurs, you are going to fight; our Manager foresees'—you will be beaten; and we cannot say what or where the next Piece will be! Impious, licentious, high-flaring efflorescence of all the Vices is not to be redeemed by the one Quasi-Virtue of readiness to be shot;—sweet of that kind, and sour of this, are the same substance, if you only wait. How kind was the Devil to his Saxe; and flew away with him in rosepink, while it was still time!

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 692.

[2] St. Germain, after Rossbach and before (in Preuss, *ubi suprà*).

CHAPTER IX

FRIEDRICH MARCHES FOR SILESIA

The fame of Friedrich is high enough again in the Gazetteer world; all people, and the French themselves, laughing at their grandiloquent Dauphiness-Bellona, and writing epigrams on Soubise. But Friedrich's difficulties are still enormous. One enemy coming with open mouth, you plunge-in upon, and ruin, on this hand; and it only gives you room to attempt upon another bigger one on that. Soubise he has finished handsomely, for this season; but now he must try conclusions with Prince Karl. Quick, towards Silesia, after this glorious Victory which the Gazetteers are celebrating.

The news out of Silesia are ominously doubtful, bad at the best. Duke Bevern, once Winterfeld was gone, had, as we observed, felt himself free to act; unchecked, but also unsupported, by counsel of the due heroism; and had acted unwisely. Made direct for Silesia, namely, where are meal-magazines and strong places. Prince Karl, they say, was also unwise; took no thought beforehand, or he might have gained marches, disputed rivers, Bober, Queiss, with Bevern, and as good as hindered him from ever getting to Silesia. So say critics, Retzow and others; perhaps looking too fixedly on one side of the question. Certain it is, Bevern marched in peace to Silesia; found it by no means the better place it had promised to be.

Prince Karl,—Daun there as second, but Karl now the dominant hand,—was on the heels of Bevern, march after march. Prince Karl cut athwart him by one cunning march, in Liegnitz Country; barring him from Schweidnitz, the chief stronghold of Silesia, and to appearance from Breslau, the chief city, too. Bevern, who did not want for soldiership, when reduced to his shifts, now made a beautiful manœuvre, say the critics; struck-out leftwards, namely, and crossed the Oder, as if making for Glogau, quite beyond Prince Karl's sphere of possibility,—but turned to right, not to left, when across, and got in upon Breslau from the other or east side of the River. Cunning manœuvre, if you will, and followed by cunning manœuvres: but the result is, Prince Karl has got Schweidnitz to rear, stands between Breslau and it; can besiege Schweidnitz when he likes, and no relief to it possible that will not cost a battle. A battle, thinks Friedrich, is what Bevern ought to have tried at first; a well-fought battle might have settled everything, and there was no other good likelihood in such an expedition: but now, by detaching reinforcements to this garrison and that, he has weakened himself beyond right power of fighting.[1] Schweidnitz is liable to siege; Breslau, with its poor walls and multitudinous population, can stand no siege worth mentioning; the Silesian strong places, not to speak of meal-magazines, are like to go a bad road. Quite dominant, this Prince Karl; placarding and proclaiming in all places, according to the new 'Imperial Patent,'[2] That Silesia is her Imperial Majesty's again! Which seems to be fast becoming the fact;—unless contradicted better. Quick!

Bevern has now, October 1st, no manœuvre left but to draw out of Breslau; post himself on the southern side of it, in a safe angle there, marshy Lohe in front, broad Oder to rear, Breslau at his right-hand with bread; and there intrenching himself by the best methods, wait slowly, in a sitting posture, events which are extensively on the gallop at present. One fancies, Had Winterfeld been still there! It is as brave an Army, 30,000 or more, as ever wore steel. Surely something could have been done with it;—something better than sit watching the events on full gallop all round! Bevern was a loyal, considerably skilful and valiant man; in the Battle of Lobositz, and elsewhere, we have seen him brave as a lion; but perhaps in the other kind of bravery wanted here, he—Well, his case was horribly difficult; full of intricacy. And he sat, no doubt in a very wretched state, consulting the oracles, with events (which are themselves oracular) going at such a pace.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 141, 159.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte* (iv. 832, 833), Copy of it: 'Absolved from all prior Treaties by Prussian Majesty's attack on us, We' etc. etc. ('21st Sept. 1757').

Schweidnitz was besieged October 26th. Nadasti, with 20,000, was set to do it; Prince Karl, with 60,000, ready to protect him; Prince Bevern asking the oracles:—what a bit of news for Friedrich; breaking suddenly the effulgency of Rossbach with a bar of ominous black! Friedrich, still in the thick of pure Saxon business, makes instant arrangement for Silesia as well: Prince Henri, with such and such corps, to maintain the Saale, and guard Saxony; Marshal Keith, with such and such, to step-over into Bohemia, and raise contributions at least, and tread on the tail of the big Silesian snake: all this Friedrich settles within a week; takes certain corps of his own, effective about 13,000; and on November 13th marches from Leipzig. Round by Torgau, by Mühlberg, Grossenhayn; by Bautzen, Weissenberg, across the Queiss, across the Bober; and so, with long marches, strides continually forward, all hearts willing, and all limbs, though in this sad winter weather, towards relief of Schweidnitz.

At Grossenhayn, fifth day of the march, Friedrich learns that Schweidnitz is gone. November 12th-14th, Schweidnitz went by capitulation; contrary to everybody's hope or fear; certainly a very short defence for such a fortress. Fault of the Commandant, was everybody's first thought. Not probably the best of Commandants, said others gradually; but his garrison had Saxons in it;—one day '180 of them in a lump threw-down their arms, in the trenches, and went over to the Enemy.' Owing to whatsoever, the place is gone. Such towers, such curtains, star-ramparts; such an opulence of cannons, stores, munitions, a 30,000*l.* of hard cash, one item. All is gone, after a fortnight's siege. What a piece of news, as heard by Friedrich, coming at his utmost towards the scene itself! As seen by Bevern, too, in his questioning mood, it was an event of very oracular nature.

On Monday 14th Schweidnitz fell; Karl, with Nadasti reunited to him, was now 80,000 odd; and lost no time. On Tuesday next, *November 22d*, 1757, 'at three in the morning,' long hours before daybreak, Karl, with his 60,000, all learnedly arranged, comes rolling over upon hapless Bevern: with no end of cannonading and storm of war: *Battle of Breslau*, they call it; ruinous to Bevern. Of which we shall attempt no description: except to say, that Karl had five bridges on the Lohe, came across the Lohe by five Bridges; and that Bevern stood to his arms, steady as the rocks, to prevent his getting over, and to entertain him when over; that there were five principal attacks, renewed and re-renewed as long as needful, with torrents of shot, of death and tumult; over six or eight miles of country, for the space of fifteen hours. Battle comparable only to Malplaquet, said the Austrians; such a hurricane of artillery, strongly-entrenched enemy and loud doomsday of war. Did not end till nine at night; Austrians victorious, more or less, in four of their attacks or separate enterprises; that is to say, masters of the Lohe, and of the outmost Prussian villages and posts in front of the Prussian centre and right wing; victorious in that northern part;—but plainly unvictorious in the south-east or Prussian left wing,—farthest off from Breslau, and under Ziethen's command,—where they were driven across the Lohe again, and lost prisoners and cannons, or a cannon.[1]

Some of Bevern's people, grounding on this latter circumstance, and that they still held the Battlefield, or most part of it, wrote themselves victorious;—though in a dim brief manner, as if conscious of the contrary. Which indeed was the fact. At the council of war, which he summoned that evening, there were proposals of night-attack, and other fierce measures; but Bevern, rejecting the plan for a night-attack on the Austrian camp as too dubious, did, in the dark hours, through the silent streets of Breslau, withdraw himself across the Oder, instead; leaving 80 cannon, and 8,000 killed and wounded; an evidently beaten man and Army. And indeed did straightway disappear personally altogether, as no longer equal to events. Rode out, namely, to reconnoitre in the grey of his second sad morning, on this new Bank of the Oder; saw little except grey mist; but rode into a Croat outpost, only one poor groom attending him; and was there made prisoner:—intentionally, thought mankind; intentionally, thinks Friedrich, who was very angry with the poor man.[1]

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[1] In Seyfarth, Three Accounts; *Beylagen*, ii. 198, 221, 234 et seq.

The poor man was carried to Vienna, if readers care to know; but being a near Cousin there (second-cousin, no less, to the late Empress-Mother), was by the high now-reigning Empress-Queen received in a charmingly gracious manner, and sent home again without ransom. 'To Stettin!' beckoned Friedrich sternly from the distance, and would not see him at all: 'To Stettin, I say, your official post in time of peace! Command me the invalid Garrison there; you are fit for nothing better!'—I will add one other thing, which unhappily will seem strange to readers: that there came no whisper of complaint from Bevern; mere silence, and loyal industry with his poor means, from Bevern; and that he proved heroically useful in Stettin two years hence, against the Swedes, against the Russians in the Siege-of-Colberg time; and gained Friedrich's favour again, with other good results. Which I observe was a common method with Prussian Generals and soldiers, when, unjustly or justly, they fell into trouble of this kind; and a much better one than that of complaining in the Newspapers, and demanding Commissions of Inquiry, presided over by Chaos and the Fourth-Estate, now is.

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[1] Preuss, ii. 102. More exact in Kutzen, *Der Tag von Leuthen* (Breslau, 1857,—an excellent exact little Compilation, from manifold sources well studied), pp. 166-169, date '24th November.'

Bevern being with the Croats, the Prussian Army falls to General Kyau, as next in rank; who (directly in the teeth of fierce orders that are speeding hither for Bevern and him) marches away, leaving Breslau to its fate; and making towards Glogau, as the one sure point in this wreck of things. And Prince Karl, that same day, goes upon Breslau; which is in no case to resist and be bombarded: so that poor old General Lestwitz, the Prussian Commandant,—always thought to be a valiant old gentleman, but who had been wounded in the late Action, and was blamably discouraged,—took the terms offered, and surrendered without firing a gun. Garrison and he to march out, in 'Free Withdrawal'; these are the terms: Garrison was 4,000 and odd, mostly Silesian recruits; but there marched hardly 500 out with poor Lestwitz; the Silesian recruits,—persuaded by conceivable methods, that they were to be prisoners of war, and that, in short, Austria was now come to be King again, and might make inquiry into men's conduct,—found it safer to take service with Austria, to vanish into holes in Breslau or where they could; and, for instance, one regiment (or battalion, let us hide the name of it), on marching through the Gate, consisted only of nine chief officers and four men.[1]

There were lost 98 pieces of cannon; endless magazines and stores of war. A Breslau scandalously gone;—a Breslau preaching day after next (27th, which was Sunday), in certain of its churches, especially Cardinal Schaffgotsch in the Dom Insel doing it, Thanksgiving Sermons, as per order, with unction real or official, 'That our ancient sovereigns are restored to us': which Sermons,—except in the Schaffgotsch case, Prince Karl and the high Catholic world all there in gala,—were 'sparsely attended,' say my authors. The Austrians are at the top of their pride; and consider full surely that Silesia is theirs, though Friedrich were here twice over. 'What is Friedrich? We beat him at Kolin. His

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[1] Müller, *Schlacht bei Leuthen* (Berlin, 1857,—professedly a mere abridgment and shadow of *Kutzen*: unindexed like it), p. 12 (with name and particulars).

Prussians at Zittau, at Moys, at Breslau in the new Malplaquet, were we beaten by them? Hnh!'—and snort (in the Austrian messrooms), and snap their fingers at Friedrich and his coming.

It was at Görlitz (scene of poor Winterfeld's death) that Friedrich, 'on November 23d, the tenth day of his march,' first got rumour of the Breslau Malplaquet: 'endless cannonading heard thereabouts all yesterday!' said rumour from the east,—more and more steadily, as Friedrich hastened forward; —and that it was 'a victory for Bevern.' Till, at Naumburg on the Queiss, he gets the actual tidings: Bevern gone to the Croats, Breslau going, Kyau marching vague; and what kind of victory it was.

Ever from Grossenhayn onwards there had been message on message, more and more rigorous, precise and indignant, 'Do this, do that; your Dilection shall answer it with your head!'—not one message of which reached his Dilection, till Dilection and Fate (such the gallop of events) had done the contrary. and now Dilection and his head have made a finish of it. 'No,' answers Friedrich to himself; 'not till we are all finished!'—and pushes-on, he too, like a kind of Fate. 'What does or can he mean, then?' say the Austrians, with scornful astonishment, and think his head must be turning: 'Will he beat us out of Silesia with his Potsdam Guard-Parade, then?' '*Potsdamsche Wacht-Parade*':—so they denominate his small Army; and are very mirthful in their messrooms. 'I will attack them, if they stood on the Zobtenberg, if they stood on the steeples of Breslau!' said Friedrich; and tramped diligently forward. Day after day, as the real tidings arrive, his outlook in Silesia is becoming darker and darker: a sternly dark march this altogether. Prince Karl has thrown a garrison into Liegnitz on Friedrich's road; Prince Karl lies encamped with Breslau at his back; has above 80,000 when fully gathered; and reigns supreme in those parts. Darker march there seldom was: all black save a light that burns in one heart, refusing to be quenched till death.

Friedrich sends orders that Kyau shall be put in arrest; that Ziethen shall be general of the Bevern wreck, shall bring it round by Glogau, and rendezvous with Friedrich at a place and day,—Parchwitz, 2d of December coming;—and be steady, my old Ziethen. Friedrich brushes past the Liegnitz Garrison, leaves Liegnitz and it a trifle to the right; arrives at Parchwitz November 28th; and there rests, or at least his weary troops do, till Ziethen come up; the King not very restful, with so many things to prearrange; a life or death crisis now nigh. Well, it is but death; and death has been fronted before now! We who are after the event, on the safe sunny side of it, can form small image of the horrors and the inward dubieties to him who is passing through it;—and how Hope is needed to shine heroically eternal in some hearts. Fire of Hope, that does not issue in mere blazings, mad audacities and chaotic despair, but advances with its eyes open, measuredly, counting its steps, to the wrestling-place,—this is a godlike thing; much available to mankind in all the battles they have; battles of steel, or of whatever sort.

Friedrich, at Parchwitz, assembled his Captains, and spoke to them; it was the night after Ziethen came in, night of December 3d, 1757; and Ziethen, no doubt, was there: for it is an authentic meeting, this at Parchwitz, and the words were taken down.

Friedrich's Speech to his Generals (Parchwitz, 3d December 1757)[1]

'It is not unknown to you, *meine Herren*, what disasters have befallen here, while we were busy with the French and Reichs Army. Schweidnitz is gone; Duke of Bevern beaten; Breslau gone, and all our war-stores there; good part of Silesia gone: and, in fact, my embarrassments would be at the insuperable pitch, had not I boundless trust in you, and your qualities, which have been so often manifested, as soldiers and sons of your Country. Hardly one among you but has distinguished himself by some nobly memorable action : all these services to the State and me I know well, and will never forget.

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[1] From *Retzow*, i. 240-242 (slightly abridged).

'I flatter myself, therefore, that in this case too nothing will be wanting which the State has a right to expect of your valour. The hour is at hand. I should think I had done nothing, if I left the Austrians in possession of Silesia. Let me apprise you, then : I intend, in spite of the Rules of Art, to attack Prince Karl's Army, which is nearly thrice our strength, wherever I find it. The question is not of his numbers, or the strength of his position : all this, by courage, by the skill of our methods, we will try to make good. This step I must risk, or everything is lost. We must beat the enemy, or perish all of us before his batteries. So I read the case ; so I will act in it.

'Make this my determination known to all Officers of the Army ; prepare the men for what work is now to ensue, and say that I hold myself entitled to demand exact fulfilment of orders. For you, when I reflect that you are Prussians, can I think that you will act unworthily? But if there should be one or another who dreads to share all dangers with me, he,' —continued his Majesty, with an interrogative look, and then pausing for answer,—'can have his Discharge this evening, and shall not suffer the least reproach from me.'—Modest strong bass murmur ; meaning 'No, by the Eternal !' if you looked into the eyes and faces of the group. Never will Retzow Junior forget that scene, and how effulgently eloquent the veteran physiognomies were.

'Hah, I knew it,' said the King, with his most radiant smile, 'none of you would desert me ! I depend on your help, then ; and on victory as sure.'—The speech winds-up with a specific passage : 'The Cavalry regiment that does not on the instant, on order given, dash full plunge into the enemy, I will, directly after the Battle, unhorse, and make it a Garrison regiment. The Infantry battalion which, meet with what it may, shows the least sign of hesitating, loses its colours and its sabres, and I cut the trimmings from its uniform! Now good-night, Gentlemen · shortly we have either beaten the Enemy, or we never see one another again.'

An excellent temper in this Army; a rough vein of heroism in it, steady to the death;—and plenty of hope in it too, hope in Vater Fritz. 'Never mind,' the soldiers used to say, in John Duke of Marlborough's time, 'Corporal John will get us through it!'—That same evening Friedrich rode into the Camp, where the regiments he had were now all gathered, out of their cantonments, to march on the morrow. First regiment he came upon was the Life-Guard Cuirassiers: the men, in their accustomed way, gave him good-evening, which he cheerily returned. Some of the more veteran sort asked, ruggedly confidential, as well as loyal: 'What is thy news, then, so late?' 'Good news, children (*Kinder*): tomorrow you will beat the Austrians tightly!' 'That we will, by—!' answered they.—'But think only where they stand yonder, and how they have entrenched themselves?' said Friedrich. 'And if they had the Devil in front and all round them, we will knock them out; only thou lead us on!'—'Well, I will see what you can do: now lay you down, and sleep sound; and good sleep to you!' 'Good-night, Fritz!' answer all;[1] as Fritz ambles on to the next regiment, to which, as to every one, he will have some word.

Was it the famous Pommern regiment, this that he next spoke to,—who answered Loudon's summons to them once (as shall be noticed by and by) in a way ineffable, though unforgettable? Manteufel of Foot; yes, no other![2] They have their own opinion of their capacities against an enemy, and do not want for a good conceit of themselves. 'Well, children, how think you it will be tomorrow? They are twice as strong as we.' 'Never thou mind that; there are no Pommerners among them; thou knowest what the Pommerners can do!'—*Friedrich*: 'Yea, truly, that do I; otherwise I durst not risk the battle. Now good sleep to you! tomorrow, then, we shall either have beaten the Enemy or else be all dead.' 'Yea,' answered the whole regiment; 'dead, or else the Enemy beaten': and so went to deep sleep, preface to a deeper for many of them,—as beseems brave men. In this world it much beseems the brave man, uncertain about so many things, to be certain of himself for one thing.

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[1] Müller, p. 21 (from *Kaltenborn*, of whom *infrà*); Preuss, etc., etc.

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 61; and Kutzen, p. 35.

These snatches of Camp Dialogue, much more the Speech preserved to us by Retzow Junior, appear to be true; though as to the dates, the circumstances, there has been debating.[1] Other Anecdotes, dubious or more, still float about in quantity;—of which let us give only one; that of the Deserter (which has merit as a myth). 'What made thee desert, then?' 'Hm, alas, your Majesty, we were got so down in the world, and had such a time of it!'—'Well, try it one day more; and if we cannot mend matters, thou and I will both desert.'

A learned Doctor, one of the most recent on these matters, is astonished why the Histories of Friedrich should be such dreary reading, and Friedrich himself so prosaic, barren an object; and lays the blame upon the Age, insensible to real greatness; led away by claptrap Napoleonisms, regardless of expense. Upon which Smelfungus takes him up, with a twitch:

> 'To my sad mind, Herr Doctor, it seems ascribable rather to the Dryasdust of these Ages, especially to the Prussian Dryasdust, sitting comfortable in his Academies, waving sublimely his long ears as he tramples human Heroisms into unintelligible pipeclay and dreary continents of sand and cinders, with the Doctors all applauding.
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> 'Had the sacred Poet or man of real Human Genius, been at his work, for the thousand years last past, instead of idly fiddling far away from his work,—which surely is definable as being very mainly, That of *interpreting* human Heroisms; of painfully extricating, and extorting

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[1] Kutzen, pp. 175-181.

from the circumambient chaos of muddy babble, rumour and mendacity, some not inconceivable human and divine Image of them, more and more clear, complete and credible for mankind (poor mankind dumbly looking up to him for guidance, as to what it shall think of God and of Men in this Scene of Things),—I calculate, we should by this time have had a different Friedrich of it; O Heavens, a different world of it, in so many respects!

'My esteemed Herr Doctor, it is too painful a subject. Godlike fabulous Achilles, and the old Greek Kings of men, one perceives, after study, to be dim enough Grazier Sovereigns, "living among infinite dung," till their sacred Poet extricated them. And our *un*-sacred all-desecrating Dryasdust,—Herr Doctor, I must say, it fills me with despair! Authentic human Heroisms, not fabulous a whit, but true to the bone, and by all appearance very much nobler than those of godlike Achilles and pious Æneas ever could have been,—left in this manner, trodden under foot of man and beast; man and beast alike insensible that there is anything but common mud under foot, and grateful to anybody that will assure them there is nothing. Oh Doctor, oh Doctor! And the results of it—You need not go exclusively "to France" to look at them. They are too visible in the so-called "Social Hierarchies," and sublime gilt Doggeries, sacred and secular, of all modern Countries! Let us be silent, my friend.'—

'Prussian Dryasdust,' he says elsewhere, 'does make a terrible job of it; especially when he attempts to weep through his pipeclay, or rise with his long ears into the moral sublime. As to the German People, I find that they dimly have not wanted sensibility to Friedrich; that their multitudes of Anecdotes, still circulating among them in print and *vivâ voce*, are proof of this. Thereby they have at least made a *Myth* of Friedrich's History, and given some rhythmus, life and cheerful human substantiality to his work and him. Accept these Anecdotes as the Epic *they* could not write of him, but were longing to hear from somebody who could. Who has not yet appeared among mankind, nor will for some time. Alas, my friend, on piercing through the bewildering nimbus of babble, malignity, mendacity, which veils sevenfold the Face of Friedrich from us, and getting to see some glimpses of the Face itself, one is sorrowfully struck dumb once more. What a suicidal set of creatures; commanding as with one voice, That there shall be no Heroism more among them; that all shall be Doggery and Commonplace henceforth. "*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer,* you don't know that damned brood!"——Well, well. "Solomon's Temple," the Moslem say, "had to be built under the chirping of ten thousand Sparrows." Ten thousand of them; committee of the whole house, unanimously of the opposite view;—and could not quite hinder it. That too is something!'—

More to our immediate purpose is this other thing: That the Austrians have been in Council of War; and, on deliberation, have decided to come out of their defences; to quit their strong Camp, which lies so eligibly, ahead of Breslau and arear of Lissa and of Schweidnitz Water yonder; to cross Schweidnitz Water, leave Lissa behind them; and meet this offensively aggressive Friedrich in pitched fight. Several had voted, No, why stir?—Daun especially, and others with emphasis. 'No need of fighting at all,' said Daun: 'we can defend Schweidnitz Water; ruin him before he ever get across.' 'Defend? Be assaulted by an Army like his?' urges Lucchesi, the other Chief General: 'It is totally unworthy of us! We have gained the game; all the honours ours; let us have done with it. Give him battle, since he fortunately wishes it; we finish him, and gloriously finish the War too!' So argued Lucchesi, with vivacity, persistency,—to his own ill luck, but evidently with approval from Prince Karl. Everybody sees, this is the way to Prince Karl's favour at present. 'Have not I reconquered Silesia?' thinks Prince Karl to himself; and beams applause on the high course, not the low prudent one.[1] In a word, the Austrians decide on stepping out to meet Friedrich in open battle: it was the first time they ever did so; and it was likewise the last.

Sunday December 4th, at four in the morning, Friedrich has marched from Parchwitz, straight towards the Austrian Camp;[2] he hears, one can fancy with what pleasure, that the Austrians are advancing towards him, and will not need to be forced in their strong position. His march is in four columns, Friedrich in the vanguard; quarters to be Neumarkt, a little Town about fourteen miles off. Within some miles of Neumarkt, early in the afternoon, he learns that there are a thousand Croats in the place, the Austrian Bakery at work there, and engineer people marking-out an Austrian Camp. 'On the Height beyond Neumarkt, that will be?' thinks

[1] Kutzen, pp. 45-48.

[2] Müller, p. 26.

Friedrich; for he knows this ground, having often done reviews here; to Breslau all the way on both hands, not a rood of it but is familiar to him. Which was a singular advantage, say the critics; and a point the Austrian Council of War should have taken more thought of.

Friedrich, before entering Neumarkt, sends a regiment to ride quietly round it on both sides, and to seize that Height he knows of. Height once seized, or ready for seizing, he bursts the barrier of Neumarkt; dashes-in upon the thousand Croats; flings-out the Croats in extreme hurry, musketry and sabre acting on them; they find their Height beset, their retreat cut-off, and that they must vanish. Of the 1,000 Croats, '569 were taken prisoners, and 120 slain,' in this unexpected sweeping-out of Neumarkt. Better still, in Neumarkt is found the Austrian Bakery, set-up and in full work;—delivers you 80,000 bread-rations hot-and-hot, which little expected to go such a road. On the Height, the Austrian stakes and engineer-tools were found sticking in the ground; so hasty had the flight been.

How Prince Karl came to expose his Bakery, his staff of life so far ahead of him? Prince Karl, it is clear, was a little puffed-up with high thoughts at this time. The capture of Schweidnitz, the late 'Malplaquet' (poorish Anti-Bevern Malplaquet), capture of Breslau, and the low and lost condition of Friedrich's Silesian affairs, had more or less turned everybody's head,—everybody's except Feldmarschall Daun's alone:—and witty mess-tables, we already said, were in the daily habit of mocking at Friedrich's march towards them with aggressive views, and called his insignificant little Army the 'Potsdam Guard-Parade.'[1] That was the common triumphant humour; naturally shared-in by Prince Karl; the ready way to flatter him being to sing in that tune. Nobody otherwise can explain, and nobody in anywise can justify, Prince Karl's ignorance of Friedrich's advance, his almost voluntary losing of his staff-of-life in that manner.

[1] Cogniazzo, ii. 417-422.

Prince Karl's soldiers have each (in the cold form) three-days provision in their haversacks: they have come across the Weistritz River (more commonly called Schweidnitz Water), which was also the height of contemptuous imprudence; and lie encamped, this night,—in long line, not ill-chosen (once the River *is* behind),—perpendicular to Friedrich's march, some ten miles ahead of him. Since crossing, they had learned with surprise, How their Bakery and Croats had been snapt-up; that Friedrich was not at a distance, but near;—and that arrangements could not be made too soon! Their position intersects the Great Road at right angles, as we hint; and has villages, swamps, woody knolls; especially, on each wing, good defences. Their right wing leans on Nypern and its impassable peatbogs, a Village two or three miles north from the Great Road; their centre is close behind another Village called Leuthen, about as far south from it: length of their bivouac is about five miles; which will become six or so, had Nadasti once taken post, who is to form the left wing, and go down as far as Sagschütz, southward of Leuthen.* Seven battalions are in this Village of Leuthen, eight in Nypern, all the Villages secured; woods, scraggy abatis, redoubts, not forgotten: their cannon are numerous, though of light calibre. Friedrich has at least 71 heavy pieces; and 10 of them are formidably heavy,—brought from the walls of Glogau, with terrible labour to Ziethen; but with excellent effect, on this occasion and henceforth. They got the name of 'Boomers, Bellowers (*Die Brummer*),' those Ten. Friedrich was in great straits about artillery; and Retzow Senior recommended this hauling-up of the Ten Bellowers, which became celebrated in the years coming. And now we are on the Battle-ground, and must look into the Battle itself, if we can.

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* Plan, end of vol.

CHAPTER X

BATTLE OF LEUTHEN

From Neumarkt, on Monday, long before day, the Prussians, all but a small party left there to guard the Bakery and Army Properties, are out again; in four columns; towards what may lie ahead. Friedrich, as usual in such cases, for obvious reasons, rides with the vanguard. To Borne, the first Village on the Highway, is some seven or eight miles. The air is damp, the dim incipiences of dawn struggling among haze; a little way on this side Borne, we come on ranks of cavalry drawn across the Highway, stretching right and left into the dim void: Austrian Army this, then? Push up to it; see what it is, at least.

It proves to be poor General Nostitz, with his three Saxon regiments of dragoons, famous since Kolin-day, and a couple of Hussar regiments, standing here as outpost;—who ought to have been more alert; but they could not see through the dark, and so, instead of catching, are caught. The Prussians fall upon them, front and flank, tumble them into immediate wreck; drive the whole outpost at full gallop home, through Borne, upon Nypern and the right wing,—without news except of this symbolical sort. Saxon regiments are quite ruined, '540 of them prisoners' (poor Nostitz himself not prisoner, but wounded to death[1]); and the ground clear in this quarter.

Friedrich, on the farther side of Borne, calls halt, till the main body arrive; rides forward, himself and staff, to the highest of a range or suite of knolls, some furlongs ahead; sees there in full view, far and wide, the Austrians drawn-up before him. From Nypern to Sagschütz yonder; miles in length; and so distinct, while the light mended and the hazes faded, 'that you could have counted them' (through your glasses), 'man by man.' A highly interesting sight to Friedrich; who continues there in the profoundest study, and calls-up some horse regiments of the vanguard to maintain this Height and the range of Heights running south from it. And there, I think, the King is mainly to be found, looking now at the Austrians, now at his own people, for some three hours to come. His plan of Battle is soon clear to him: Nypern, with its bogs and scrags, on the Austrian right wing, is tortuous impossible ground, as he well remembers, no good prospect for us there: better ground for us on their left yonder, at Leuthen, even at Sagschütz farther south, whither they are stretching themselves. Attempt their left wing; try our 'Oblique Order' upon that, with all the skill that is in us; perhaps we can do it rightly this time, and prosper accordingly! That is Friedrich's plan of action. The four columns once got to Borne shall fall into two; turn to the right, and go southward, ever southward:—they are to become our two Lines of Battle, were they once got to the right point southward. Well opposite Sagschütz, that will be the point for facing to left, and marching up,—in 'Oblique Order,' with the utmost faculty they have! *

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[1] Died in Breslau, the twelfth day after (Seyfarth, ii. 362).

'The Oblique Order, *Schräge Stellung*,' let the hasty reader pause to understand, 'is an old plan practised by Epaminondas, and revived by Friedrich,—who has tried it in almost all his Battles more or less, from Hohenfriedberg forward to Prag, Kolin, Rossbach; but never could, in all points, get it rightly done till now, at Leuthen, in the highest time of need. "It is a particular manœuvre," says Archenholtz, rather sergeant-wise, "which indeed other troops are now" (1793) "in the habit of imitating; but which, up to this present time, none but Prussian troops can execute with the precision and velocity indispensable to it. You divide your line into many pieces; you can push these forward stair-wise, so that they shall halt close to one another," obliquely, to either hand; "and so, on a minimum of ground, bring your mass of men to the required point at the required angle. Friedrich invented this mode of getting into position; by its close ranking, by its depth, and the manner of movement used, it had some resemblance to the Macedonian Phalanx,"—chiefly in the latter point, I should guess; for when arrived at its place, it is no deeper than common. "Forming itself in this way, a mass of troops takes-up in proportion very little ground; and it shows in the distance, by reason of the mixed uniforms and standards, a totally chaotic mass of men heaped on one another," going in rapid mazes this way and that. "But it needs only that the Commander lift his finger; instantly this living coil of knotted intricacies develops itself in perfect order, and with a speed like that of mountain rivers when the ice breaks,"—is upon its Enemy.'[1]

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* See Sketch of Plan, end of vol.

'Your Enemy is ranked as here, in long line, three or two to one. You march towards him, but keep him uncertain as to how you will attack; then do on a sudden march up, not parallel to him, but oblique, at an angle of 45°,—swift, vehement, in overpowering numbers, on the wing you have chosen. Roll that wing together, ruined, in upon its own line, you may roll the whole five miles of line into disorder and ruin, and always be in overpowering number at the point of dispute. Provided, only, you are swift enough about it, sharp enough! But extraordinary swiftness, sharpness, precision is the indispensable condition;—by no means try it otherwise; none but Prussians, drilled by an Old Dessauer, capable of doing it. This is the *Schräge Ordnung*, about which there has been such commentating and controversying among military people: whether Friedrich invented it, whether Cæsar did it, how Epaminondas, how Alexander at Arbela; how'—Which shall not in the least concern us on this occasion.

The four columns rustled themselves into two, and turned southward on the two sides of Borne;—southward henceforth, for about two hours; as if straight towards the Magic Mountain, the Zobtenberg, far off, which is conspicuous over all that region. Their steadiness, their swiftness and exactitude were unsurpassable. 'It was a beautiful sight,' says Tempelhof, an eyewitness: 'The heads of the columns were constantly on the same level, and at the distance necessary for forming; all flowed on exact, as if in a review. And you could read in the eyes of our brave troops the noble temper they were in.'[2] I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field-music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms,—many-voiced melody of a Church Hymn, well known to him; which had broken-out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men. The fact is very certain, very strange to me: details not very precise, except that here, as specimen, is a verse of their Hymn:

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 209.

[2] Tempelhof, i. 288, 287.

'Grant that with zeal and skill, this day, I do
What me to do behoves, what thou command'st me to;
Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
And when I do it, grant me good success in it.'

'Gieb dass ich thu' mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,
Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet,
Gieb dass ich's thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich's soll;
Und wenn ich's thu', so gieb dass es gerathe wohl.' [1]

One has heard the voice of waters, one has paused in the mountains at the voice of far-off Covenanter psalms; but a voice like this, breaking the commanded silences, one has not heard. 'Shall we order that to cease, your Majesty?' 'By no means,' said the King; whose hard heart seems to have been touched by it, as might well be. Indeed there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his History. His religion, and he had in withered forms a good deal of it, if we will look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state,—nay, ultra-voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known. 'By no means!' answered he: and a moment after, said to some one, Ziethen probably: 'With men like these, don't you think I shall have victory this day!'

The loss of their Saxon Forepost proved more important to the Austrians than it seemed;—not computable in prisoners, or killed and wounded. The Height named Scheuberg,—'Borne Rise' (so we might call it, which has got its Pillar of memorial since, with gilt Victory atop [2]);—where Friedrich now is and where the Austrians are not, is at once a screen and a point of vision to Friedrich. By loss of their Nostitz Forepost, they had lost view of Friedrich, and never could recover view of him; could not for hours learn distinctly what he was about; and when he did come in sight again, it was in a most unexpected place! On the farther side of Borne, edge of the big expanse of open country there, Friedrich has halted; ridden with his adjutants to the top of 'the Scheuberg (Shy-*hill*),' as the Books call it, though it is more properly a blunt Knoll or 'Rise,'—the nearest of a Chain of Knolls, or swells in the ground, which runs from north to south on that part.

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[1] '*Hymn-Book* of Porst' (Prussian Sternhold-and-Hopkins), 'p. 689'; cited in Preuss, ii. 107.

[2] Not till 1854 (Kutzen, pp. 194, 195).

Except the Zobtenberg, rising blue and massive, on the southern horizon (famous mythologic Mountain, reminding you of an *Arthur's Seat* in shape too, only bigger and solitary), this Country, for many miles round, has nothing that could be called a Hill; it is definable as a bare wide-waving champaign, with slight bumps on it, or slow heavings and sinkings. Country mostly under culture, though it is of sandy quality; one or two sluggish brooks in it; and reedy meres or mires, drained in our day. It is dotted with Hamlets of the usual kind; and has patches of scraggy fir. Your horizon, even where bare, is limited, owing to the wavy heavings of the ground; windmills and church-belfries are your only resource, and even these, from about Leuthen and the Austrian position, leave the Borne quarter mostly invisible to you. Leuthen Belfry, the same which may have stood a hundred years before this Battle, ends in a small tile-roof, open only at the gables:—'Leuthen Belfry,' says a recent Tourist, 'is of small resource for a view. To south you can see some distance, Sagschütz, Lobetintz and other Hamlets, amid scraggy fir-patches, and meadows, once miry pools; but to north you are soon shut-in by a swell or slow rise, with two windmills upon it' (important to readers at present); 'and to eastward' (Breslau side and Lissa side), 'or to westward' (Friedrich's side), 'one has no view, except of the old warped rafters and their old mouldy tiles within few inches; or, if by audacious efforts at each end, to the risk of your neck, you get a transient peep, it is stopt, far short of Borne, by the slow irregular heavings, with or without fir about them.'[1]

In short, Friedrich keeps possession of that Borne ridge of Knolls, escorted by Cavalry in good numbers; twinkling about in an enigmatic way:—'Prussian right wing yonder,' think the Austrians; 'whitherward, or what can they mean?' —and keeps his own columns and the Austrian lines in view; himself and his movements invisible, or worse, to the Austrian Generals from any spyglass or conjecture they can employ.

The Austrian Generals are in windmills, on church-belfries, here, there; diligently scanning the abstruse phenomenon, of which so little can be seen. Daun, who had always been against this adventure, thinks it probable the vanished Prussians are retiring southward: for Bohemia and our Magazines probably. 'These good people are smuggling off (*Die guten Leute paschen ab*),' said he: 'let them go in peace.'[2] Daun, that morning, in his reconnoiterings, had asked of a peasant, 'What is that, then?' (meaning the top of a Village-steeple in the distance, but thought by the peasant to be meaning something nearer hand). 'That is the Hill our King chases the Austrians over, when he is reviewing here!' Which Daun reported at headquarters with a grin.[3]

Lucchesi, on the other hand, scanning those Borne Hills, and the cavalry of Friedrich's escort twinkling hither and thither on them, becomes convinced to a moral certainty, That yonder is the Prussian Vanguard, probable extremity of left wing; and that he, Lucchesi, here at Nypern, is to be attacked. 'Attacked, you?' said one Montazet, French Agent or Emissary here: 'unless they were snipes, it is impossible!' But Lucchesi saw it too well.

He sends to say that such is the evident fact, and that he, Lucchesi, is not equal to it, but must have large reinforcement of Horse to his right wing. 'Tush!' answer Prince Karl and Daun; and return only argument, verbal consolation, to distressed Lucchesi. Lucchesi sends a second message, more passionately pressing, to the like effect; also with the like return. Upon which he sends a third message, quite passionate: 'If Cavalry do not come, I will not be responsible for the issue!' And now Daun does collect the required reinforcement; 'all the reserve of Horse, and a great many from the left wing';—and, Daun himself heading them, goes off at a swift trot; to look into Lucchesi and his distresses, three or four miles to right, five or six from where the danger lies. Now is Friedrich's golden moment.

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[1] Tourist's Note, *penes me*.

[2] Müller, p. 36.

[3] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iv. 34.

Wending always south, on their western or invisible side of those Knolls, Friedrich's people have got to about the level, or *latitude* as we might call it, of Nadasti's left. To Radaxdorf, namely, to Lobetintz, or still farther south, and perhaps a mile to west of Nadasti. Friedrich has mounted to Lobetintz Windmill; and judges that the time is come. Daun and Cavalry once got to support their right wing, and our south latitude being now sufficient, Friedrich, swift as Prussian manœuvring can do it, falls with all his strength upon their left wing. Forms in oblique order,—horse, foot, artillery, all perfect in their paces; and comes streaming over the Knolls at Sagschütz, suddenly like a fire-deluge on Nadasti, who had charge there, and was expecting no such adventure! How Friedrich did the forming in oblique order was at that time a mystery known only to Friedrich and his Prussians: but soldiers of all countries, gathering the secret from him, now understand it, and can learnedly explain it to such as are curious. Will readers take a touch more of the *Drill-Serjeant?*

'You go stair-wise (*en échelon*),' says he: 'first battalion starts, second stands immovable till the first have done fifty steps; at the fifty-first, second battalion also steps along; third waiting for *its* fifty-first step. First battalion' (rightmost battalion or leftmost, as the case may be; rightmost in this Leuthen case) 'doing fifty steps before the next stirs, and each battalion in succession punctually doing the same': march along on these terms,—or halt at either end, while you advance at the other,—it is evident you will swing yourself out of the parallel position into any degree of obliquity. And furthermore, merely by halting and facing half-round at the due intervals, you shove yourself to right or to left as required (always to right in this Leuthen case): and so,—provided you *can* march as a pair of compasses would,—you will, in the given number of minutes, impinge upon your Enemy's extremity at the required angle, and overlap him to the required length: whereupon, At him, in flank, in front, and rear, and see if he can stand it! 'A beautiful manœuvre,' says Captain Archenholtz; 'devised by Friedrich,' by Friedrich inheriting Epaminondas and the Old Dessauer; 'and which perhaps only Friedrich's men, to this day, could do with the requisite perfection.'

Nadasti, a skilful War-Captain, especially with Horse, was beautifully posted about Sagschütz; his extreme left folded-up *en potence* there (elbow of it at Sagschütz, fore-arm of it running to Gohlau eastward); potence ending in firwood Knolls with Croat musketeers, in ditches, ponds, difficult ground, especially towards Gohlau. He has a strong battery, 14 pieces, on the Height to rear of him, at the angle or elbow of his potence; strong abatis, well manned in front to rightwards: upon this, and upon the Croats in the firwood, the Prussians intend their attack. General Wedell is there, Prince Moritz as chief, with six battalions, and their batteries, battery of 10 Brummers and another; Ziethen also and Horse: coming-on in swift fire-flood, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. Most unexpected, strange to behold! From south-west yonder; about one o'clock of the day.

Nadasti, though astonished at the Prussian fire-deluge, stands to his arms; makes, in front, vigorous defence; and even takes, in some sort, the initiative,—that is, dashes-out his Cavalry on Ziethen, before Ziethen has charged. Ziethen's Horse, who are rightmost of the Prussians, and are bare to the right,—ground offering no bush, no brook there (though Ziethen, foreseeing such defect, has a clump of infantry near by to mend it),—reel back under this first shock, coming downhill upon them; and would have fared badly, had not the clump of infantry instantly opened fire on the Nadasti visitors, and poured it in such floods upon them, that they, in their turn, had to reel back. Back they, well out of range; —and leave Ziethen free for a counter-attack shortly, on easier terms, which was successful to him. For, during that first tussle of his, the Prussian Infantry, to left of Ziethen, has attacked the Sagschütz Firwood; clears that of Croats; attacks Nadasti's line, breaks it, their Brummer battery potently assisting, and the rage of Wedell and everybody being extreme. So that, in spite of the fine ground, Nadasti is in a bad way, on the extreme left or outmost point of his *potence*, or tactical *knee*. Round the kneepan or angle of his *potence*, where is the abatis, he fares still worse. Abatis, beswept by those ten Brummers and other Batteries, till bullet and bayonet can act on it, speedily gives way. 'They were mere Würtembergers, these; and could not stand!' cried the Austrians apologetically, at a great rate, afterwards; as if anybody could well have stood.

Indisputably the Würtembergers and the abatis are gone; and the Brandenburgers, storming after them, storm Nadasti's interior battery of 14 pieces; and Nadasti's affairs are rapidly getting desperate in this quarter. Figure Prince Karl's scouts, galloping madly to recall that Daun Cavalry! Austrian Battalions, plenty of them, rush down to help Nadasti; but they are met by the crowding fugitives, the chasing Prussians; are themselves thrown into disorder, and can do no good whatever. They arrive on the ground flurried, blown; have not the least time to take breath and order: the fewest of them ever got fairly ranked, none of them ever stood above one push: all goes rolling wildly back upon the centre about Leuthen. Chaos come on us;—and all for mere lack of time: could Nádasti but once stretch out one minute into twenty! But he cannot. Nadasti does not himself lose head; skilfully covers the retreat, trying to rally once and again. Not for the first few furlongs, till the ditches, till the firwood, quagmires are all done, could Ziethen, now on the open ground, fairly hew in; 'take whole battalions prisoners'; drive the crowd in an altogether stormy manner; and wholly confound the matter in this part.

Prince Karl, his messengers flying madly, has struggled as man seldom did to put himself in some posture about Leuthen, to get-up some defences there. Leuthen itself, the churchyard of it especially, is on the defensive. Men are bringing cannon to the windmills, to the swelling ground on the north side of Leuthen; they dig ditches, build batteries,—could they but make Time halt, and Friedrich with him, for one quarter of an hour! But they cannot. By the extreme of diligence, the Austrians have in some measure swung themselves into a new position, or imperfect Line round Leuthen as a centre,—Lucchesi, voluntarily or by order, swinging southwards on the one hand; Nadasti swinging northwards by compulsion;—new Line at an angle say of 75° to the old one. And here, for an hour more, there was stiff fighting, the stiffest of the day;—of which, take one direct glimpse, from the Austrian side, furnished by a Young Gentleman famous afterwards:

Leuthen, let us premise, is a long Hamlet of the usual littery sort; with two rows, in some parts three, of farmhouses, barns, cattle-stalls; with Church, or even with two Churches, a Protestant and a Catholic; goes from east to west above a mile in length. With the wrecks of Nadasti tumbling into it pell-mell from the south-east, and Lucchesi desperately endeavouring to swing round from the north-west, not quite incoherently, and the Prussian fire-storm for accompaniment, Leuthen is probably the most chaotic place in the Planet Earth during that hour or so (from half-past two to half-past three) while the agony lasted. At one o'clock Nadasti was attacked; at two he is tumbling in mid-career towards Leuthen: I guess the date of this Excerpt, or testimony by a Notable Eyewitness, may be half-past two; crisis of the agony just about to begin: and before four it was all finished again. Eyewitness is the young Prince de Ligne, now Captain in an Austrian regiment of Foot; and standing here in this perilous posture, having been called in as part of the Reserve. He says:

'Cry had risen for the Reserve,' in which was my regiment, 'and that it must come on as fast as possible,'—to Leuthen, west of us yonder. 'We ran what we could run. Our Lieutenant-Colonel fell killed almost at the first; beyond this we lost our Major, and indeed all the Officers but three,—three only, and about eleven or twelve of the Volunteer or Cadet kind. We had crossed two successive ditches, which lay in an orchard to left of the first houses in Leuthen; and were beginning to form in front of the Village. But there was no standing of it. Besides a general cannonade such as can hardly be imagined, there was a rain of case-shot upon this Battalion, of which I, as there was no Colonel left, had to take command; and a third Battalion of the Royal Prussian Foot-guards, which had already made several of our regiments pass that kind of muster, gave, at a distance of eighty paces, the liveliest fire on us. It stood as if on the parade-ground, that third Battalion, and waited for us, without stirring.

'The Austrian regiment Andlau, at our right hand, could not get itself formed properly by reason of the houses; it was standing thirty deep, and sometimes its shot hit us on the back. On my left the Austrian regiment Merci ran its ways; and I was glad of that, in comparison. By no method or effort could I get the dragoons of Bathyani, who stood fifty yards in rear of me, to cut-in a little, and help me out,'—no good cutting hereabouts, think the dragoons of Bathyani. 'My soldiers, who were still tired with running, and had no cannon (these either from necessity or choice they had left behind), were got scattered, fewer in number, and were fighting mainly out of sullenness. More our honour, than the notion of doing good in the affair, prevented us from running off. An Ensign of the regiment Arberg helped me a while to form, from his and my own fragments, a kind of line; but he was shot-down. Two Officers of the Grenadiers brought me what they still had. Some Hungarians, too, were luckily got together. But at last, as, with all helps and the remnants of my own brave Battalion, I had come down to at most 200, I drew back to the Height where the Windmill is,'[1]—where many have drawn back, and are standing in sheltered places, a hundred deep, say our Books.

Stiff fighting at Leuthen; especially furious till Leuthen

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[1] Kutzen, p. 103 (from 'Prince de Ligne's *Diary*, i. 63, German Transaction').

Churchyard, a place with high stone walls, was got. Leuthen Village, we observe, was crammed with Austrians spitting fire from every coign of vantage; Church and Churchyard especially are a citadel of death. Cannon playing from the Windmill Heights, too;—moments are inestimable. The Prussian Commander (name charitably hidden) at Leuthen Churchyard seems to hesitate in the murderous fire-deluge: Major Möllendorf, namable from that day forward, growling, 'No time this for study,' dashes-out himself, '*Ein andrer Mann* (Follow me, whoever is a man)!'—smashes-in the Church-Gate of the place, nine muskets blazing on him through it; smashes, after a desperate struggle, the Austrians clean out of it, and conquers the citadel.[1]

The Austrians, on confused terms, made stiff dispute in this second position for about an hour. The Prussian Reserve was ordered up by Friedrich; the Prussian left wing, which had stood 'refused,' about Radaxdorf, till now: at one time nearly all the Prussians were in fire. Friedrich is here, is there, wherever the press was greatest; 'Prince Ferdinand,' whom we now and then find named, as a diligent little fellow, and ascertain to be here in this and other Battles of Friedrich's,—'Prince Ferdinand at one time pointed his cannon on the Bush or Fir-Clump of Radaxdorf;—an aide-de-camp came to him with message: 'You are firing on the King; the King is yonder!' At which Ferdinand' (his dear little Brother) '*erschrack*,' or almost fainted with terror.[2]

Stiff dispute; and had the Austrians possessed the Prussian dexterity in manœuvring, and a Friedrich been among them,—perhaps? But on their own terms, there was from the first little hope in it. 'Behind the Windmills they are a hundred men deep'; by and by, your Windmills, riddled to pieces, have to be abandoned; the Prussian left wing rushing on with bayonets, will not all of you have to go? Lucchesi, with his abundant Cavalry, seeing this latter movement and the Prussian flank bare in that part, will do a stroke

[1] Müller, p. 42.

[2] Kutzen, p. 110.

upon them;—and this proved properly the finale of the matter, final to both Lucchesi and it.

The Prussian flank was to appearance bare in that leftward quarter; but only to appearance: Driesen with the left wing of Horse is in a Hollow hard by; strictly charged by Friedrich to protect said flank, and take nothing else in hand. Driesen lets Lucchesi gallop by, in this career of his; then emerges, ranked, and comes storming-in upon Lucchesi's back,—entirely confounding his astonished Cavalry and their career. Astonished Cavalry, bullet-storm on this side of them, edge of sword on that, taking wing in all directions (or all except to west and south) quite over the horizon; Lucchesi himself gets killed,—crosses a still wider horizon, poor man. He began the ruin, and he ends it. For now Driesen takes the bared Austrians in flank, in rear; and all goes tumbling here too, and in a few minutes is a general deluge rearward towards Saara and Lissa side.

At Saara the Austrians, sun just sinking, made a third attempt to stand; but it was hopelessly faint this time; went all asunder at the first push; and flowed then, torrent-wise, towards all its Bridges over the Schweidnitz Water, towards Breslau by every method. There are four Bridges, Stabelwitz below Lissa; Goldschmieden, Hermannsdorf, above; and the main one at Lissa itself, a standing Bridge on the Highroad (also of wood); and by this the chief torrent flows; Prussian horse pursuing vigorously; Prussian Infantry drawn-up at Saara, resting some minutes, after such a day's work.[1]

Truly a memorable bit of work; no finer done for a hundred years, or for hundreds of years; and the results of it manifold, immediate and remote. About 10,000 Austrians are left on the field, 3,000 of them slain; prisoners already

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 209; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 243-252 (by an eyewitness, intelligent succinct Account of the Battle and previous March; *ib.* 252-272, of the Sieges &c. following); Preuss, ii. 112, &c.; Tempelhof, i. 276.

12,000, in a short time 21,000; flags 51, cannon 116;—'Conquest of Silesia' gone to water; Prince Karl and Austria fallen from their high hopes in one day. The Prussians lost in killed 1,141, in wounded 5,118; 85 had been taken prisoners about Sagschütz and Gohlau, in the first struggle there.[1] There and at Leuthen Village had been the two tough passages; about an hour each; in three hours the Battle was done. '*Meine Herren*,' said Friedrich that night at parole, 'after such a spell of work, you deserve rest. This day will bring the renown of your name, and of the Nation's, to the latest posterity.'

High and low had shone this day; especially these four: Ziethen, Driesen, Retzow,—and above all Moritz of Dessau. Riding up the line, as night fell, Friedrich, in passing Moritz and the right wing, drew bridle for an instant: 'I congratulate you on the Victory, Herr Feldmarschall!' cried he cheerily, and with emphasis on the last word. Moritz, still very busy, answered slightly; and Friedrich repeated louder, 'Don't you hear that I congratulate you, Herr *Feldmarschall!*'—a glad sound to Moritz, who ever since Kolin had stood rather in the shadow. 'You have helped me, and performed every order, as none ever did before in any battle,' added the grateful King.

Riding up the line, all now grown dusky, Friedrich asks, 'Any battalion a mind to follow me to Lissa?' Three battalions volunteering, follow him; three are plenty. At Saara, on the Great Road, things are fallen utterly dark. 'Landlord, bring a lantern, and escort.' Landlord of the poor Tavern at Saara escorts obediently; lantern in his right hand, left hand holding by the King's stirrup-leather,—King (Excellency or General, as the Landlord thinks him) wishing to speak with the man. Will the reader consent to their Dialogue, which is dullish, but singular to have in an authentic form, with Nicolai as voucher?[2] Like some poor old horse-shoe, ploughed-up on the field. Two-farthings worth of rusty old iron; now little other than a curve of brown rust: but it galloped at the Battle of Leuthen; that is something!—

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[1] Kutzen, pp. 118, 125.

[2] *Anekdoten*, iii. 231-235.

King. 'Come near; catch me by the stirrup-leather' (Landlord with lantern does so). 'We are on the Breslau Great Road, that goes through Lissa, aren't we?'

Landlord. 'Yea, Excellenz.'

King. 'Who are you?'

Landlord. 'Your Excellenz, I am the *Krätschmer*' (Silesian for Landlord) 'at Saara.'

King. 'You have had a great deal to suffer, I suppose.'

Landlord. '*Ach*, your Excellenz, had not I! For the last eight-and-forty hours, since the Austrians came across Schweidnitz Water, my poor house has been crammed to the door with them, so many servants they have; and such a bullying and tumbling:—they have driven me half mad; and I am clean plundered out.'

King. 'I am sorry indeed to hear that!—Were there Generals too in your house? What said they? Tell me, then.'

Landlord. 'With pleasure, your Excellenz. Well; yesterday noon, I had Prince Karl in my parlour, and his Adjutants and people all crowding about. Such a questioning and bothering! Hundreds came dashing in, and other hundreds were sent out: in and out they went all night; no sooner was one gone, than ten came. I had to keep a roaring fire in the kitchen all night; so many Officers crowding to it to warm themselves. And they talked and babbled this and that. One would say, That our King was coming on, then, "with his Potsdam Guard-Parade." Another answers, "*Oach*, he daren't come! He will run for it; we will let him run." But now my delight is, our King has paid them their fooleries so prettily this afternoon!'

King. 'When got you rid of your high guests?'

Landlord. 'About nine this morning the Prince got to horse; and not long after three, he came past again, with a swarm of Officers; all going full speed for Lissa. So full of bragging when they came; and now they were off, wrong side foremost! I saw how it was. And ever after him, the flood of them ran, Highroad not broad enough,—an hour and more before it ended. Such a pell-mell, such a welter, cavalry and musketeers all jumbled: our King must have given them a dreadful lathering. That is what they have got by their bragging and their lying,—for, your Excellenz, these people said too, "Our King was forsaken by his own Generals, all his first people had gone and left him"; what I never in this world will believe.'

King (not liking even rumour of that kind). 'There you are right; never can such a thing be believed of my Army.'

Landlord (whom this '*my*' has transfixed). '*Mein Gott,* you are our *gnädigster König* (most gracious King) yourself! Pardon, pardon, if, in my stupidity, I have—'

King. 'No, you are an honest man:—probably a Protestant?'

Landlord. '*Joa, joa, Ihr Majestät,* I am of your Majesty's creed!'

Crack-crack! At this point the Dialogue is cut short by sudden musket-shots from the woody fields to right; crackle of about twelve shots in all; which hurt nothing but some horse's feet,—had been aimed at the light, and too low. Instantly the light is blown out, and there is a hunting-out of Croats; Lissa or environs not evacuated yet, it seems; and the King's Entrance takes place under volleyings and cannonadings.

King rides directly to the Schloss, which is still a fine handsome house, off the one street of that poor Village,—north side of street; well railed off, and its old ditches and defences now trimmed into flower-plots. The Schloss is full of Austrian Officers, bustling about, intending to quarter, when the King enters. They, and the force they still had in Lissa, could easily have taken him: but how could they know? Friedrich was surprised; but had to put the best face on it.[1] '*Bon soir, Messieurs!*' said he, with a gay tone, stepping in: 'Is there still room left, think you?' The Austrians, bowing to the dust, make way reverently to the divinity that hedges a King of this sort; mutely escort him to the best room (such the popular account); and for certain make off, they and theirs, towards the Bridge, which lies a little farther east, at the end of the Village.

Weistritz or Schweidnitz Water is a biggish muddy stream in that part; gushing and eddying; not voiceless, vexed by mills and their weirs. Some firing there was from Croats in the lower houses of the Village, and they had a cannon at the farther Bridge-end; but they were glad to get away, and vanish in the night; muddy Weistritz singing hoarse adieu to their cannon and them. Prussian grenadiers plunged indignant into the houses; made short work of the musketries there. In few minutes every Croat and Austrian was across, or silenced otherwise too well; Prussian cannon now going in the rear of them, and continuing to go,—such had been the order, 'till the powder you have is done.' Fire of musketry and occasional cannon lasts all night, from the Lissa or Prussian side of the River,—'lest they burn this Bridge, or attempt some mischief.' A thing far from their thoughts, in present circumstances.

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[1] In Kutzen (pp. 121, 209 et seq.) explanation of the true circumstances, and source of the mistake.

The Prussian Host at Saara, hearing these noises, took to its arms again; and marched after the King. Thick darkness; silence; tramp, tramp:—a Prussian grenadier broke-out, with solemn tenor voice again, into Church-Music; a known Church-Hymn, of the homely *Te-Deum* kind; in which five-and-twenty thousand other voices, and all the regimental bands, soon join:

'*Nun danket alle Gott*	'Now thank God, one and all,
Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,	With heart, with voice, with hands-a,
Der grosse Dinge thut	Who wonders great hath done
An uns und allen Enden.'[1]	To us and to all lands-a.'

And thus they advance; melodious, far-sounding, through the hollow Night, once more in a highly remarkable manner. A pious people, of right Teutsch stuff, tender though stout; and, except perhaps Oliver Cromwell's handful of Ironsides, probably the most perfect soldiers ever seen hitherto. Arriving at the end of Lissa, and finding all safe as it should be there, they make their bivouac, their parallelogram of two lines, miles long across the fields, left wing resting on Lissa, right on Guckerwitz; and,—having, I should think, at least tobacco to depend on, with abundant stick-fires, and healthy joyful hearts,—pass the night in a thankful, comfortable manner.

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[1] Müller, p. 48.

Leuthen was the most complete of all Friedrich's victories; two hours more of daylight, as Friedrich himself says, and it would have been the most decisive of this century.[1] As it was, the ruin of this big Army, 80,000 against 30,000,[2] was as good as total; and a world of Austrian hopes suddenly collapsed; and all their Silesian Apparatus, making sure of Silesia beyond an *if*, was tumbled into wreck,—by this one stroke it had got, smiting the corner-stone of it as if with unexpected lightning. On the morrow after Leuthen, Friedrich laid siege to Breslau; Karl had left a garrison of 17,000 in it, and a stout Captain, one Sprecher, determined on defence: such interests hung on Breslau, such immensities of stores were in it, had there been nothing else. Friedrich, pushing with all his strength, in spite of bad weather and of Sprecher's industrious defence, got it in twelve days.[3] Sprecher had posted placards on the gallows and up and down, terrifically proclaiming that any man convicted of mentioning surrender should be instantly hanged: but Friedrich's bombardment was strong, his assaults continual; and the ditches were threatening to freeze. On the seventh day of the siege, a Laboratorium blew-up; on the ninth, a Powder-magazine, carrying a lump of the rampart away with it. Sprecher had to capitulate: Prisoners of War, we 17,000; our cannons, ammunitions (most opulent, including what we took from Bevern lately); these, we and Breslau altogether, alas, it is all yours again.

Liegnitz Garrison, seeing no hope, consented to withdraw on leave.[4] Schweidnitz cannot be besieged till Spring come: except Schweidnitz, Maria Theresa, the high Kaiserinn, has no foot of ground in Silesia, which she thought to be hers again. Gone utterly, Patents and all; Schweidnitz alone waiting till Spring. To the lively joy of Silesia in general;

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 167.

[2] '89,200 was the Austrian strength before the Battle' (deduct the Garrisons of Schweidnitz and Liegnitz): Preuss, ii. 109 (from the *Staff-Officers*).

[3] 7th-19th December: *Diarium* etc. of it in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 955-961.

[4] 26th December: *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 1016.

to the thrice-lively sorrow and alarm of certain individuals, leading Catholic Ecclesiastics mainly, who had misread the signs of the times in late months! There is one Schaffgotsch, Archbishop or head-man of them, especially, who is now in a bad way. Never was such royal favour; never such ingratitude, say the Books at wearisome length. Schaffgotsch was a showy man of quality, nephew of the quondam Austrian Governor, whom Friedrich, across a good deal of Papal and other opposition, got pushed into the Catholic Primacy, and took some pains to make comfortable there,—Order of the Black Eagle, guest at Potsdam, and the like;—having a kind of fancy for the airy Schaffgotsch, as well as judging him suitable for this Silesian High-Priesthood, with his moderate ideas and quality ways,—which I have heard were a little dissolute withal. To the whole of which Schaffgotsch proved signally traitorous and ingrate; and had plucked-off the Black Eagle (say the Books, nearly breathless over such a sacrilege) on some public occasion, prior to Leuthen, and trampled it under his feet, the unworthy fellow. Schaffgotsch's pathetic Letter to Friedrich, in the new days posterior to Leuthen, and Friedrich's contemptuous inexorable answer, we could give, but do not: why should we? O King, I know your difficulties, and what epoch it is. But, of a truth, your airy dissolute Schaffgotsch, as a grateful 'Archbishop and Grand-Vicar,' is almost uglier to me than as a Traitor ungrateful for it; and shall go to the Devil in his own way! They would not have him in Austria; he was not well received at Rome; happily died before long.[1] Friedrich was not cruel to Schaffgotsch or the others, contemptuously mild rather; but he knew henceforth what to expect of them, and slightly changed this and that in his Silesian methods in consequence.

Of Prince Karl let us add a word. On the morrow after Leuthen, Captain Prince de Ligne and old Papa D'Ahremberg could find little or no Army; they stept across to Gräbschen, a village on the safe side of the Lohe, and there found Karl and Daun: 'rather silent, both; one of them looking, "Who would have thought it!" the other, "Didn't I tell you?"'—and knowing nothing, they either, where the Army was. Army was, in fact, as yet nowhere. 'Croat fellows, in this Farmstead of ours,' says De Ligne, 'had fallen to shooting pigeons.' The night had been unusually dark; the Austrian Army had squatted into woods, into office-houses, farm-villages, over a wide space of country; and only as the day rose, began to dribble-in. By count, they are still 50,000; but heart-broken, beaten as men seldom were. 'What sound is that?' men asked yesterday at Brieg, forty miles off; and nobody could say, except that it was some huge Battle, fateful of Silesia and the world. Breslau had it louder; Breslau was still more anxious. 'What *is* all that?' asked somebody (might be Deblin the Shoemaker, for anything I know) of an Austrian sentry there: 'That? That is the Prussians giving us such a beating as we never had.' What news for Deblin the Shoemaker, if he is still above ground!—

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[1] Preuss, ii. 113, 114; Kutzen, pp. 12, 155-160, for the real particulars.

'Prince Karl, gathering his distracted fragments, put 17,000 into Breslau by way of ample garrison there; and with the rest made-off circuitously for Schweidnitz; thence for Landshut, and down the Mountains, home to Königsgrätz,—self and Army in the most wrecked condition. Chased by Ziethen; Ziethen "sticking always to the hocks of them," as Friedrich eagerly enjoins on him; or sometimes it is, "sitting on the breeches of them": for about a fortnight to come.[1] Ziethen took 2,000 prisoners; no end of baggages, of wagons left in the difficult places: wild weather even for Ziethen, still more for Karl, among the Silesian-Bohemian Hill-roads: heavy rains, deep muds, then sudden glass, with cutting snowblasts: "An Army not a little dilapidated," writes Prince Karl, almost with tears in his eyes; "Army without linens, without clothes; in condition truly sad and pitiable; and has always, so close are the enemy, to encamp, though without tents."[2] Did not get to Königsgrätz, and safe shelter, for ten days more. Counted, at Königsgrätz in the Christmas time, 37,000 rank and file,—"22,000 of whom are gone to hospital," by the Doctor's report.

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[1] Eleven Royal Autographs: in Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (ii. 94-111), a feeble incorrect Translation of them.

[2] Kutzen, p. 134 ('Prince Karl to the Kaiser, December 14th').

'Universal astonishment, indignation, even incredulity, is the humour at Vienna: the high Kaiserinn herself, kept in the dark for some time, becomes dimly aware; and by Kaiser Franz's own advice she relieves Prince Karl from his military employments, and appoints Daun instead. Prince Karl withdrew to his Government of the Netherlands; and with the aid of generous liquors, and what natural magnanimity he had, spent a noiseless life thenceforth; Sword laid entirely on the shelf; and immortal Glory, as of Alexander and the like, quite making its exit from the scene, convivial or other. "The first General in the world," so he used to be ten years ago, in Austria, in England, Holland, the thrice-greatest of Generals: but now he has tried Friedrich in Five pitched Battles (Czaslau, Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, then Prag, then Leuthen);—been beaten every time, under every form of circumstance; and now, at Leuthen, the fifth beating is such, no public, however ignorant, can stand it farther. The ignorant public changes its long-eared eulogies into contumeliously horrid shrieks of condemnation; in which one is still farther from joining. "That crossing of the Rhine," says Friedrich, "was a *belle chose;* but flatterers blew him into dangerous self-conceit; besides, he was ill-obeyed, as others of us have been."[1] Adieu to him, poor redfaced soul;—and good liquor to him,—at least if he can take it in moderation!'

The astonishment of all men, wise and simple, at this sudden oversetting of the scene of things, and turning of the gazetteer-diplomatic theatre bottom uppermost, was naturally extreme, especially in gazetteer and diplomatic circles; and the admiration, willing or unwilling, of Friedrich, in some most essential points of him, rose to a high pitch. Better soldier, it is clear, has not been heard of in the modern ages. Heroic constancy, courage superior to fate: several clear features of a hero;—pity he were such a liar withal, and ignorant of common honesty; thought the simple sort, in a bewildered manner, endeavouring to forget the latter features, or think them *not* irreconcilable. Military judges of most various quality, down to this day, pronounce Leuthen to be essentially the finest Battle of the century; and indeed one of the prettiest feats ever done by man in his Fighting Capacity. Napoleon, for instance, who had run over these Battles of Friedrich (apparently somewhat in haste, but always with a word upon them which is worth gathering from such a source), speaks thus of Leuthen : 'This Battle is a masterpiece of movements, of manœuvres, and of resolution ; enough to immortalise Friedrich, and rank him among the greatest Generals. Manifests, in the highest degree, both his moral qualities and his military.'[1]

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[1] 'Prince de Ligne, *Mémoires sur Frédéric* (Berlin, 1789), p. 38' (Preuss, ii. 112).

How the English Walpoles, in Parliament and out of it ; how the Prussian Sulzers, D'Argenses, the Gazetteer and vague public, may have spoken and written at that time: when the matter was fresh and on everybody's tongue,—judge still by two small symptoms which we have to show :

1°. *A Letter of Friedrich's to D'Argens* (Dürgoy, near Breslau, 19th December 1757).—'Your friendship seduces you, *mon cher ;* I am but a paltry knave (*polisson*) in comparison with "Alexander," and not worthy to tie the shoe-latchets of "Cæsar" ! Necessity, who is the mother of industry, has made me act, and have recourse to desperate remedies in evils of a like nature.

'We have got here' (this day, by capitulation of Breslau) 'from fourteen to fifteen thousand prisoners : so that, in all, I have above twenty-three thousand of the Queen's troops in my hands, fifteen Generals, and above seven hundred Officers. 'Tis a plaster on my wounds, but it is far enough from healing them.

'I am now about marching to the Mountain region, to settle the chain of quarters there ; and if you will come, you will find the roads free and safe. I was sorry at the Abbé's treason,'—paltry De Prades, of whom we heard enough already.[2]

2°. *A Pottery-Apotheosis of Friedrich.*—'There stands on this mantelpiece,' says one of my Correspondents, the amiable Smelfungus, in short, whom readers are acquainted with, 'a small China Mug, not of bad shape ; declaring itself, in one obscure corner, to be made at Worcester, "R. I., Worcester, 1757," (late in the season, I presume, demand being brisk) ; which exhibits, all round it, a diligent Potter's-Apotheosis of

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[1] Montholon, *Mémoires etc. de Napoléon*, vii. 211. This Napoleon *Summary of Friedrich's Campaigns*, and these brief Bits of Criticism, are pleasant reading, though the fruit evidently of slight study, and do credit to Napoleon perhaps still more than to Friedrich.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 47.

Friedrich, hastily got-up to meet the general enthusiasm of English mankind. Worth, while it lasts unbroken, a moment's inspection from you in hurrying along.

'Front side, when you take our Mug by the handle for drinking from it, offers a poor well-meant China Portrait, labelled KING OF PRUSSIA: Copy of Friedrich's Portrait by Pesne, twenty years too young for the time, smiling out nobly upon you; upon whom there descends with rapidity a small Genius (more like a Cupid who had hastily forgotten his bow, and goes headforemost on another errand) to drop a wreath on this deserving head;—wreath far too small for ever getting on (owing to distance, let us hope), though the artless Painter makes no sign; and indeed both Genius and wreath, as he gives them, look almost like a big insect, which the King will be apt to treat harshly if he notice it. On the opposite side, again, separated from Friedrich's back by the handle, is an enormous image of Fame, with wings filling half the Mug, with two trumpets going at once (a bass, probably, and a treble), who flies with great ease; and between her eager face and the unexpectant one of Friedrich (who is 180° off, and knows nothing of it) stands a circular Trophy, or Imbroglio of drums, pikes, muskets, cannons, field-flags and the like; very slightly tied together,—the knot, if there is one, being hidden by some fantastic bit of scroll or escutcheon, with a Fame and *one* trumpet scratched on it;—and high out of the Imbroglio rise three standards inscribed with Names, which we perceive are intended to be names of Friedrich's Victories; standards notable at this day, with Names which I will punctually give you.

'Standard first, which flies to the westward or leftward, has "Reisberg" (no such place on this distracted globe, but meaning Bevern's *Reichenberg*, perhaps),—"Reisberg," "Prague," "Collin." Middle standard curves beautifully round its staff, and gives us to read, "Welham" (non-extant, too; may mean *Welmina* or Lobositz), "Rossbach" (very good), "Breslau" (poor Bevern's, thought a *victory* in Worcester at this time!). Standard third, which flies to eastward or right hand, has "Neumark" (that is, *Neumarkt* and the Austrian Bread-ovens, 4th December); "Lissa" (not yet *Leuthen* in English nomenclature); and "Breslau" again, which means the capture of Breslau *City* this time, and is a real success, 7th-19th December;—giving us the approximate date, Christmas 1757, to this hasty Mug. A Mug got-up for temporary English enthusiasm, and the accidental instruction of posterity. It is of tolerable China; holds a good pint, "To the Protestant Hero, with all the honours";—and offers, in little, a curious eyehole into the then England, with its then lights and notions, which is now so deep-hidden from us, under volcanic ashes, French Revolutions, and the wrecks of a Hundred very decadent Years.'

CHAPTER XI

WINTER IN BRESLAU: THIRD CAMPAIGN OPENS

Friedrich, during those grand victories, is suffering sadly in health, '*colique depuis huit jours*, neither sleep nor appetite'; 'eight months of mere anguishes and agitations do wear one down.' He is tired too, he says, of the mere business-talk, coarse and rugged, which has been his allotment lately; longs for some humanly-roofed kind of lodging, and a little talk that shall have flavour in it.[1] The troops once all in their Winter-quarters, he sits-down in Breslau as his own wintering-place: place of relaxation,—of rest, or at least of changed labour,—no man needing it more. There for some three months he had a tolerable time; perhaps, by contrast, almost a delightful. Readers must imagine it; we have no details allowed us, nor any time for them even if we had.

There come various visitors, various gaieties,—King's Birthday (January 24th); quality Balls, 'at which Royal Majesty sometimes deigned to show himself.' A lively Breslau, in comparison. Sister Amelia paid a beautiful visit of a fortnight or more: Sister Amelia, and along with her, two married Cousins (once Margravines of Schwedt), whose Husbands, little Brother Ferdinand, and Eugen of Würtemberg, are wintering here. The Marquis d'Argens, how exquisitely treated we shall see, is a principal figure; Excellency Mitchell, deep in very important business just now, is another. Reader de Catt (he who once, in a Dutch River-Boat, got into conversation with the snuffy gentleman in black wig) made his new appearance, this Winter,—needed now, since De Prades is off. 'Should you have known me again?' asked Friedrich. 'Hardly, in that dress; besides, your Majesty looks thinner.' 'That I can believe, with the cursed life I have been leading!'[1] There came also, day not given, a Captain Guichard ('Major Quintus Icilius' that is to be) with his new Book on the Art Military of the Ancients, *Mémoires Militaires sur les Grecs et les Romains*;[2] which cannot but be welcome to Friedrich. A solid account of that matter, by the first man who ever understood both War and Greek. Far preferable to Folard's, a man without Greek at all, and with military ideas not a little fantastic here and there. Of Captain Guichard, were his Book once read, and himself a little known, there will be more to say. For the present, fancy him retained as supernumerary:—and in regard to Friedrich's Winter generally, accept the following small hints, small but direct:

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[1] Letters of his to Prince Henri (December 26th etc.: *Œuvres*, xxvi. 167, 169; Stenzel, v. 123).

Friedrich to D'Argens (three different times)

1° *On the road to Leuthen* '(Torgau, 15th November 1757). * * I have been obliged to have the Abbé arrested' (De Prades, of whom enough, long since); 'he has been playing the spy, and I have many evident proofs of it. That is very infamous and very ungrateful.—I have made a prodigious quantity of verses (*prodigieusement de vers*). If I live, I will show them you in Winter-quarters: If I perish, they are bequeathed to you, and I have ordered that they be put into your hand.'

'Adieu, my dear Marquis. I fancy you to be in bed: don't rot there;—and remember you have promised to join me in Winter-quarters':—on this latter point Friedrich is very urgent, amiably eager; prepared to wrap the poor Marquis in cotton, and carry him and lodge him, like glass with care.[3] For example:

2°. *While settling the Winter-quarters* ('Striegau, 26th December 1757: Siege of Breslau done ten days ago). * * 'What a pleasure to hear you are coming! Your travelling you can do in your own way. I have chosen a party of Light Horse (*Jäger*), who will appear at Berlin to conduct you. You can make short journeys: the first to Frankfurt, the second to Crossen, the third to Grünberg, fourth to Glogau, fifth to

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[1] Rödenbeck, i. 285.

[2] à La Haye, 2 tomes, 4to, 1757 (Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 134).

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 43.

Parchwitz, sixth to Breslau. I have directed that horses be ordered for you, that your rooms be warmed everywhere, and good fowls ready on all roads. Your apartment in this House' (Royal House in Breslau, which the King has built for himself years ago) 'is carpeted, hermetically shut. You shall suffer nothing from draughts or from noise.'[1]—Lucky Marquis; what a Landlord! Came accordingly; stayed till deep in April,—waiting latterly for weather, I perceive; long after the King himself was off. Thus:

3°. *Friedrich on the field again for five weeks past* ('Münsterberg, 23d April 1758'). 'Adieu, dear Marquis; I fancy you are now in Berlin again. Go to Charlottenburg whenever and how you like; take care of yourself; and be ready for the beginning of October next!—As to me, *mon cher,* I am off to fight windmills and ostriches (*Autruches*), that is, Russians and Austrians (*Autrichiens*). Adieu, *mon cher.*'[2]

There circulated in the Newspapers, this Winter, something of what was called a *Letter* from Friedrich to Maria Theresa, formally proposing Peace, after these magnificent successes. And certainly, of all things in the Earth, Friedrich would have best liked Peace, this year, last year, and for the next five years: 'Go home, then, good neighbours; don't break into my house, don't cut my poor throat, and we will be friends again!' Friedrich, it appears, had actually, finding or making opportunity, sent some polite Letter, of pacific tenor, in his light clever way, to that address;—not without momentary hopes of perhaps getting good from it.[3] And the Kaiserinn herself, Austria's high Mother, did, they say, after such a Leuthen coming on the back of such a Rossbach, feel discouraged; but the Pompadour (not France's Mother, whatever she might be to France) was of far other mind: 'Do not speak of it, *ma Reine*! Double or quits, that is our game: can we yield for a little ill-luck? Never!'

France dismisses its D'Argenson, 'What Armies are these of his; flying home on us, like draggled poultry, across the Rhine!'—summons the famed Belleisle to be War-Minister, and give things an eagle-quality;[1] France engages to pay its subsidies better (France now the general paying party, Austria, Sweden, Russia itself, all looking to France,—would she were as punctual as England used to be!),—in a word, engages to be magnanimous extremely, and will hear of nothing but persistence. 'Shall not we reap, then, where there is such a harvest standing white to us?' Kaunitz admits that there never will again be such a chance.—Peace, it is clear enough, will not be got of these people by any Letter, or human device whatever, except simply by uttermost, more or less miraculous fighting for it. Friedrich is profoundly aware of this fact;—is busy completing his Army: 145,000 for the field, this Year, 53,000 the Silesian part, 'a good many of them Austrian deserters';[2] and is closing an important Subsidy Treaty with England,—of which more anon.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xix. 48.

[2] *Ibid.* xix. 49.

[3] In *Preuss,* ii. 130 (Friedrich's Letter mostly given;—bearer a Prince von Lobkowitz, prisoner at Leuthen, now going home on handsome terms): Stenzel, v. 124 (for the *per-contra* feeling).

And if this is the mood in France and Austria, think what Russia's will be! The Czarina is not dead of dropsy, as some had expected, but, on the contrary, alive, and fiercer than ever; furious against Apraxin, and determined that Fermor, his successor, shall defy Winter, and begin work at once. She has indignantly dismissed Apraxin (to be tried by Court-Martial, he); dismisses Bestuchef the Chancellor; appoints a new General, Fermor by name; orders Fermor to go and lose not a moment, now in the depth of Winter since it was not done in the crown of Summer, and take possession of East Preussen in her name.

Which Fermor does; 16th January, crosses the border again, 31,000 in all, without opposition except from the frost; plants himself up and down,—only two poor Prussian battalions there; who retire with their effects, especially 'with seven wagons of money.' January 22d, Fermor enters Königsberg; publishes no end of proclamations, manifestos, rescripts, to inform the poor people, trembling at the Cossack atrocities of last Year, 'That his august Sovereign Elizabeth of All the Russias has now become Proprietress of East

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[1] '26th Feb. 1758' (*Barbier*, iv. 258).

[2] Stenzel, v. 155.

Preussen, which shall be perfectly protected and exquisitely well-governed henceforth; and that all men of official or social position have, accordingly, to come and take the oath to her, with the due alacrity and punctuality, at their peril.'

No man is willing for the operation, most men shudder at it; but who can help them? Surely it was an unblessed operation. Poor souls, one pities them; for at heart they were, and continued, loyal to their own King; thoroughly abhorrent of becoming Russian, as Czarish Majesty has thoroughly resolved they shall. Some few absconded, leaving their property as spoil; the rest swore, with mental reservation, with shifts, such as they could devise:—for example, some were observed to swear with gloves on; the right hand, which they held up, was a mere right *fist* with a stuffed glove at the end of it,—*so* help me Beelzebub (or whoever is the recording Angel here)![1] And thus does Preussen, with astonishment, as by the spell of a Czarina Circe, find itself changed suddenly to Russian: and does not recover the old human form till four years hence,—when, again suddenly, as we shall see, the Circe and her wand chance to get broken.

Friedrich could not mend or prevent this bad Business; but was so disgusted with it, he never set foot in East Preussen again,—never could bear to behold it, after such a transformation into temporary Russian shape. I cannot say he abhorred this constrained Oath as I should have done; on the contrary, in the first spurt of indignation, he not only protested aloud, but made reprisals,—'Swear *me* those Saxons, then!' said he; and some poor magistrates of towns, and official people, had to make a figure of swearing (if not allegiance altogether, allegiance for the time being), in the same sad fashion, till one's humour cooled again.[2] East Preussen, lost in this way, held by its King as before, or more passionately now than ever; still loved Friedrich, say the Books; but it is Russia's for the present, and the mischief is done. East Preussen itself,

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 147-9; Preuss, ii. 145, iii. 578, iv. 477 etc.

[2] Preuss, ii. 163: Oath given ln *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 631.

Circe Czarina cherishing it as her own, had a much peaceabler time: in secret it even sent moneys, recruits, numerous young volunteers to Friedrich; much more, hopes and prayers. But his disgust with the late transformation by enchantment was inexpiable.

It was May or June, as had been anticipated, before the Russian main Army made its practical appearance in those parts. Fermor had, in the interim, seized Thorn, seized Elbing ('No offence, magnanimous Polacks, it is only for a time!'),—and would fain have had Dantzig too, but Dantzig wouldn't. Not till June 16th did the unwieldy mass (on paper 104,000, and in effect, and exclusive of Cossack rabble, about 75,000) get on way; and begin slowly staggering westward. Very slowly, and amid incendiary fire and horrid cruelty, as heretofore;—and in August coming we shall be sure to hear of it.

Lehwald was just finishing with the Swedes,—had got them all bottled-up in Stralsund again, about New-year's time, when these Russians crossed into Preussen. We said nothing of the Swedish so-called Campaign of last Year;—and indeed are bound to be nearly silent of that and of all the others. Five Campaigns of them, or at least Four and a half; such Campaigns as were never made before or since. Of Campaign 1757, the memorable feature is, that of the whole 'Swedish Division,' as the laughing Newspapers called it, which was 'put to flight by Five Berlin Postillions';—substantially a truth, as follows:

'Night of September 12th-13th, 1757, the Swedes, 22,000 strong, did at last begin business; crossed Peene River, the boundary between their Pommern and ours; and, having nothing but some fractions of Militia to oppose them, soon captured the Redoubts there; spread over Prussian Pommern, and on into the Uckermark; diligently raising contributions, to a heavy amount. No less than 90,000*l.* in all for this poor Province; though, by a strange accident, 60,000*l.* proved to be the actual sum.

'Towards the end of October they had got as much as 60,000*l.* from the northern parts of Uckermark, Prentzlow being their headquarter during that operation; and they now sent out a Detachment of 200 grenadiers and 100 dragoons towards Zehdenick, another little Town, some forty miles farther south, there to wring-out the remaining sum. The Detachment marched by night, not courting notice; but people had heard of its coming; and five Prussian Postillions,—shifty fellows, old hussars it may be, at any rate skilful on the trumpet, and furnished with hussar jackets and an old pistol each, determined to do something for their Country. The Swedish Detachment had not marched many miles, when,—after or before some flourishes of martial trumpeting,—there verily fell on the Swedish flank, out of a clump of dark wood, five shots, and wounded one man. To the astonishment and panic of the other Two hundred and ninety-nine; who made instant retreat, under new shots and trumpet-tones, as if it were from five whole hussar regiments; retreat double-quick, to Prentzlow; alarm waxing by the speed; alarm spreading at Prentzlow itself: so that the whole Division got to its feet, recrossed the Peene; and Uckermark had nothing more to pay, for that bout! This is not a fable, such as go in the Newspapers,' adds my Authority, 'but an accurate fact':[1]—probably, in our day, the alone memorable one of that 'Swedish War.'

'The French,' says another of my Notes, 'who did the subsidying all round (who paid even the Russian Subsidy, though in Austria's name), had always an idea that the Swedes,—22,000 stout men, this year, 4,000 of them cavalry,—might be made to coöperate with the Russians; with them or with somebody; and do something effective in the way of destroying Friedrich. And besides their subsidies and bribings, the French took incredible pains with this view; incessantly contriving, correspondencing, and running to and fro between the parties;[2] but had not, even from the Russians and Czarish Majesty, much of a result, and from the Swedes had absolutely none at all. By French industry and flagitation, the Swedish Army was generally kept-up to about 20,000: the soldiers were expert with their fighting-tools, knew their field-exercise well; had fine artillery, and were stout hardy fellows: but the guidance of them was wonderful. "They had no field-commissariat," says one Observer, "no field-bakery, no magazines, no pontoons, no light troops; and," among the Higher Officers, "no subordination."[1] Were, in short, commanded by nobody in particular. Commanded by Senator Committee-men in Stockholm; and, on the field, by Generals anxious to avoid responsibility; who, instead of acting, held continual Councils of War. The history of their Campaigns, year after year, is, in summary, this:

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 764, 807; Archenholtz, i. 160.

[2] For example: M. le Marquis de Montalembert, *Correspondance avec etc, étant employé par le Roi de France à l'Armée Suédoise*, 1757-1761 ('with the Swedish Army,' yes, and sometimes with the Russian,—and sometimes on the French Coasts, ardently fortifying against Pitt and his Descents there:—a very intelligent, industrious, observant man; still amusing to read, if one were idler), *à Londres* (evidently Paris), 1777, 3 voll. small 8vo. Then, likewise very intelligent, there is a Montazet, a Mortaigne, a Caulaincourt; a *Campagne des Russes en* 1757; etc. etc.—in short, a great deal of fine faculty employed there in spinning ropes from sand.

'Late in the season (always late, War-Offices at home, and Captaincies here, being in such a state), they emerge from Stralsund, an impregnable place of their own,—where the men, I observe, have had to live on dried fishy substances, instead of natural boiled oatmeal;[2] and have died extensively in consequence:—they march from Stralsund, a forty or thirty miles, till they reach the Swedish-Pommern boundary, Peene River; a muddy sullen stream, flowing through quagmire meadows, which are miles broad, on each shore: River unfordable everywhere; only to be crossed in four or five places, where paved causeways are. The Swedes, with deliberation, cross Peene; after some time, capture the bits of Redoubts, and the one or two poor Prussian Towns upon it; Anklam Redoubt, *Peenemünde* (Peenemouth) Redoubt; and rove forward into Prussian Pommern, or over into the Uckermark, for fifty, for a hundred miles; exacting contributions; foraging what they can; making the poor country-people very miserable, and themselves not happy,—their soldiers "growing yearly more plunderous," says Archenholtz, "till at length they got, though much shyer of murder, to resemble Cossacks," in regard to other pleas of the crown.

'There is generally some fractional regiment or two of Prussian force, left under some select General Manteuffel, Colonel Belling; who hangs diligently on the skirts of them, exploding by all opportunities. There have been Country Militias voluntarily got on foot, for the occasion; five or six small regiments of them; officered by Prussian Veterans of the Squirearchy in those parts; who do excellent service. The Governor of Stettin, Bevern, our old Silesian friend, strikes-out now and then, always vigilant, prompt and effective, on a chance offering. This, through Summer, is what opposition can be made: and the Swedes, without magazines, scout-service, or the like military appliances, but willing enough to fight' (when they can *see*), 'and living on their shifts, will rove inward, perhaps 100 miles; say south-westward, say south-eastward' (towards Ruppin, which we used to know),—'they love to keep Mecklenburg usually on their flank, which is a friendly Country. Small fights befall them, usually beatings; never anything considerable. That is their success through Summer.

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 158.

[2] Montalembert, i. 32-37, 335, 394 etc. (that of the demand for Norse *porridge*, which interested me, I cannot find again).

'Then, in Autumn, some remnant more of Prussian regulars arrive, disposable now for that service; upon which the Swedes are driven over Peene again (quite sure to be driven, when the River with its quagmires freezes); lose Anklam Redoubt, Peenemünde Redoubt; lose Demmin, Wollin; are followed into Swedish Pommern, oftenest to the gates of Stralsund, and are locked up there, there and in Rügen adjoining, till a new season arrive.'—This year (1757-8), Lehwald, on turning the key of Stralsund, might have done a fine feat; frost having come suddenly, and welded Rügen to the mainland. 'What is to hinder you from starving them into surrender?' signifies Friedrich, hastily: 'Besiege me Stralsund!' Which Lehwald did; but should have been quicker about it; or the thaw came too soon, and admitted ships with provision again. Upon which Lehwald resigned, to a General Graf von Dohna; and went home, as grown too old: and Dohna kept them bottled there till the usual Russian Advent (deep in June); by which time, what with limited stockfish diet, what with sore labour (breaking of the ice, whenever frost reappeared) and other hardship, more than half of them had died.—'Every new season there was a new General tried; but without the least improvement. There was mockery enough, complaint enough; indignant laughter in Stockholm itself; and the Dalecarlians thought of revolting: but the Senator Committee-men held firm, ballasted by French gold, for four years.

'The Prussian Militias are a fine trait of the matter; about fifteen regiments in different parts;—about five in Pommern, which set the example; which were suddenly raised last Autumn by the *Stände* themselves, drilled in Stettin continually, while the Swedes were under way, and which stood ready for some action, under veterans of the squirearchy, when the Swedes arrived. They were kept up through the War. The *Stände* even raised a little fleet,[1] river fleet and coast fleet, twelve gunboats, with a powerful carronade in each, and effective men and captain; a great check on plundering and coast-mischief, till the Swedes, who are naval, at last made an effort and destroyed them all.'

Friedrich was very sensible of these procedures on the part of his *Stände*; and perhaps readers are not prepared for such, or for others of the like, which we could produce elsewhere, in a Country without Constitution to speak of. Friedrich raises no new taxes,—except upon himself exclusively, and these to the very blood:—Friedrich gets no Life-and-Fortune

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 110.

11th April 1758]

Addresses of the vocal or printed sort, but only of the acted. Very much the preferable kind, where possible, to all parties concerned. These poor militias and flotillas one cheerfully puts on record; cheerfully nothing else, in regard to such a Swedish War;—nor shall we henceforth insult the human memory by another word upon it that is not indispensable.

Of the English Subsidy

One of Friedrich's most important affairs, at present,—vitally connected with his Army and its furnishings, which is the all-important,—was his Subsidy Treaty with England. It is the third treaty he has signed with England in regard to this War; the second in regard to subsidy for it; and it is the first that takes real practical effect. It had cost difficulty in adjusting, not a little correspondence and management from Mitchell; for the King is very shy about subsidy, though grim necessity prescribes it as inevitable; and his pride, and his reflections on the last Subsidy Treaty, 'One Million sterling, Army of Observation, and Fleet in the Baltic,' instead of which came Zero and Kloster-Zeven, have made him very sensitive. However, all difficulties are got over; Plenipotentiary Knyphausen, Pitt, Britannic Majesty and everybody striving to be rational and practical; and at London, 11th April 1758, Subsidy Treaty, admirably brief and to the point, is finished:[1] 'That Friedrich shall have Four Million Thalers, that is, 670,000*l.*; payable in London to his order, in October, this Year; which sum Friedrich engages to spend wholly in maintenance and increase of his Army for behoof of the common object;—neither party to dream of making the least shadow of peace or truce without the other.' Of Baltic Fleet, there is nothing said; nor, in regard to that, was anything done, this year or afterwards; highly important as it would have been to Friedrich, with the Navies so-called of both Sweden and Russia doing their worst upon him. 'Why not spare me a small English squadron, and blow these away?' Nor was the why ever made clear to him; the private why being, that Czarish Majesty had, last year, intimated to Britannic, 'Any such step on your part will annihilate the now old friendship of Russia and England, and be taken as a direct declaration of War!'—which Britannic Majesty, for commercial and miscellaneous reasons, hoped always might be avoided. Be silent, therefore, on that of Baltic Fleet.

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[1] In four short Articles; given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 16-17.

In all the spoken or covenanted points the Treaty was accurately kept: 670,000*l.*, two-thirds of a million very nearly, will, in punctual promptitude, come to Friedrich's hand, were October here. And in regard to Ferdinand (a point left silent, this too), Friedrich's expectations were exceeded, not the contrary, so long as Pitt endured. This is the Third English-Prussian Treaty of the Seven-Years War, as we said above; and it is the First that took practical effect: this was followed by three others, year after year, of precisely the same tenor, which were likewise practical and punctually kept,—the last of them, '12th December 1760,' had reference to Subsidy for 1761:—and before another came, Pitt was out. So that, in all, Friedrich had Four Subsidies; 670,000*l.* + 4 = 2,680,000*l.* of English money altogether:—and it is computed by some, there was never as much good fighting otherwise had out of all the 800,000,000*l.* we have funded in that peculiar line of enterprise.[1]

Pitt had no difficulty with his Parliament, or with his Public, in regard to this Subsidy; the contrary rather.

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[1] First Treaty, 16th January 1756 (is in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 681), 'We will oppose by arms any foreign Armament entering Germany'; Second Treaty, 11th January 1757 (never published till 1802), is in Schöll, iii. 30-32: 'one million subsidy, a Fleet etc.' (not *kept* at all); after which,

Third Treaty (the *first* really issuing in subsidy and performance) is 11th April 1758 (given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 17); Fourth (really *second*), 7th December 1758 (*Ib.* v. 752); Fifth (*third*), 9th November 1759; Sixth (*fourth*), 12th December 1760. See *Preuss*, ii. 124 *n.*

Seldom, if ever, was England in such a heat of enthusiasm about any Foreign Man as about Friedrich in these months since Rossbach and what had followed. Celebrating this Protestant Hero,' authentic new Champion of Christendom; toasting him, with all the honours, out of its Worcester and other Mugs, very high indeed. Take these Three Clippings from the old Newspapers, omitting all else; and rekindle these, by good inspection and consideration, into feeble symbolic lamps of an old illumination, now fallen so extinct.

No. 1. *Reverend Mr. Whitfield and the Protestant Hero.* 'Monday January 2d,' 1758, 'was observed as a Day of Thanksgiving, at the Chapel in Tottenham-Court Road' (brand-new Chapel, still standing and acting, though now in a dingier manner), 'by Mr. Whitfield's people, for the signal Victories gained by the King of Prussia over his Enemies.[1] —"Why rage the Heathen; why do the people imagine a vain thing? Sinful beings we, perilously sunk in sin against the Most High:—but they, do they think that, by earthly propping and hoisting, their unblessed Chimera, with his Three Hats, can sweep away the Eternal Stars!"'—In this strain, I suppose: Protestant Hero and Heaven's long-suffering Patiences and Mercies in raising-up such a one for a backsliding generation; doubtless with much unction by Mr. Whitfield.

No. 2. *King of Prussia's Birthday* (Tuesday January 24th). 'This being the Birthday of the King of Prussia, who then entered into the forty-seventh year of his age, the same was observed with illuminations and other demonstrations of joy';—throughout the Cities of London and Westminster, 'great rejoicings and illuminations,' it appears,[2]—now shining so feebly at a century's distance!—No. 3 is still more curious; and has deserved from us a little special inquiring into.

No. 3. *Miss Barbara Wyndham's Subsidy.* 'March 13th, 1758,'—while Pitt and Knyphausen are busy on the Subsidy Treaty, still not out with it, the Newspapers suddenly announce,—

'Miss Bab. Wyndham, of Salisbury, sister of Henry Wyndham, Esq., of that City, a maiden lady of ample fortune, has ordered her banker to prepare the sum of 1,000*l.* to be immediately remitted, in her own name, as a present to the King of Prussia.'[1] Doubtless to the King of Prussia's surprise, and that of London Society, which would not want for commentaries on such a thing!

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. (for 1758), p. 41.

[2] *Ib.* p. 43; and vol. xxix. p. 42, for next year's birthday, and p. 81 for another kind of celebration.

Before long, the Subsidy Treaty being now out, and the Wyndham topic new again, London Society reads, in the same Newspaper, a Documentary Piece, calculated to help in its commentaries. There is good likelihood of guess, though no certainty now attainable, that the 'English Lady' referred to may be Miss Bab. herself;—of whose long-vanished biography, and brisk, airy, nomadic ways, we catch hereby a faint shadow, momentary, but conceivable, and sufficient for us:

'*To the Authors of the London Chronicle*[2]

'The following Account, which is a real fact, will serve to show with what punctuality and exactness the King of Prussia attends to the most minute affairs, and how open he is to applications from all persons.

'An English Lady being possessed of actions' (shares) 'in the Embden Company, and having occasion to raise money on them, repaired to Antwerp' (some two years ago, as will be seen), 'and made application for that purpose to a Director of the Company, established there by the King of Prussia for the managing all affairs relative thereto. This person,' Van Erthorn the name of him, 'very willingly entered into treaty with her; but the sum he offered to lend being far short of what the actions would bring, and he also insisting on forfeiture of her right in them, if not redeemed in twelve months,—she broke-off with him, and had recourse to some merchants at Antwerp, who were inclinable to treat with her on much more equitable terms. The proceeding necessarily brought the parties before this Director for receiving his sanction, which was essential to the solidity of the agreement; and he, finding he was like to lose the advantage he had flattered himself with, disputed the authenticity of the actions, and thereby threw her into such discredit, as to render all attempts to raise money on them ineffectual. Upon this the Lady wrote a Letter by the common post to his Majesty of Prussia, accompanied with a Memorial complaining of the treatment she had received from the Director; and she likewise enclosed the actions themselves in another letter to a friend at Berlin. By the return of the post, his Majesty condescended to answer her Letter; and the actions were returned authenticated; which so restored her credit, that in a few hours all difficulties were removed relating to the transaction she had in hand; and it is more than probable the Director has felt his Majesty's resentment for his ill-behaviour.—The Lady's Letter was as follows:

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[1] *London Chronicle*, March 14th-16th, 1758; *Lloyd's Evening Post*; etc. etc.

[2] *London Chronicle*, of 13th-15th April 1758.

'"Antwerp, 19th February 1756.

'"SIR,—Having had the happiness to pay my court to your Majesty during a pretty long residence at Berlin" (say in Voltaire's time; Miss Barbara's "Embden Company," I observe, was the first of the two, date 1750; that of 1753 is not hers), "and to receive such marks of favour from their Majesties the Queens" (a Barbara capable of shining in the Royal soirées at Montbijou, of talking to, or of, your Voltaires and lions, and investing moneys in the new Embden Company) "as I shall ever retain a grateful sense of,—I presume to flatter myself that your Majesty will not be offended at the respectful liberty I have taken in laying before you my complaints against one Van Erthorn, a Director of the Embden China Company, whose bad behaviour to me, as set forth in my Memorial, hath forced me to make a very long and expensive stay at this place; and, as the considerable interest I have in that Company may farther subject me to his caprices, I cannot forbear laying my grievances at the foot of your Majesty's throne; most respectfully supplicating your Majesty that you would be graciously pleased to give orders that this Director shall not act towards me for the future as he hath done hitherto.

'"I hope for this favour from your Majesty's sovereign equity; and I shall never cease offering up my ardent prayers for the prosperity of your glorious reign; having the honour to be, with the most respectful zeal, Sir, your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and most devoted servant, * * *"

'*The King of Prussia's Answer*

'"Potsdam, 26th February 1756.

'"MADAM,—I received the letter of the 19th instant, which you thought proper to write to me; and was not a little displeased to hear of the bad behaviour of one of the Directors of the Asiatic Company of Embden towards you, of which you were forced to complain. I shall direct your grievances to be examined, and have just now despatched my orders for that purpose to Lenz, my President of the Chamber of East Friesland," Chief Judge in those parts.[1] You may assure yourself the strictest justice shall be done you that the case will admit. God keep you in his holy protection.— FRIEDRICH."'

Whether this refers to Miss Barbara or not, there is no affirming. But the interesting point is, Friedrich did receive and accept Miss Barbara's 1,000*l*. The Prussian account, which calls her 'an English

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[1] Seyfarth, ii. 139.

Jungfrau, Lady Salisbury, who actually sent a sum of money,'[1] would not itself be satisfactory: but, by good chance, there is still living, in Salisbury City, a very aged Gentleman, well known for his worth, and intelligence on such matters, who, being inquired of, makes reply at once: That the First Earl of Malmesbury (who was of his acquaintance, and had many anecdotes and reminiscences of Friedrich, all noted down, it was understood, with diplomatic exactitude, but never yet published or become accessible) did, as 'I well remember, among other things, mention the King's telling him that he,' the King, 'had received a Thousand Pounds from Miss Wyndham; with a part of which he had bought the Flute then in his hand.'[2] Which latter circumstance, too, is curious. For, at all times, however straitened Friedrich's Exchequer might be, it was his known habit, during this War, to have always, before the current year ended, the ways and means completely settled and provided for the year coming; so that everything could be at once paid in money (good money or bad,—good still up to this date);—and nothing was observed to fall short, so much as the customary liberality of his gifts to those about him. I infer, therefore: Friedrich had decided to lay-out this 1,000*l.* in what he would call luxuries, chiefly gifts,—and, among other things, had said to himself, 'I will have a new flute, too!' Probably one of his last: for I understand he had, by this time (Malmesbury's time, 1772), ceased much playing, and ceased altogether not long after.[3]

James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, was Resident at Berlin 1772: that is all the date we have for the King's saying, 'And with part of it I bought this Flute!' Date of Lord Malmesbury's mention of it at Salisbury, we have none,—likeliest there might be various dates; a thing mentioned more than once, and not improvable by dating. The Wyndhams still live in the Close of Salisbury; a respected and well-known Family; record of them (none of Barbara there, or elsewhere except here) to be found in the County Histories.[4] I only know farther, Barbara died May 1765, 'aged and wealthy,' and 'with the bulk of her fortune endowed a Charity, to be called "Wyndham College,"'[5]—which

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[1] Preuss, ii. 124, whose reference is merely '*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1758.' Both in the *Annual Register* of that Year (i. 86), and in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pp. 142, 177, the above Paragraph and Letters are copied from the Newspapers, but without the smallest commentary (there or elsewhere), or any mention of a 'Lady Salisbury.'

[2] Letter from John Fowler, Esq., 'Salisbury, 2d April 1860,' to a Friend of mine (*penes me*): of Barbara's identity, or otherwise, with the Antwerp-Embden Lady, Mr. F. can say nothing.

[3] Preuss, i. 371-373.

[4] Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales*, xv. part ii. p. 118; Hoare's *Salisbury* (mistaken, p. 815); etc.

[5] *Annual Register* (for 1765), viii. 86.

I hope still flourishes. Enough on this small Wyndham matter; which is nearly altogether English, but in which Friedrich too has his indefeasible property.

Friedrich, as indeed Pitt's People and Others have done, takes the Field uncommonly early: Friedrich goes upon Schweidnitz, as the Preface to whatever his Campaign may be

While this Subsidy Treaty is getting settled in England, Duke Ferdinand has his French in full cackle of universal flight; and before the signing of it (April 11th), every feather of them is over the Rhine; Duke Ferdinand busy preparing to follow. Glorious news, day after day, coming in, for Pitt, for Miss Barbara and for all English souls, Royal Highness of Cumberland hardly excepted! The 'Descent on Rochefort,' last Autumn, had a good deal disappointed Pitt and England;—an expensively elaborate Expedition, military and naval; which could not 'descend' at all, when it got to the point; but merely went groping about, on the muddy shores of the Charente, holding councils of war yonder; 'cannonaded the Isle of Aix for two hours'; and returned home without result of any kind, Courts-martial following on it, as too usual. This was an unsuccessful first-stroke for Pitt. Indeed, he never did much succeed in those Descents on the French Coast, though never again so ill as this time. Those are a kind of things that require an exactitude as of clockwork, in all their parts: and Pitt's Generalcies and War-Offices,—we know whether they were of the Prussian type or of the Swedish! A very grievous hindrance to Pitt;—which he will not believe to be quite incurable. Against which he, for his part, stands up, in grim earnest, and with his whole strength; and is now, and at all times, doing what in him lies to abate or remedy it:—successfully, to an unexpected degree, within the next four years. From America, he has decided to recall Lord Loudon, as a cunctatory haggling mortal, the reverse of a General; how very different from his

Austrian Cousin.[1] 'Abercrombie may be better,' hopes he; —was better, still not good. But already in the gloomy imbroglio over yonder, Pitt discerns that one Amherst (the son of people unimportant at the hustings) has military talent: and in this puddle of a Rochefort Futility, he has got his eye on a young Officer named Wolfe, who was Quartermaster of the Expedition; a young man likewise destitute of Parliamentary connection, but who may be worth something. Both of whom will be heard of! In a four-years determined effort of this kind, things do improve; and it was wonderful, to what amount,—out of these chaotic War-Offices little better than the Swedish, and ignorant Generalcies fully worse than the Swedish,—Pitt got heroic successes and work really done.

On Pitt, amid confused clouds, there is bright dawn rising; and Friedrich too, for the last month in Breslau, has a cheerful prospect on that Western side of his horizon. Here is one of his Postscripts, thrown-off in Autograph, which Duke Ferdinand will read with pleasure: 'I congratulate you, *mon cher*, with my whole heart! May you *fleur-de-lys* every French skin of them; cutting-out on their'—what shall we say (*leur imprimant sur le cul*)!—'the Initials of the Peace of Westphalia, and packing them across the Rhine,' tatooed in that latest extremity of fashion![2]

Friedrich, grounding partly on those Rhine aspects, has his own scheme laid for Campaign 1758. It is the old scheme tried twice already: to go home upon your enemy swiftly, with your utmost collective strength, and try to strike into the heart of him before he is aware. Friedrich has twice tried this; the second time with success, respectable though far short of complete. Weakened as now, but with Ferdinand likely to find the French in employment, he means to try it again; and is busy preparing at Neisse and elsewhere, though keeping it a dead secret for the time. There is, in fact, no other hopeful plan for him, if this prove feasible at all. Double your velocity, you double your momentum. One's weight is given,—weight growing less and less;—but not, or not in the same way and degree, one's velocity, one's rightness of aim. Weight given: it is only by doubling or trebling his velocity that a man can make his momentum double or treble, as needed! Friedrich means to try it, readers will see how,—were the Fort of Schweidnitz once had; for which object Friedrich watches the weather like a very D'Argens, eager that the frost would go. Recapture of Schweidnitz, the last speck of Austrianism wiped away there; that is evidently the preface to whatsoever dayswork may be ahead.

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[1] Cousins certainly enough: their Progenitors were Brothers, of that House, about 1568,—when Matthew, the cadet, went 'into Livonia,' into foreign Soldiering (Papa having fallen Prisoner 'at the Battle of Langside, 1568, and the Family prospects being low); from this Matthew comes, through a series of Livonian Soldiers, the famed Austrian Loudon. Douglas, *Peerage of Scotland*, p. 425; etc. etc. *Vie de Loudon* (ill-informed on that point and some others) says, the first Livonian Loudon came from Ayrshire, 'in the fourteenth century!'

[2] Friedrich to Duke Ferdinand, 'Grüssau, 19th March 1758': in Knesebeck, *Herzog Ferdinand*, i. 64. *Herzog Ferdinand während des 7-jährigen Krieges* ('from the English and Prussian Archives') is the full Title of Knesebeck's Book; *Letters* altogether; not very intelligently edited, but well worth reading by every student, military and civil: 2 voll. 8vo, Hanover, 1857.

March 15th, frost being now off, Friedrich quits Breslau and D'Argens,—his Headquarter thenceforth Kloster-Grüssau, near Landshut, troops all getting cantoned thereabout, to keep Bohemia quiet,—and goes at once upon Schweidnitz. With the top of the morning, so to speak; means to have Schweidnitz before campaigning usually can begin, or common labourers take their tools in this trade. The Austrian Commandant has been greatly strengthening the works; he had, at first, some 8,000 of garrison; but the three-months blockade has been tight upon him and them; and it is hoped the thing can be done.

April 1st-2d,—Siege-material being got to the ground, and Siege Division and Covering Army all in their places,—in spite of the heavy rains, we open our first parallel, Austrian Commandant not noticing till it is nearly done. April 8th, we have our batteries built; and burst out, at our best rate, into cannonade; aiming a good deal at 'Fort No. 1,' called also '*Galgen* or Gallows Fort,' which we esteem the principal. Cannonade continues day after day, prospers tolerably on Gallows Fort,—though the wet weather, and hardship to the troops, are grievous circumstances, and make Friedrich doubly urgent. 'Try it by storm!' counsels Balbi, who is Engineer. Night of *April* 15*th*-16*th* storm takes place; with such vigour and such cunning, that the Gallows Fort is got for almost nothing (loss of ten men);—and few hours after, Austria beat the chamade.[1] Fifty-one new Austrian guns for one item, and about 7,000*l.* of money. Prisoners of War the Garrison, 8,000 gone to 4,900; with such stores as we can guess, of ours and theirs added: Balbi was Prussian Engineer-in-Chief, Treskau Captain of the Siege;—other particulars I spare the reader.

Unfortunate Schweidnitz underwent four Sieges, four captures or recaptures, in this War;—upon all of which we must be quite summary, only the results of them important to us. For the curious in sieges, especially for the scientifically curious, there is, by a Captain Tielcke, excellent account of all these Schweidnitz Sieges, and of others;—Artillery-Captain Tielcke, in the Saxon or Saxon-Russian service; whom perhaps we shall transiently fall in with, on a different field, in the course of this Year.

CHAPTER XII

SIEGE OF OLMUTZ

Fouquet, on the first movement towards Schweidnitz, had been detached from Landshut to sweep certain Croat Parties out of Glatz; Ziethen, with a similar view, into Troppau

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 21-25: *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 109-123: above all, Tielcke, *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und zur Geschichte des Krieges von* 1756 *bis* 1763 (6 voll. 4to, Freyberg, 1775-1786), iv. 43-76. Volume iv. is wholly devoted to Schweidnitz and its successive Sieges.

Country; both which errands were at once perfectly done. Daun lies behind the Bohemian Frontier (betimes in the field he too 'arrived at Königsgrätz March 13th'); and is, with all diligence, perfecting his new levies; entrenching himself on all points, as man seldom did; 'felling whole forests,' they say, building abatis within abatis;—not doubting, especially on these Ziethen-Fouquet symptoms, but Friedrich's Campaign is to be an Invasion of Bohemia again. 'Which he shall not do gratis!' hopes Daun; and, indeed, judges say the entrance would hardly have been possible on that side, had Friedrich tried it; which he did not.

Schweidnitz being done, and Daun deep in the Bohemian problem,—Friedrich, in an unintelligible manner, breaks-out from Grüssau and the Landshut region (April 19th-25th), not straight southward, as Daun had been expecting, but straight south-eastward through Neisse, Jägerndorf: all gone, or all but Ziethen and Fouquet gone, that way;—meaning who shall say what, when news of it comes to Daun? In two divisions, from 30 to 40,000 strong; through Jägerndorf, ever onward through Troppau, and not till *then* turning southward:* indubitable march of that cunning Enemy; rapidly proceeding, his 40,000 and he, along those elevated upland countries, watershed of the Black Sea and the Baltic, bleakly illumined by the April sun; a march into the mists of the future tense, which do not yet clear themselves to Daun. Seeing the march turn southward at Troppau, a light breaks on Daun: 'Ha! coming round upon Bohemia from the east, then?' That is Daun's opinion, for some time yet; and he immediately starts that way, to save a fine magazine he has at Leutomischl over there. Daun, from Skalitz near Königsgrätz where he is, has but some eighty miles to march, for the King's hundred-and-fifty; and arrives in those parts few days after the King; posts himself at Leutomischl, veiled in Pandours. Not for two weeks more does he ascertain it to have been a march upon the Olmütz Country, and the intricate forks of the Morawa River; with a view of besieging Olmütz, by this wily Enemy! Upon which Daun did strive to bestir himself thitherward, at last; and, though very slow and hesitative, his measures otherwise were unexceptionable, and turned-out luckier than had been expected by some people.

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* See Plan, p. 394.

Olmütz is an ancient pleasant little City, in the Plains of Mähren, romantic, indistinct to the English mind; with Domes, with Steeples eminent beyond its size,—population little above 10,000 souls;—has its Prince-Archbishop and ecclesiastic outfittings, with whom Friedrich has lodged in his time. City which trades in leather, and Russian and Moldavian droves of oxen. Memorable to the Slavic populations for its grand Czech Library, which was carried away by the Swedes, happily into thick night;[1] also for that poor little Wenzel of theirs (last heir of the Bohemian Czech royalties, whom no reader has the least memory of) being killed on the streets here;—uncertain, to this day, by whom, though for whose benefit that dagger-stroke ended is certain enough;[2]—poor little Wenzel's dust lies under that highest Dome, of the old Cathedral yonder, if anybody thought of such a thing in hot practical times. Poor Lafayette, too, lodged here in prison, when the Austrians seized him. City trades in leather and live stock, we said; has much to do with artillery, much with ecclesiastry;—and Friedrich besieged it, for seven weeks, in the hot summer days of 1758, to no purpose. Friedrich has been in Olmütz more than once before; his Schwerin once took it in a single day, and it was his for months, in the old Moravian-Foray time: but the place is changed now; become an arsenal or military storehouse of Austria; strongly fortified, and with a Captain in it, who distinguishes himself by valiant skill and activity on this occasion.

Friedrich's Olmütz Enterprise, the rather as it was unsuccessful, has not wanted critics. And certainly, according to the ordinary rules of cautious prudence, could these have been Friedrich's in his present situation, it was not to be called a prudent Enterprise. But had Friedrich's arrangements been punctually fulfilled, and Olmütz been got in fair time, as was possible or probable, the thing might have been done very well. Duke Ferdinand, in these early May days, is practically making preparations to follow the French across the Rhine; no fear of French Armies interfering with us this year. Dohna has the Swedes locked in Stralsund (capable of being starved, had not the thaw come); and in Hinter-Pommern he has General Platen, with a tolerable Detachment, watching Fermor and his Russians; Dohna, with Platen, may entertain the Russians for a little, when they get on way,—which we know will be at a slow pace, and late in the season. Prince Henri commands in Saxony, say with 30,000;—King's vicegerent and other self there, 'Do *your* wisest and promptest; hold no councils of war!' Prince Henri, altogether on the aggressive as yet, is waiting what Reichs Army there may be;—has already had Mayer and Free Corps careering about in Franken Country once and again, tearing-up the incipiencies and preparations, with the usual emphasis; and is himself intending to follow thither, in a still more impressive manner. Friedrich's calculation is, Prince Henri will have his hands free for a good few weeks yet. Which proved true enough, so far as that went.

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[1] To Stralsund (1645), 'and has not since been heard of.'

[2] Suprà, vol. i. p. 120.

And now, supposing Olmütz ours, and Vienna itself open to our insults, does not, by rapid suction, every armed Austrian flow thitherward; Germany all drained of them: in which case, what is to hinder Prince Henri from stepping into Böhmen, by the Metal Mountains; capturing Prag; getting into junction with us here, and tumbling Austria at a rate that will astonish her! Her, and her miscellaneous tagraggery of Confederates, one and all. Königsberg, Stralsund, Bamberg; Russians, Swedes, Reichsfolk,—here, in Mähren, will be the crown of the game for all these. Prosper in Mähren, all these are lamed; one right stroke at the heart, the limbs become manageable quantities! This was Friedrich's program; and had not imperfections of execution, beyond what was looked for, and also a good deal of plain ill-luck, intervened, this bold stroke for Mähren might have turned-out far otherwise than it did.

The march thither (started from Neisse April 27th) was beautiful: Friedrich with vanguard and first division; Keith with rearguard and second, always at a day's distance; split into proper columns, for convenience of road and quarter in the hungry countries; threading those silent mountain villages, and upper streamlets of Oder and Morawa: Ziethen waving intrusive Croateries far off; Fouquet, in thousands of wagons, shoving-on from Neisse, 'in four sections,' with the due intervals, under the due escorts, the immensity of stores and siege-furniture, through Jägerndorf, through Troppau, and onwards;[1] — punctual everybody; besiegers and siege-materials ready on their ground by the set day. Daun too had made speed to save his Magazine. Daun was at Leutomischl, May 5th,—a forty miles to west of the Morawa,—few days after Friedrich had arrived in those countries by the eastern or left bank, by Troppau, Gibau, Littau, Aschmeritz, Prossnitz; and a week before Friedrich had finished his reconnoiterings, campings, and taken position to his mind. Camps, four or more (shrank in the end to three), on both banks of the River; a matter of abstruse study; so that it was May 12th before Friedrich first took view of Olmütz itself, and could fairly begin his Problem,—Daun, with his best Tolpatcheries, still unable to guess what it was.

Of the Siege I propose to say little, though the accounts of it are ample, useful to the Artillerist and Engineer. If the reader can be made to conceive it as a blazing loud-sounding fact, on which, and on Friedrich in it, the eyes of all Europe were fixed for some weeks, it may rest now in impressive indistinctness to us. Keith is Captain of the Siege, whom all praise for his punctual firmness of progress; Balbi, as before, is Engineer, against whom goes the criticism, Keith's first of all, that he 'opened his first parallel 800 yards too far off,'—which much increased the labour, and the expenditure of useless gunpowder, shot having no effect at such a distance. There were various criticisms: some real, as this; some imaginary, as that Friedrich grudged gunpowder, the fact being that he had it not, except after carriage from Neisse, say a hundred and twenty miles off,—Troppau, his last Silesian Town, or safe place (*his* for the moment), is eighty miles;—and was obliged to waste none of it.

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[1] Table of his routes and stages in *Tempelhof*, ii. 46.

Friedrich is not thought to shine in the sieging line as he does in the fighting; which has some truth in it, though not very much. When Friedrich laid himself to engineering, I observe, he did it well: see Neisse, Graudenz, Magdeburg. His Balbi went wrong with the parallels, on this occasion; many things went wrong: but the truly grievous thing was his distance from Silesia and the supplies. A hundred and twenty miles of hill-carriage, eighty of them disputable, for every shot of ammunition and for every loaf of bread; this was hard to stand:—and perhaps no War-apparatus but a Prussian, with a Friedrich for sole chief-manager, could have stood it so long. Friedrich did stand it, in a wonderfully tolerable manner; and was continuing to stand it, and make fair progress; and it is not doubted he would have got Olmütz, had not there another fact come on him, which proved to be of unmanageable nature. The actual loss, namely, of one Convoy, after so many had come safe, and when, as appears, there was now only one wanted and no more!—Let us attend to this a little.

Had Daun, at Olmütz, been as a Duke of Cumberland relieving Tournay, rushing into fight at Fontenoy, like a Hanover White-Horse, neck clothed with thunder, and head destitute of knowledge,—how lucky had it been for Friedrich!

But Daun knows his trade better. Daun, though superior in strength, sits on his Magazine, clear not to fight. By no art of manœuvring, had Friedrich much tried it, or hoped it, this time, could Daun have been brought to give battle. As Fabius Cunctator he is here in his right place; taking impregnable positions, no man with better skill in that branch of business; pushing out parties on the Troppau road; and patiently waiting till this dangerous Enemy, with such endless shifts in him, come in sight perhaps of his last cartridge, or perhaps make some stumble on the way towards that consummation. Daun is aware of Friedrich's surprising qualities. Bos against Leo, Daun feels these procedures to be altogether feline (*felis-leo-nine*); such stealthy glidings about, deceptive motions, appearances; then such a rapidity of spring upon you, and with such a set of claws,—destructive to bovine or rhinoceros nature: in regard to all which, Bos, if he will prosper, surely cannot be too cautious. It was remarked of Daun, that he was scrupulously careful; never, in the most impregnable situations, neglecting the least precaution, but punctiliously fortifying himself to the last item, even to a ridiculous extent, say Retzow and the critics. It was the one resource of Daun: truly a solid stubborn patience is in the man; stubborn courage too, of bovine-rhinoceros type;—stupid, if you will, but doing at all times honestly his best and his wisest without flurry; which character is often of surprising value in War; capable of much mischief, now and then, to quicker people. Rhinoceros Daun did play his Leo a bad prank more than once; and this of barring him out from Olmütz was one of them, perhaps the worst after Kolin.

Daun's management of this Olmütz business is by no means reckoned brilliant, even in the Fabius line; but, on the contrary, inert, dim-minded, inconclusive; and in reality, till almost the very last, he had been of little help to the besieged. For near three weeks (till May 23d) Daun sat at Leutomischl, immovable on his bread-basket there, forty or more miles from Olmütz; and did not see that a siege was meant. May 27th-28th, Balbi opened his first parallel, in that mistaken way; four days before which, Daun does move inwards a march or so, to Zwittau, to Gewitsch (still thirty miles to west of Olmütz); still thinking of Bohemia, not of any siege; still hanging by the mountains and the bread-basket. And there, about Gewitsch, siege or no siege, Daun sits down again; pretty much immovable, through the five weeks of bombardment; and,—except that Loudon and the Light Horse are very diligent to do a mischief, 'attempting our convoys, more than once, to no purpose, and alarming some of our outposts almost every night, but every night beaten-off,'—does, in a manner, nothing; sits quiet, behind his impenetrable veil of Pandours, and lets the bombardment take its course. Had not express order come from Vienna on him, it is thought Daun would have sat till Olmütz was taken; and would then have gone back to Leutomischl and impregnable posts in the Hills. On express order, he—But gather, first, these poor sparks in elucidation:

'The "destructive sallies" and the like, at Olmütz, were principally an affair of the gazetteers and the imagination: but it is certain, Olmütz this time was excellently well defended; the Commandant, a vigorous skilful man, prompt to seize advantages; and Garrison and Townsfolk zealously helping: so that Friedrich's progress was unusually slow. Friedrich's feelings, all this while, and Balbi's (who "spent his first 1,220 shots entirely in vain," beginning so far off), may be judged of,—the sound of him to Balbi sometimes stern enough! As when (June 9th) he personally visits Balbi's parallels (top of the Tafelberg yonder); and inquires, "When do you calculate to get done, then?" West side of Olmütz and of the River (east side lies mostly under water), there is the bombarding; seventy-one heavy guns; Keith, in his expertest manner, doing all the captaincies: Keith has about 8,000 of foot and horse, busy and vigilant, with their faces to the east. In a ring of four camps, or principally three (Prossnitz, Littau, and Neustadt, which is across the River), all looking westward or north-westward, some ten or twenty miles from Keith, Friedrich (headquarters oftenest Prossnitz, the chief camp) stands facing Daun; who lies concentric to him, at the distance of another ten or twenty miles, in good part still thirty or forty miles from Olmütz, veiled mostly under a cloud of Pandours.

'Of Friedrich's impatiences we hear little, though they must have been great. Prince Henri is ready for Prag; many things are ready, were Olmütz but done! May 22d, Prince Henri had followed Mayer in person, with a stronger corps, to root-out the Reichsfolk,—and is now in Bamberg City and Country. And is even in Baireuth itself, where was lately the Camp of the new Reichs General, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, and his nascent Reichs Army; who are off bodily to Bohemia, "to Eger and the Circle of Saatz," a week before.[1] Fancy that visit of Henri's to a poor Wilhelmina; the last sight she ever had of a Brother, or of the old Prussian uniforms, clearing her of Zweibrücks and sorrowful guests! Our poor Wilhelmina, alas, she is sunk in sickness this year more than ever; journeying towards death, in fact; and is probably the most pungent, sacredly tragic, of Friedrich's sorrows, now and onwards. June 12th, Friedrich's pouting Brother, the Prince of Prussia, died; this also he had to hear in Camp at Olmütz. "What did he die of?" said Friedrich to the Messenger, a Major Something. "Of chagrin," said the Major, "*Aus Gram.*" Friedrich made no answer.——

'On the last night of May, by beautiful management, military and other, Duke Ferdinand is across the Rhine; again chasing the French before him; who, as they are far more numerous, cannot surely but make some stand: so that a Battle there may be expected soon,—let us hope, a Victory; as indeed it beautifully proved to be, three weeks after.[2] On the other hand, Fermor and his Russians are astir; continually wending towards Brandenburg, in their voluminous manner, since June 16th, though at a slow rate. How desirable the Siege of Olmütz were done!'

On express from Vienna, Daun did bestir himself; cautiously got on foot again; detached, across the River, an expert Hussar General ('Be busy all ye Loudons, St. Ignons, Ziskowitzes, doubly now!')—expert Hussar General, one item of whose force is 1,100 chosen grenadiers;—and himself cautiously stept southward and eastward, nearer the Siege Lines. The Hussar General's meaning seemed to be some mischief on our Camp of Neustadt and the outposts there; but in reality it was to throw his 1,100 into Olmütz (useful to the Commandant); which,—by ingenious manœuvring, and guidance from the peasants 'through bushy woods and bypaths' on that east side of the River,—the expert Hussar General, though Ziethen was sent over to handle him, and did perfectly manage, and would not quit for Ziethen till he saw it finished. Which done, Daun keeps stepping still farther southward, nearer the Siege Lines; and, at Prossnitz, morning of June 22d, Friedrich, with his own eyes, sees Daun taking post on the opposite heights; says to somebody near him, '*Voilà les Autrichiens, ils apprennent à marcher*, There are the Austrians; they are learning to march, though!'—getting on their feet like infants in a certain stage ('*marcher*' having that meaning too, though I know not that the King intended it);—they have learned a great many things, since your Majesty first met them. Friedrich took Daun to be, now at last, meaning Battle for Olmütz, and made some slight arrangements accordingly; but that is not Daun's intention at all; as Friedrich will find to his cost, in few days. That very day, Daun has vanished again, still in the southerly direction, again under veil of Pandours.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 206-209. Wilhelmina's pretty Letter to Friedrich ('Baireuth, 10th May'); Friedrich's Answer ('Olmütz, June 1758'): in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 313-315.

[2] Battle of Crefeld, 23d June.

Meanwhile, in spite of all things, the Siege makes progress; 'June 22d, Balbi's sap had got to their glacis, and was pushing forward there,'—June 22d, day when Daun made momentary appearance, and the reinforcement stole in:—within a fortnight more, Balbi promises the thing shall be done. But supplies are indispensable: one other convoy from Troppau, and let it be a big one, 'between 3 and 4,000 wagons,' meal, money, iron, powder; Friedrich hopes this one, if he can get it home, will suffice. Colonel Mosel is to bring this Convoy; a resolute expert Officer, with perhaps 7,000 foot and horse: surely sufficient escort: but, as Daun is astir, and his Loudons, Ziskowitzes and light people are gliding about, Friedrich orders Ziethen to meet this important Convoy, with some thousands of new force, and take charge of bringing it in. Mosel was to leave Troppau June 26th; Ziethen pushes-out to meet him from the Olmütz end, on the second day after; and, one hopes, all is now safe on that head.

The driving of 3,000 four-horse wagons, under escort, ninety miles of road, is such an enterprise as cannot readily be conceived by sedentary pacific readers;—much more the attack of such! Military science, constraining chaos into the cosmic state, has nowhere such a problem. There are twelve thousand horses, for one thing, to be shod, geared, kept road-worthy and regular; say six thousand country wagoners, thick-soled peasants: then, hanging to the skirts of these, in miscellaneous crazy vehicles and weak teams, equine and asinine, are one or two thousand sutler people, male and female, not of select quality, though on them, too, we keep a sharp eye. The series covers many miles, as many as twenty English miles (says Tempelhof), unless in favourable points you compress them into five, going four wagons abreast for defence's sake. Defence, or escort, goes in three bulks or brigades; vanguard, middle, rearguard, with sparse pickets intervening;—wider than five miles, you cannot get the parts to support one another. An enemy breaking-in upon you, at some difficult point of road, woody hollow or the like, and opening cannon, musketry and hussar exercise on such an object, must make a confused transaction of it! Some commanders, for the road has hitherto been mainly pacific, divide their train into parts, say four parts; moving with their partial escorts, with an interval of one day between each two: this has its obvious advantages, but depends, of course, on the road being little infested, so that your partial escort will suffice to repel attacks. Toiling forward, at their diligent slow rate, I find these trains from Troppau take about six days (from Neisse to Olmütz they take eleven, but the first five are peaceable[1]);—can't be hurried beyond that pace, if you would save your laggards, your irregulars, and prevent what we may call *raggery* in your rearward parts; the skirts of your procession get torn by the bushes, if you go faster. This time Colonel Mosel will have to mend his pace, however, and to go in the lump withal;

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 48.

the case being critical, as Mosel knows, and *more* than he yet knows.

Daun, who has friends everywhere, and no lack of spies in this country, generally hears of the convoys. He has heard, in particular, of this important one, in good time. Hitherto Daun had not attempted much upon convoys, nor anything with success: King's posted corps and other precautions are of such a kind, not even Loudon, when he tried his best, could do any good; and common wandering hussar parties are as likely to get a mischief as to do one, on such service. Cautious Daun had been busy enough keeping his own Camp safe, and flinging a word of news or encouragement, at the most a trifle of reinforcement, into Olmütz when possible. But now it becomes evident there must be one of two things: this convoy seized, or else a battle risked;—and that in defect of both these, the inevitable third thing is, Olmütz will straightway go.

Major-General Loudon, the best partisan soldier extant, and ripening for better things, has usually a force of perhaps 10,000 under him, four regiments of them regular grenadiers; and has been active on the convoys, though hitherto unsuccessful. Let an active Loudon, with increased force, try this, their vitally important convoy, from the west side of the River; an active Ziskowitz coöperating on the east side, where the road itself is; and do their uttermost! That is Daun's plan,—now in course of execution. Daun, instead of meaning battle, that day when Friedrich saw him, was cautiously stealing past, intending to cross the River farther down; and himself support the operation. Daun has crossed accordingly, and has doubled-up northward again to the fit point; Ziskowitz is in the fit point, in the due force, on this east side too. Loudon, on the west side, goes by Muglitz, Hof; * making a long deep bend far to westward and hillward of all the Prussian posted corps and precautions, and altogether hidden from them; Loudon aims to be in

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* See Plan, p. 394.

Troppau neighbourhood, 'Güntersdorf, near Bautsch,' by the proper day, and pay Mosel an unexpected visit in the passage there.

Colonel Mosel, marshalling his endless Trains with every excellent precaution, and the cleverest dispositions (say the Books), against the known and the unknown, had got upon the road, and creaked forward, many-wheeled, out of Troppau, Monday 26th June.[1] The roads, worn by the much travelling and wet weather, were utterly bad; the pace was perhaps quicker than usual; the much-jolting Train got greatly into a jumble:—Mosel, to bring-up the laggards, made the morrow a rest-day; did get about two-thirds of his laggards marshalled again; ordered the others to return, as impossible. They say, had it not been for this rest-day, which seemed of no consequence, Loudon would not have been at Güntersdorf in time, nor have attempted as he did at Güntersdorf and afterwards. At break of day (Wednesday 28th), Mosel is again on the road; heavily jumbling forward from his quarters in Bautsch. Few miles on, towards Güntersdorf, he discovers Loudon posted ahead in the defiles. What a sight for Mosel, in his character of Wagoner up with the dawn! But Mosel managed the defiles and Loudon this time; halted his train, dashed up into the woody heights and difficult grounds; stormed Loudon's cannon from him, smote Loudon in a valiant tempestuous manner; and sent him travelling again, for the present.

Loudon, I conjecture, would have struggled farther, had not he known that there would be a better chance again not very many miles ahead. Loudon has studied this Convoy; knows of Ziethen coming to it with so many; of Ziskowitz coming to him, Loudon, with so many; that Ziethen cannot send for more (roads being all beset by our industry yesterday), that Ziskowitz can, should it be needful;—and that at Domstädtl there is a defile, or confused woody hollow, of unequalled quality! Mosel jumbles on all day with his

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 89-94.

Train, none molesting; at night gets to his appointed quarters, Village of Neudörfl;[1] and there finds Ziethen: a glad meeting, we may fancy, but an anxious one, with Domstädtl ahead on the morrow. Loudon concerts with Ziskowitz this day; calls-in all reinforcements possible, and takes his measures. Thursday morning Ziethen finds the Train in such a state, hardly half of it come up, he has to spend the whole day, Mosel and he, in rearranging it: Friday morning, June 30th, they get under way again;—Friday, the catastrophe is waiting them.

The Pass of Domstädtl, lapped in the dim Moravian distance, is not known to me or to my readers; nor indeed could the human pen or intellect, aided by ocular inspection, or whatever helps, give the least image of what now took place there, rendering Domstädtl a memorable locality ever since. Understand that Ziethen and Mosel, with their waste slow deluge of wagons, come jumbling in, with anxiety, with precautions,—precautions doubled, now that the woody intricacies about Domstädtl rise in sight. 'Pooh, it is as we thought: there go Austrian cannon-salvoes, horse-charges, volleying musketries, as our first wagons enter the Pass;—and there will be a job!' Indecipherable to mankind far off, or even near. Of which only this feature and that can be laid hold of, as discernible, by the most industrious man. Escort, in three main bodies, vanguard, middle, rearguard, marches on each side; infantry on the left, cavalry on the right, as the ground is leveller there. Length of the Train in statute miles, as it jumbles along at this point, is not given; but we know it was many miles; that horses and wagoners were in panic hardly restrainable; and we dimly descry, here especially, human drill-sergeantcy doing the impossible to keep chaos plugged down. The poor wagoner, cannon playing ahead, whirls homeward with his vehicle, if your eye quit him,—still better, and handier, cuts his traces, mounts in a good moment, and is off at heavy-footed gallop, leaving his wagon. Seldom had human drill-sergeantcy such a problem.

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[1] The *l*, or *el*, is a diminutive in these Names: (*Neudörfl*) 'New-Thorp*let*, (*Domstädtl*) 'Cathedral-Town*let*,' and the like.

The Prussian Vanguard, one Krockow its commander, repulsed that first Austrian attack; swept the Pass clear for some minutes; got their section of the carriages, or some part of it, 250 in all, hurried through; then halted on the safe side, to wait what Ziethen would do with the remainder. Ziethen does his best and bravest, as everybody does; keeps his wagon-chaos plugged down; ranks it in square mass, as a wagon-fortress (*Wagenburg*); ranks himself and everybody, his cannon, his platoon musketry, to the best advantage round it; furiously shoots-out in all manner of ways, against the furious Loudon on this flank, and the furious Ziskowitz on that; takes hills, loses them; repels and is repelled (wagon-chaos ever harder to keep plugged); finally perceives himself to be beaten; that the wagon-chaos has got *un*plugged (fancy it!)—and that he, Ziethen, must retreat; back foremost if possible. He did retreat, fighting all the way to Troppau; and the Convoy is a ruin and a prey.

Krockow, with the 250, has got under way again; hearing the powder-wagons start into the air (fired by the enemy), and hearing the cannon and musketry take a northerly course, and die away in that ominous direction. These 250 were all the carriages that came in:—happily, by Ziethen's prudence, the money, a large sum, had been lodged in the vanmost of these. The rest of the Convoy, ball, powder, bread, was of little value to Loudon, but beyond value to Friedrich at this moment; and it has gone to annihilation and the belly of Chaos and the Croats. Among the tragic wrecks of this Convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of young Prussian recruits stretched among the slain, what are these? These were 700 recruits coming-up from their cantons to the Wars; hardly yet six months in training: see how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honourably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms, this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau; that is the invoice account. They lie there, with their blond young cheeks and light hair; beautiful in death;—could not have done better, though the sacred poet has said nothing of them hitherto,—nor need, till times mend with us and him. Adieu, my noble young Brothers; so brave, so modest, no Spartan nor no Roman more; may the silence be blessed to you!

Contrary to some current notions, it is comfortably evident that there was a considerable fire of loyalty in the Prussians towards their King, during this War; loyalty kept well under cover, not wasting itself in harangues or noisy froth; but coming out, among all ranks of men, in practical attempts to be of help in this high struggle, which was their own as well as his. The *Stände*, landed Gentry, of Pommern and other places, we heard of their poor little Navy of twelve gunboats, which were all taken by the Swedes. Militia Regiments too, which did good service at Colberg, as may transiently appear by and by:—in the gentry or upper classes, a respectable zeal for their King. Then, among the peasantry or lower class—Here are Seven Hundred who stood well where he planted them. And their Mothers—Be Spartan also, ye Mothers! In peaceable times, Tempelhof tells us the Prussian Mother is usually proud of having her son in this King's service: a country wife will say to you: 'I have three of them, all in the regiment,' Billerbeck, Itzenplitz, or whatever be the Canton regiment; 'the eldest is ten inches' (stands five feet ten), 'the second is eleven, the third eight, for indeed he is yet young.'

Daun, on the day of this Domstädtl business, and by way of masking it, feeling how vital it was, made various extensive movements, across the River by several Bridges; then hither, thither, on the farther side of Olmütz, mazing up and down: Friedrich observing him, till he should ripen to something definite, followed his bombarding the while; perhaps having hopes of wager of battle ensuing. Of the disaster at Domstädtl Friedrich could know nothing, Loudon having closed the roads. Daun by no means ripens into battle: news of the disaster reached Friedrich next day (Saturday July 1st), —who 'immediately assembled his Generals, and spoke a few inspiring words to them,' such as we may fancy. Friedrich perceives that Olmütz is over; that his Third Campaign, third lunge upon the Enemy's heart, has prospered worse, thus far, than either of the others; that he must straightway end this of Olmütz, without any success whatever, and try the remaining methods and resources. No word of complaint, they say, is heard from Friedrich in such cases; face always hopeful, tone cheery. A man in Friedrich's position needs a good deal of Stoicism, Greek or other.

That Saturday night the Prussian bombardment is quite uncommonly furious, long continuing; no night yet like it: —the Prussians are shooting-off their superfluous ammunition this night; do not quite end till Sunday is in. On Sunday itself, packings, preparations all completed; and 'Keith, with above 4,000 wagons, safe on the road since 2 A.M.'—the Prussians softly vanish in long smooth streams, with music playing, unmolested by Daun; and leaving nothing, it is boasted, but five or three mortars, which kept playing to the last, and one cannon, to which something had happened.

Of the retreat there could be much said, instructive to military men who were studious; extremely fine retreat, say all judges;—of which my readers crave only the outlines, the results. Daun, it was thought, should have ruined Friedrich in this retreat; but he did nothing of harm to him. In fact, for a week he could not comprehend the phenomenon at all, and did not stir from his place,—which was on the other, or wrong, side of the River. Daun had never doubted but the retreat would be to Silesia; and he had made his detachments, and laid himself out for doing something upon it, in that direction: but, lo, what roads are these, what motions whitherward? In about a week it becomes manifest that the retreat, which goes on various roads, sometimes three at once, has converged on Leutomischl; straight for Bohemia instead of Silesia; and that Daun is fallen seven days behind it; incapable now to do anything. Not even the Magazine at Leutomischl could be got away, nor could even the whole of it be burnt.

Keith and the baggage once safe in Leutomischl (July 8th), all goes in deliberate long column; Friedrich ahead to open the passages. July 14th, after five more marches, Friedrich bursts-up Königsgrätz; scattering any opposition there is; and sits-down there, in a position considered, he knows well how inexpugnable; to live on the Country, and survey events. The 4,000 baggage-wagons came in about entire. Fouquet had the first division of them, and a secondary charge of the whole; an extremely strict, almost pedantic man, and of very fiery temper: '*Hé, d'où venez-vous?*' asked he sharply, of Retzow senior, who had broken through his order, one day, to avert great mischief: 'How come you here, *Mon Général?*' 'By the Highway, your Excellency!' answered Retzow in a grave stiff tone.[1]

Keith himself takes the rear-guard, the most ticklish post of all, and manages it well, and with success, as his wont is. Under sickness at the time, but with his usual vigilance, prudence, energy; qualities apt to be successful in War. Some brushes of Croat fighting he had from Loudon; but they did not amount to anything. It was at Holitz, within a march of Königsgrätz, that Loudon made his chief attempt; a vehement, well-intended thing; which looked well at one time. But Keith heard the cannonading ahead; hurried-up with new cavalry, new sagacity and fire of energy; dashed-out horse-charges, seized hill-tops, of a vital nature; and quickly ended the affair. A man fiery enough, and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. 'Tell Monsieur,'—some General who seemed too stupid or too languid on this occasion,—'Tell Monsieur from me,' said Keith to his Aide-de-Camp, 'he may be a very pretty thing, but he is not a man (*qu'il peut être une bonne chose, mais qu'il n'est pas un homme*)'![1] The excellent vernacular Keith;—still a fine breadth of accent in him, one perceives! He is now past sixty; troubled with asthma; and I doubt not may be, occasionally, thinking it near time to end his campaigns. And in fact, he is about ending them; sooner than he or anybody had expected.

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[1] Retzow, i. 302.

Daun, picking his steps and positions, latterly with three-fold precaution, got into Königsgrätz neighbourhood, a week after Friedrich; and looked-down with enigmatic wonder upon Friedrich's new settlement there. Forage abundant all round, and the corn-harvest growing white;—here, strange to say, has Friedrich got planted in the *in*side of those innumerable Daun redoubts, and 'woods of abatis'; and might make a very pretty 'Bohemian Campaign' of it, after all, were Daun the only adversary he had! Judges are of opinion, that Daun, with all his superiority of number, could not have disrooted Friedrich this season.[2] Daun did try him by the Pandour methods, '1,000 Croats stealing-in upon Königsgrätz at one in the morning,' and the like; but these availed nothing. By the one effectual method, that of beating him in battle, Daun never would have tried. What did disroot Friedrich, then?—Take the following dates, and small hints of phenomena in other parts of the big Theatre of War. 'Konitz' is a little Polish Town, midway between Dantzig and Friedrich's Dominions:

'*Konitz, 16th June* 1758. This day Feldmarschall Fermor arrives in his principal Camp here. For many weeks past he has been dribbling across the Weichsel hitherward, into various small Camps, with Cossack Parties flying about, under check of General Platen. But now, being all across, and reunited, Fermor shoots-out Cossack Parties of quite other weight and atrocity; and is ready to begin business,—still a little uncertain how. His Cossacks, under their Demikows, Romanzows, capable of no good fighting, but of endless incendiary mischief in the neighbourhood;—shoot far ahead into Prussian territory: Platen, Hordt with his Free-Corps, are beautifully sharp upon them; but many beatings avail little. "They burn the town of Driesen" (Hordt having been hard upon them there); "town of Ratzebuhr, and nineteen villages around";—burn poor old women and men, one poor old clergyman especially, wind him well in straw-roping, then set fire, and leave him;—and are worse than fiends or hyænas. Not to be checked by Platen's best diligence; not, in the end, by Platen and Dohna together. Dohna (18th June) has risen from Stralsund in check of them,—leaving the unfortunate Swedes to come out' (shrunk to about 7,000, so unsalutary their stockfish diet there),—'these hyæna Cossacks being the far more pressing thing. Dohna is diligent, gives them many slaps and checks; Dohna cannot cut the taproot of them in two; that is to say, fight Fermor and beat him: other effectual check there can be none.[1]

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[1] Varnhagen, *Leben des etc. Jakob von Keith*, p. 227.

[2] Tempelhof, ii. 170-176, 185;—who, unluckily, in soldier fashion, here as too often elsewhere, does not give us the Arithmetical Numbers of each, but counts by 'Battalions' and 'Squadrons,' which, except in time of Peace, are a totally uncertain quantity:—guess vaguely, 75,000 against 30,000.

'*Tschopau* (in Saxony), 21*st June.* Prince Henry has quitted Bamberg Country; and is home again, carefully posted, at Tschopau and up and down, on the southern side of Saxony; with his eye well on the Passes of the Metal Mountains,—where now, in the turn things at Olmütz have taken, his clear fate is to be invaded, *not* to invade. The Reichs Army, fairly afoot in the Circle of Saatz, counts itself 35,000; add 15,000 Austrians of a solid quality, there is a Reichs Army of 50,000 in all, this Year. And will certainly invade Saxony,—though it is in no hurry; does not stir till August come, and will find Prince Henri elaborately on his guard, and little to be made of him, though he is as one to two.

'*Crefeld* (Rhine Country), 23*d June.* Duke Ferdinand, after skilful shoving and advancing, some forty or fifty miles, on his new or French side of the Rhine, finds the French drawn-up at Crefeld (June 23d); 47,000 of them *versus* 33,000: in altogether intricate ground; canal-ditches, osier-thickets, farm-villages, peat-bogs. Ground defensible against the world, had the 47,000 had a Captain; but reasonably safe to attack, with nothing but a Clermont acting that character. Ferdinand, I can perceive, knew his Clermont; and took liberties with him. Divided himself into three attacks: one in front, one on Clermont's right flank, both of which cannonaded, as if in earnest, but did not prevent Clermont going to dinner. One attack on front, one on right flank; then there was a third, seemingly on left flank, but which winded itself round (perilously imprudent, had there been a Captain, instead of a Clermont deepish in wine by this time), and burst-in upon Clermont's rear; jingling his wine-glasses and decanters, think at what a rate;—scattering his 47,000 and him to the road again, with a loss of men, which was counted to 4,000 (4,000 against 1,700), and of honour—whatever was still to lose![1]

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 149 et seq.; Tempelhof, ii. 135, etc.

Ferdinand, it was hoped, would now be able to maintain himself, and push forward, on this French side of the Rhine: and had Wesel been his (as some of us know it is not!), perhaps he might. At any rate, veteran Belleisle took his measures:—dismissal of Clermont Prince of the Blood, and appointment of Contades, a man of some skill; recall of Soubise and his 24,000 from their Austrian intentions; these and other strenuous measures,—and prevented such consummation. A gallant young Comte de Gisors, only son of Belleisle, perished in that disgraceful Crefeld:—unfortunate old man, what a business that of "cutting Germany in four" has been to you, first and last!

'*Louisburg* (North America), *July 8th.* Landing of General Amherst's people at Louisburg in Cape Breton; with a view of besieging that important place. Which has now become extremely difficult; the garrison, and their defences, military, naval, being in full readiness for such an event. Landing was done by Brigadier Wolfe; under the eye of Amherst and Admiral Boscawen from rearward, and under abundant fire of batteries and musketries playing on it ahead: in one of the surfiest seas (but we have waited four days, and it hardly mends), tossing us about like corks;—so that "many of the boats were broken"; and Wolfe and people "had to leap out, breast-deep," and make fight for themselves, the faster the better, under very intricate circumstances! Which was victoriously done, by Wolfe and his people; really in a rather handsome manner, that morning. As were all the subsequent Siege-operations, on land and on water, by them and the others:—till (August 8th) the Siege ended: in complete surrender,—positively for the last time (Pitt fully intends); no Austrian Netherlands now to put one on revoking it!'[2]

'These are pretty victories, cheering to Pitt and Friedrich: but the difficult point still is that of Fermor. Whose Cossacks, and their devil-like ravagings, are hideous to think of:—unrestrainable by Dohna, unless he could cut the root of them; which he cannot. *June 27th*' (while Colonel Mosel, with his 3,000 wagons, still only one stage from Troppau, was so busy), 'slow Fermor rose from Konitz; began hitching southward, southward gradually to Posen,—a considerably stronger

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[1] Mauvillon, i. 297-309; Westphalen, i. 588-604; Tempelhof, etc., etc.

[2] General Amherst's *Diary of the Siege* (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. 384-89).

Polish Town; on the edge both of Brandenburg and of Silesia;—and has been sitting there, almost ever since our entrance into Bohemia; his Cossacks burning and wasting to great distances in both Countries; no deciding which of them he meant to invade with his main Army. Sits there almost a month, enigmatic to Dohna, enigmatic to Friedrich: till Friedrich decides at last that he cannot be suffered longer, whichever of them he mean; and rises for Silesia (August 2d). Precisely about which day Fermor had decided for Brandenburg, and rolled over thither, towards Cüstrin and the Frankfurt-on-Oder Country, heralded by fire and murder, as usual.'

Friedrich's march to Landshut is, again, much admired. Daun had beset the three great roads, the two likeliest especially, with abundant Pandours, and his best Loudons and St. Ignons: Friedrich, making himself enigmatic to Daun, struck into the third road by Skalitz, Nachod; circuitous, steep, but lying Glatz-ward, handy for support of various kinds. He was attempted, once or more, by Pandours, but used them badly; fell-in with Daun's old abatis (well wind-dried now), in different places, and burnt them in passing. And in five days was in Kloster-Grüssau, safe on his own side of the Mountains again. One point only we will note, in these Pandour turmoilings. From Skalitz, the first stage of his march, he answers a Letter of Brother Henri's:

To Prince Henri (at Tschopau in Saxony). 'What you write to me of my Sister of Baireuth' (that she has been in extremity, cannot yet write, and must not be told of the Prince of Prussia's death lest it kill her) 'makes me tremble! Next to our Mother, she is what I have the most tenderly loved in this world. She is a Sister who has my heart and all my confidence; and whose character is of price beyond all the crowns in this universe. From my tenderest years, I was brought-up with her: you can conceive how there reigns between us that indissoluble bond of mutual affection and attachment for life, which in all other cases, were it only from disparity of ages, is impossible. Would to Heaven I might die before her;—and that this terror itself don't take away my life without my actually losing her!'[1] * *

At Grüssau (August 9th) he writes to his dear Wilhelmina herself: 'O you, the dearest of my family, you whom I have most at heart of all in this world,—for the sake of whatever is most precious to you, preserve yourself, and let me have at least the consolation of shedding my tears in your bosom! Fear nothing for *us*, and'—O King, she is dying, and I believe knows it, though you will hope to the last! There is something piercingly tragical in those final Letters of Friedrich to his Wilhelmina, written from such scenes of wreck and storm, and in Wilhelmina's beautiful ever-loving quiet Answers, dictated when she could no longer write.[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 179, 'Klenny, near Skalitz, 3d August 1758;' Henri's Letter is dated 'Camp of Tschopau, 28th July' (*ib.* 177).

Friedrich had last left Grüssau April 18th; he has returned to it August 8th: after sixteen weeks of a very eventful absence. In Grüssau he stayed two whole days;—busy enough he, probably, though his people were resting! August 10th, he draws-up, for Prince Henri, 'under seal of the most absolute secrecy,' and with admirable business-like strictness, brevity and clearness, forgetting nothing useful, remembering nothing useless, a Paper of Directions in case of a certain event: 'I march tomorrow against the Russians: as the events of War may lead to all sorts of accidents, and it may easily happen to me to be killed, I have thought it my duty to let you know what my plans were,' and what you are to do in that event,—'the rather as you are Guardian of our Nephew' (late Prince of Prussia's Son) 'with an unlimited authority.' Oath from all the armies the instant I am killed: rapid, active, as ever; the enemy not to notice that there is any change in the command. I intend to 'beat the Russians utterly' (*à plate couture*, 'splay-seam'), 'if it be possible'; then to etc.:—gives you his 'itinerary,' too, or probable address, till 'the 25th' (notably enough); in short, forgets nothing useful, nor remembers anything that is not, in spite of his hurry.[2] For Minister Finck also there went a Paper; seal *not* needing to be opened for the moment.

[1] 'July 18th' is the last by her hand, and 'almost illegible';—still extant, it seems, though withheld from us. Was received at Grüssau here, and answered at some length (*Œuvres*, xxvii. I. 316), according to the specimen just given. Two more of hers follow, and Four of the King's (*ib.* 317-322). Nearly meaningless, as printed there, without commentary for the unprepared reader.

[2] '*Disposition Testamentaire*' (so they have labelled it); given in *Œuvres*, iv. (*Appendice*) 261-262. Friedrich's *Testament* proper is already made, and all

With Margraf Karl, and Fouquet under him, who are to guard Silesia, he leaves in two Divisions about Half the late Olmütz Army:—added to the other force, this will make about 40,000 for that service.[1] Keith has the chief command here; but is ordered to Breslau, in the mean time, for a little rest and recovery of health. Friday 11th August, Friedrich himself, with the other Half, pushes-off towards Fermor and the Cossack demons; through Liegnitz, through Hohenfriedberg Country, straight for Frankfurt, with his best speed.

CHAPTER XIII

BATTLE OF ZORNDORF

SUNDAY 20th August, Friedrich, with his small Army, hardly above 15,000 I should guess, arrived at Frankfurt-on-Oder: 'his Majesty,' it seems, 'lodged in the Lebus Suburb, in the house of a Clergyman's Widow; and was observed to go often out of doors, and listen to the cannonading, which was going on at Cüstrin.'[2] From Landshut hither, he has come in nine days; the swiftest marching; a fiery spur of indignation being upon all his men and him, for the last two days fierier than ever,—longing all to have a blow at those incendiary Russian gentlemen. Five days ago, the Russians, attempting blindly on the Garrison of Cüstrin, had burnt,—nothing of the Garrison at all,—but the poor little Town altogether. Which has filled everybody with lamentation and horror. And, listen yonder, they are still busy on the solitary Garrison of Cüstrin;

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in order, years ago ('11th January 1752'): of this there followed Two new Redactions (new *editions* with slight improvements, '7th November 1768,' and '8th January 1769' the *finally* valid one); and various Supplements, or summary Enforcements (as here), at different times of crisis: see *Preuss*, iv. 277, 401, and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. p. 13 (of Preface), for some confused account of that matter.

[1] Stenzel, v. 163.

[2] Rödenbeck, i. 347.

—audible enough to Friedrich from his northern or Lebus Suburb, which lies nearest the place, at a distance of some twenty miles.

Of Fermor's redhot savagery on Cüstrin, it is lamentably necessary we should say something: to say much would be a waste of record; as the thing itself was a waste of powder. A thing hideous to think of; without the least profit to Fermor, but with total ruin to all the inhabitants, and to the many strangers who had sought refuge there. One interior circumstance is memorable and lucky to us. Artillery-Captain Tielcke happened to be with these people; had come in the train of 'two Saxon Princes, serving as volunteers'; and, with a singular lucidity, and faithful good sense, not scientific alone, he illuminates these black Russian matters for such as have to do with them.

Tielcke's Book of *Contributions to the Art of War*[1] is still in repute with Soldiers, especially in the Artillery line; and indeed shows a sound geometrical head, and contains bits of excellent Historical reading interspersed among the scientific parts. This Tielcke, it appears, was a common foot-soldier, one of those Pirna 14,000 made Prussian against their will; but Tielcke had a milkmaid for sweetheart in those regions, who, good soul, gave him her generous farewell, a suit of her clothes, perhaps a pair of her pails; and in that guise he walked out of bondage. Clear away; to Warsaw, to favour with the King and others (being of real merit, an excellent, studious, modest little man); and here he now reappears, in a higher capacity; as articulate Eye-witness of the Cüstrin Business and the Zorndorf, among much other Russian darkness, which shall remain comfortably blank to us.

Up to Cüstrin, the Journal of the Operations of the Russian Army, which I could give from day to day,[2] is of no interest except to the Nether Powers of this Universe; the Russian Operations hitherto having consisted in slow marches, sluttish cookeries, cantoonings, bivouackings, with destruction of a poor innocent Country, and arson, theft and murder done on the great scale by inhuman vagabonds, Cossacks so-called, *not* tempered on this occasion by the mercy of Calmucks. The regular Russian Army, it appears, participates in the common horror of mankind against such a method of making war; but neither Feldmarschall Fermor, nor General Demikof (properly *Thémicoud*, a Swiss, deserving little thanks from us, who has taken in hand to command these Missionaries of the Pit), can help the results above described. Which are justly characterised as abominable, to gods and men; and not fit to be recorded in human Annals; execration, and, if it were possible, oblivion, being the human resource with them. The Russian Officers, it seems, despise this Cossack rabble incredibly; for their fighting qualities withal are close on zero, though their talent for arson and murder is so considerable. And contrariwise, the Cossacks, for their part, have no objection to plunder, or even, if obstreperous, to kill, any regular Officer they may meet unescorted in a good place. Their talent for arson is great. They do uncountable damage to the Army itself; provoking all the Country people to destroy by fire what could be eaten or used, the foraging, food and equipments of horse and man; so that horse and man have to be fed by victual carted hundreds of miles out of Poland; and the Russian Army sticks, as it were, tethered with a welter of broken porridge-pots and rent mealbags hung to every foot it has.

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[1] *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und* (zur) *Geschichte des Krieges von* 1756 *bis* 1763 (six thin vols. 4to, with many Plates); cited above.

[2] '*Tagebuch beyder*, etc. (Diary of both Armies from the beginning of the Campaign till Zorndorf'), in Tielcke, ii. 1-75; Tempelhof, ii. 136, 216-224; *Helden-Geschichte*, v.; etc. etc.

East Preussen is quiet from the storms of War; holds its tongue well, and hopes better days: but the Russians themselves are little the better for it, a country so lately burned bare; they are merely flung so many scores of miles forward, farther from home and their real resources, before they can begin work. They have no port on the Baltic: poor block-heads, they are aware how desirable, for instance, Dantzig would be; to help feeding them out of ships; but the Dantzigers won't. Colberg, a poor little place, with only 700 militia people in it, would be of immense service to them as a sea-haven: but even this they have not yet tried to get; and after trying, they will find it a job. 'Why not unite with the Swedes and take Stettin (the finest harbour in the Baltic), which would bring Russia, by ships, to your very hand?' This is what Montalembert is urgent upon, year after year, to the point of wearying everybody; but he can get no official soul to pay heed to him,—the difficulties are so considerable. 'Swedes, what are they?' say the Russians: 'Russians what?' say the Swedes. 'Sweden would be so handy for the Artilleries,' urges Montalembert; 'Russians for the Soldiery, or covering and fighting part.'—'Can't be done!' Officiality shakes its head· and Montalembert is obliged to be silent.

The Russians have got into the Neumark of Brandenburg, on those bad terms; and are clearly aware that, without some Fortress as a Place of Arms, they are an overgrown Incompetency and Monstrosity in the field of War; doing much destruction, most of which proves *self*-destructive before long. But how help it? If the carrying of meal so far be difficult, what will the carrying of siege-furniture be? A flat impossibility. Fermor, aware of these facts, remembers what happened at Oczakow,—long ago, in our presence, and Keith's and Münnich's, if the reader have not quite forgot. Münnich, on that occasion, took Oczakow without any siege-furniture whatever, by boldly marching up to it; nothing but audacity and good luck on his side. Fermor determines to try Cüstrin in the like way,—if peradventure Prussian soldiery be like Turk?—

Fermor rose from Posen August 2d, almost three weeks ago; making daily for the Neumark and those unfortunate Oder Countries; nobody but Dohna to oppose him,—Dohna in the ratio of perhaps one against four. Dohna naturally

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laid hold of Frankfurt and the Oder Bridge, so that Fermor could not cross there; whereupon Fermor, as the next-best thing, struck northward for the Warta (black Polish stream, last big branch of Oder); crossed this, at his ease, by Landsberg Bridge, August 10th;[1] and after a day or two of readjustment in Landsberg, made for Cüstrin Country (his next headquarter is at Gross Kamin *); hoping in some accidental or miraculous way to cross Oder thereabouts, or even get hold of Cüstrin as a Place of Arms. If peradventure he can take Cüstrin without proper siege-artillery, in the Oczakow or Anti-Turk way? Fermor has been busy upon Cüstrin since August 15th;—in what fashion we partly heard, and will now, from authentic sources, see a little for ourselves.

The Castle of Cüstrin, built by good Johann of Cüstrin, and 'roofed with copper,' in the Reformation times,—we know it from of old, and Friedrich has since had some knowledge of it. Cüstrin itself is a rugged little Town, with some moorland traffic, and is still a place of great military strength, the garrison of those parts. Its rough pavements, its heavy stone battlements and barriers, give it a gnarled obstinate aspect, —stern enough place of exile for a Crown-Prince fallen into such disfavour with Papa! A rugged, compact, by no means handsome little Town, at the meeting of the Warta and the Oder; stands naturally among sedges, willows and drained mire, except that human industry is pleasantly busy upon it, and has long been. So that the neighbourhood is populous beyond expectation; studded with rough cottages in whitewash; hamlets in a paved condition; and comfortable signs of labour victoriously wrestling with the wilderness. Cüstrin, an arsenal and garrison, begirt with two rivers, and with awful bulwarks, and bastions cased in stone,—'perhaps too high,' say the learned,—is likely to be impregnable to Russian engineering on those terms. Here, with brevity, is the catastrophe of Cüstrin.

Tuesday 15*th August* 1758, At two in the morning, several thousand Russians, grenadiers, under Quartermaster General Stoffeln, whom the readers of Mannstein know from old Oczakow times, are astir; pushing along from Gross Kamin, through the scraggy firwoods, and flat peat countries; intending a stroke on Cüstrin, if perhaps they can get it:[2]

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 216.

* Plan at p. 394.

[2] Tempelhof, ii. 217; but Tielcke, ii. 69 et seq., the real source.

—not the slightest chance to get Cüstrin; Prussian soldiership and Turkish being two quite different things! The pickeering and manœuvring of Stoffeln shall not detain us. Stoffeln came along by the Landsberg road (course of the now Königsberg-Cüstrin Railway); and drove-in the Prussian out-parties, who at first took him for Cossacks. Stoffeln set himself down on the north side of the place; planted cannon in certain clay-pits thereabouts, and about nine o'clock began firing shells and incendiary grenadoes at a great rate. Tielcke saw everything;—and had the honour to take luncheon, that evening, with certain chief Officers, sitting on the ground, after all was over, and only a few shots from the Garrison still dropping.[1]

At the third grenado, which, it seems, fell into a straw magazine, Cüstrin took fire; could not be quenched again, so much dry wood in it, so much disorder too, the very soldiers some of them disorderly (a bad deserter set); so that it soon flamed aloft,—from side to side one sea of flame: and man, woman and child, every soul (except the Garrison, which sat enclosed in strong stone), had to fly across the River, under penalty of death by fire. Of Cüstrin, by five in the evening, there was nothing left but the black ashes; the Garrison standing unharmed, and the Church, School-house and some stone edifices in a charred skeleton condition. 'No life was lost, except that of one child in arms.' All Neumark had lodged its valuables in this place of strength; all are fled now in horror and terror across the Oder, by the Bridge, before it also unquenchably takes fire, at the western or non-Russian end of the place. Such a day as was seldom seen in human experience;—Fermor responsible for it, happily not we.

Fermor, in the evening, said to his Artillery People: 'Why have you ceased to fire grenadoes?' 'Excellency, the Town is out; nothing now but ashes and stone.' 'Never mind; give them the rest, one every quarter of an hour. We shall not need the grenadoes again. The cannon-balls we shall; them, therefore, do not waste.' On the morrow morning, after this performance on the Town, Fermor sends a Trumpeter: 'Surrender, or else—!' rather in the tremendous style. 'Or else?' answers the Commandant, pointing to the ashes, to the black inconsumable stones; and is deaf to this *ex-postfacto* Trumpeter. The Russians say they sent one yesterday morning, not *ex-postfacto*, but he was killed in the pickeerings, and never heard of again. A mile or so to rear of Cüstrin, on the westward or Berlin side of the River, lies Dohna for the last four days; expecting that the Laws of Nature will hold good, and Cüstrin prove tenable against such sieging. So stands it on Friedrich's arrival.

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[1] Tielcke, ii. 75 *n*.

We left Friedrich in the Lebus Suburb of Frankfurt, Sunday August 20th, listening to the distant cannonade. Next morning, he is here himself; at Dohna's Camp of Görgast, taking survey of affairs; came early, under rapid small escort, leaving his Army to follow; scorn and contemptuous indignation the humour of him, they say; resolution to be swiftly home upon that surprising Russian armament, and teach it new manners. The black skeleton of Cüstrin stares hideously across the River; 'Cüstrin Siege' so-called still going-on;—had better make despatch now, and take itself away! He greatly despises Russian soldiership: 'Pooh, pooh,' he would answer, if Keith from experience said, 'Your Majesty does not do it justice';—and Keith has been known to hint, 'If the trial ever come, your Majesty will alter that opinion.' A day or two hence, amid these hideous Russian fire-traceries, the Hussars bring him a dozen of Cossacks they have made prisoners: Friedrich looks at the dirty green vagabonds; says to one of his Staff: 'And this is the kind of Doggery I have to bother with!'—The sight of the poor country-people, and their tears of joy and of sorrow on his reappearance among them, much affected him. Taking inspection of Dohna, he finds Dohna wonderfully clean, pipe-clayed, complete: 'You are very fine indeed, you;—I bring you a set of fellows, rough as *grasteufeln* ('grass-devils,' I never know whether insects or birds); 'but they can bite,'—hope you can!

Tuesday August 22d, at five in the morning our Army has all arrived, the Frankfurt people just come in; 30,000 of us now in Camp at Görgast. Friedrich orders straightway that a certain Russian Redoubt on the other side of the River, at Schaumburg, a mile or two down stream, be well cannonaded into ruin,—as if he took it for some incipiency of a Russian Bridge, or were himself minded to cross here, under cover of Cüstrin. Friedrich's intention very certainly is to cross,—here or not just here;—and that same night, after some hours of rest to the Frankfurt people,—night of

Tuesday-Wednesday, Friedrich, having persuaded the Russians that his crossing-place will be their Redoubt at Schaumburg, marches ten or twelve miles down the River, silently his 30,000 and he, till opposite the Village of Güstebiese; rapidly makes his Bridges there, unmolested: Fermor, with his eye on the cannonaded Redoubt only, has expected no such matter; and is much astonished when he hears of it, twenty hours after. Friedrich, across with the vanguard, at an early hour of Wednesday, gets upon the knoll at Güstebiese for a view: and all Güstebiese, hearing of him, hurries out, with low-voiced tremulous blessings, irrepressible tears: 'God reward your Majesty, that have come to us!'—and there is a hustling and a struggling, among the women especially, to kiss the skirts of his coat. Poor souls: one could have stood tremendous cheers; but this is a thing I forgive Friedrich for being visibly affected with.

Friedrich leaves his baggage on the other side of the Oder, and the Bridge guarded; our friend Hordt, with his Free-Corps, doing it. Friedrich marches forward some ten miles that night; eastward, straight for Gross Kamin, as if to take the Russians in rear; encamps at a place called Klossow, spreading himself obliquely towards the Mützel (black sluggish tributary of the Oder in those parts), meaning to reach Neu Damm on the Mützel tomorrow, there almost within wind of the Russians, and be ready for crossing on them. It was at Klossow (23d August, evening), that the Hussars brought-in their dozen or two of Cossacks, and he had his first sight of Russian soldiery; by no means a favourable one, 'Ugh, only look!'—As we are now approaching Zorndorf, and the monstrous tug of Battle which fell out there, readers will be glad of the following:

'From Damm on the Mützel, where Friedrich intends crossing it tomorrow night, south to Gross Kamin, not far from the Warta, where Fermor's headquarter lately was, may be about five miles. From Cüstrin, Kamin lies north-east about eight or ten miles: Zorndorf, the most considerable Village in this tract, lies,—little dreaming of the sad glory coming to it,—pretty much in the centre between big Warta and smaller Mützel. The Country is by nature a peat wilderness, far and wide; but it has been tamed extensively; grows crops, green pastures; is elsewhere covered with wood (Scotch fir, scraggy in size, but evidently under forest management); perhaps half the country is in Fir tracts, what they call *Heiden* (Heaths); the cultivated spaces lying like light-green islands with black-green channels and expanses of circumambient Fir. The Drewitz Heath, the Massin or Zicher Heath, and others about Zorndorf, will become notable to us. The Country is now much drier than in Friedrich's time; the human spade doing its duty everywhere: so that much of the Battle-ground has become irrecognisable, when compared with the old marshy descriptions given of it. Zorndorf, a rough substantial Hamlet, has nothing of boggy now visible near by; lies east to west, a firm broad highway leading through: a sea of forest before it, to south; to north, good dry barley-grounds or rye-grounds, sensibly rising for half a mile, then waving about in various slow slight changes of level towards Quartschen, Zicher, etc.: forming an irregular cleared "island," altogether of perhaps four miles by three, with unlimited circumambiences of wood. It was here, on this island as we call it, that the Battle, which has made Zorndorf famous, was fought.

'Zorndorf (or even the open ground half a mile to north of it, which will be more important to us) is probably not 50 feet above the level of the Mützel, nor 100 above Warta and Oder, six miles off; but it is the crown of the Country;—the ground dropping there from every way, in lazy dull waves or swells; towards Tamsel and Gross Kamin on south-east; towards Birken-Busch, Quartschen, Darmützel[1] on north-west; as well as towards Damm and its Bridge north-east, where Friedrich will soon be, and towards Cüstrin south-west, where he lately was, each a five or six miles from Zorndorf.

'Such is the poor moorland tract of Country; Zorndorf the centre of it,—where the Battle is likely to be:—Zorndorf and environs a bare quasi-island among these woods; extensive bald crown of the landscape, girt with a frizzle of firwoods all round. Boggy pools there are, especially on the western side (all drained in our time). Mützel, or north side, is of course the lowest in level: and accordingly,' what is much to be marked by readers here, 'from the south, or Zorndorf side, at wide intervals, there saunter along, in a slow obscure manner, Three miserable continuous Leakages, or oozy Threads of Water, all making for Quartschen, to north or north-west, there to disembogue into the Mützel. Each of these has its little Hollow; of which the westernmost, called Zabern Hollow (*Zaberngrund*), is the most considerable, and the most important to us here: *Galgengrund* (Gallows-Hollow) is also worth naming in this Battle; the third Leakage, though without importance, invites us to name it, *Hosebruch,* quasi *Stocking*-quagmire,—because you can use no stockings there, except with manifest disadvantage.'—Take this other concluding trait:

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[1] *Dar* of the Mützel, whatever '*Dar*' may be.

* * 'Inexpressible fringe of marsh, two or three miles broad, mostly bottomless, woven with sluggish creeks and stagnant pools, borders the Warta for many miles towards Landsberg; Cüstrin-Landsberg Causeway the alone sure footing in it; after which, the country rises insensibly, but most beneficially, and is mainly drier till you get to the Mützel again, and find the same fringe of mud lace-work again. Zorndorf we called the crown of it. Tamsel, Wilkersdorf, Klein Kamin, Gross Kamin, and other places known to us, lie on the dry turf-fuel country, but looking over close upon the hem of that marsh-fringe, and no doubt getting peats, wild-ducks, pike-fishes, eels, and snatches of summer pasture and cow-hay out of it.'

Thursday August 24th, Friedrich is again speeding on; occupying Darmützel and other crossing places of the Mützel;[1]—by no means himself crossing there; on the contrary, carefully breaking all the Bridges before he go ('No retreat for those Russian vagabonds, only death or surrender for them!')—himself not intending to cross till he be up at Damm, Neu Damm, well eastward of his Russians, and have got them all pinfolded between Mützel and Oder in that way. In the evening, he reaches Damm and the Mill of Damm, some three or four miles higher up the Mützel;—and there pushes partly across at once. That is to say, his vanguard at once, and takes a defensive position; his Artillery and other Divisions by degrees, in the silent night hours; and, before daybreak tomorrow, every soul will be across, and the bridge broken again;—and Fermor had better have his accounts settled.

Fermor's roving Cossack clouds seldom bring him in intelligence; but only return stained with charcoal grime and red murder: up to late last night, he had not known where Friedrich was at all; had idly thought him busy with the Schaumburg Redoubt, on the other side of Oder, fencing and precautioning: but now (night of the 23d), these Cossacks do come-in with news, 'Indisputable to our poor minds, the Prussians are at Klossow yonder,—captured a dozen green vagabonds of us, and have sent us galloping!'—which news, with the night closing-in on him, was astonishing, thrice and four times important to Fermor.

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[1] Mitchell to Holderness, 'Dermützel, 24th August 1758' (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 425; *Ib.* ii. 40-47, Mitchell's Private Journal).

Instantly he raises the siege of Cüstrin, any siege there was; gets his immense baggage-train shoved-off that night to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way; summons the force from Landsberg to join him without loss of a moment;—and in the mean while pitches himself in long bivouac in the Drewitz Wood or Fir-Heath, with the quaggy Zaberngrund in front. Quaggy Zaberngrund,—do readers remember it; one of those 'Three continuous Leakages,' very important to Fermor and us at present? This is the safest place Fermor can find for himself; scraggy firs around, good quagmires and Zabern Hollow in front; looking to the east, waiting what a new day will bring. That was Fermor's posture, while Friedrich quitted Klossow in the dawn of the 24th. Be busy, ye Cossack doggeries; return with news, not with mere grime and marks of blood on your mouths!

Evening of the 24th, Cossacks report that Friedrich has got to Damm Mill; has hold of the Bridge there; and may be looked for, sure as the daylight tomorrow. Fermor is 50,000 odd, his Landsberg forces all coming in; one Detachment out Stettin way, which cannot come in; Fermor finds that his baggage-train is fairly on the road to Klein Kamin;—and that he will have to quit this bosky bivouac, and fight for himself in the open ground, or do worse.

Theseus and the Minotaur over again,—that is to say, Friedrich at Handgrips with Fermor and his Russians (25th August 1758)

Artless Fermor draws-out to the open ground, north of Zorndorf, south of Quartschen; arranges himself in huge quadrilateral mass, with his 'staff-baggage' (lighter baggage) in the centre, and his front, so to speak, every where.[1] Mass, say two miles long by one mile broad; but it is by no means regular, and has many zig-zags according to the ground, and narrows and droops southward on the eastern end: one of the most artless arrangements; but known to Fermor, and the readiest on this pinch of time. Münnich devised this quadrilateral mode; and found it good against the Turks, and their deluges of raging horse and foot: Fermor could perhaps do better; but there is such a press of hurry. Fermor's western flank, or biggest breadth of quadrilateral, leans on that Zabern Hollow, with its fine quagmires; his eastern, narrowest part, droops-down on certain mud-pools and conveniences towards Zicher. Gallows Hollow, a slighter than the Zabern, runs through the centre of him; and with his best people he fronts towards the Mützel Bridges, especially towards Damm-Mill Bridge whence Friedrich will emerge, sure as the sunrise, one knows not with what issue. Artless Fermor is nothing dauuted; nor are his people; but stand patiently under arms, regardless of future and present, to a degree not common in soldiering.

Friday August 25th, by half-past three in the morning, Friedrich is across the Mützel; self and Infantry by Damm-Mützel Bridge, cavalry by another Bridge (*Kersten-Brügge*, means 'Christian Bridge,' in the dialect of Charlemagne's time, a very old arrangement of Successive Logs up there!) some furlongs higher up. The Bridge at Damm is perhaps some three miles from the nearest Russians about Zicher; but Friedrich has no thought of attacking Fermor there; he has a quite other program laid, and will attack Fermor precisely on the side opposite to there. Friedrich's intention is to sweep quite round this monstrous Russian quadrilateral; to break-in upon it on the western flank, and hurl it back upon Mützel and its quagmires. He has broken his two bridges after passing, all bridges are gone there, and the country is bottomless: surrender at discretion if once you are driven thither! And Friedrich's own retreat, if he fail, is short and open to Cüstrin. 'Admirable,' say the Critics, 'and altogether in Friedrich's style!'—Friedrich, adds one Critic, was not aware that the Russian Heavy Baggage-Train, which is their powderflask and breadbasket and staff of life, lies at Klein Kamin, within few miles on his left just now, Russians themselves on his right; that the Russians could have been abolished from those countries without fighting at all![1] This is very true. Friedrich's haste is great, his humour hot; and he has not heard of this Klein-Kamin fact, which in common times he would have done, and of which in a calmer mood he would, with a fine scientific gusto, have taken his advantage.

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[1] Excellent Plan of him, or rather Plans, in his successive shapes, in Tielcke, ii. (*Plates* 4, 5, 6, 7, 8). Our poor Sketch at p. 394 strives to represent him as he stood when first attacked.

Friedrich pours incessant southward; cavalry parallel to infantry and a certain distance beyond it, eastward of it; and they have burnt the Bridges; which is a curious fact! Continually southward, as if for Tamsel:—poor old Tamsel, do readers recollect it at all, does Friedrich at all? No pleasant dinner, or lily-and-rose complexions, there for one today!—Some distance short of Tamsel, Friedrich, emerging, turns westward;—intending what on earth? thinks Fermor. Friedrich has been mostly hidden by the woods all this while, and enigmatic to Fermor. Fermor does now at last see the colour of the facts;—and that one's chief front must change itself to southward, one's best leg and arm be foremost, or towards Zorndorf, not towards the Mützel as hitherto. Fermor stirs-up his Quadrilateral, makes the required change, 'You, best or northern line, step across, and front southward; across to southward, I say; second-best go northward in their stead': and so, with some other slight polishings, suggested by the ground and phenomena, we anew await this Prussian Enigma with our best leg foremost. The march or circular sweep of these Prussian lines, from Damm Bridge through the woods and champaign to their appointed place of action, is seven or eight miles; lines when halted in battle-order will be two miles long or more.

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[1] Retzow, 305-329.

Friedrich pours steadily along, horse and foot, by the rear of Wilkersdorf, of Zorndorf,—Russian Minotaur scrutinising him in that manner with dull bloodshot eyes, uncertain what he will do. It is eight in the morning, hot August; wind a mere lull, but southernly if any. Small Hussar pickets ride to right of the main Army March; to keep the Cossacks in check: who are roving about, all on wing; and pert enough, in spite of the Hussar pickets. Desperado individuals of them gallop-up to the Infantry ranks, and fire-off their pistols there,—without reply; reply or firing, till the word come, is strictly forbidden. Infantry pours along, like a ploughman drawing his furrow, heedless of the circling crows. Crows or Cossacks, finding they are not regarded, set fire to Zorndorf, and gallop off. Zorndorf goes-up readily, mainly wood and straw; rolls in big clouds of smoke far northward in upon the Russian Minotaur, making him still blinder in the important moments now coming.

Friedrich rides-up to view the Zabern Hollow: 'Beyond expectation deep; very boggy too, with its foul leakage or brook: no attacking of their western flank through this Zabern-grund;—attack the corner of them, then; here on the south-west!' That is Friedrich's rapid resource. The lines halt, accordingly; make ready. Behind flaming Zorndorf stands his extreme left, which is to make the attack; infantry in front; horse to rear and farther leftwards,—and under the command of Seidlitz in this quarter, which is an important circumstance. Right wing, reaching to behind Wilkersdorf, is to refuse itself; whole force of centre is to push upon that Russian corner, to support the left in doing it;—according to the Leuthen or *Leuctra* principle, once more. May no mistakes occur in executing it this day!—

The first division of the Prussian Infantry, or extreme Left, marches forward by the west end of flaming Zorndorf; next division, which should stand close to right of it, or even behind it, in action, and follow it close into the Russian fire, has to march by the east end of Zorndorf; this is a farther road, owing to the flames; and not a lucky one. Second division could never get into fair contact with that first division again: that was the mistake: and it might have been fatal, but was not, as we shall see. First division has got clear of Zorndorf, in advancing towards its Russian business;—is striding forward, its left flank safe against the Zabern-grund; steadily by fixed stages, against the fated Russian Corner, which is its point of attack. First division, second division, are clear of Zorndorf, though with a wide gap between them; are steadily striding forward towards the Russian Corner. Two strong batteries, wide apart, have planted themselves ahead; and are playing upon the Russian Quadrilateral, their fires crossing at the due Corner yonder, with terrible effect; Russian artillery, which are multitudinous and all gathered down to this south-western corner, are responding, though with their fire spread, and far less effectual. The Prussian line steps on, extreme left perhaps in too animated a manner; their cannon batteries enfilade the thick mass of Russians at a frightful rate ('forty-two men of a certain regiment blown-away by a single ball,' in one instance[1]), drive the interior baggage-horses to despair: a very agitated Quadrilateral, under its grim canopy of cannon smoke, and of straw smoke, heaped on it from the Zorndorf side here. Manteuffel, leader of that first or leftmost division, sees the internal simmering; steps forward still more briskly, to firing distance; begins his platoon thunder, with the due steady fury,—had the second division but got-up to support Manteuffel! The second division is in fire too; but not close to Manteuffel, where it should be.

Fermor notices the gap, the wavering of Manteuffel unsupported; plunges-out in immense torrent, horse and foot, into the gap, into Manteuffel's flank and front; hurls Manteuffel back, who has no support at hand: '*Arah, Arah* (Hurrah,

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[1] Tielcke.

Hurrah)! Victory, Victory!' shout the Russians, plunging wildly forward, sweeping all before them, capturing twenty-six pieces of cannon, for one item. What a moment for Friedrich; looking on it from some knoll somewhere near Zorndorf, I suppose; hastily bidding Seidlitz strike-in: 'Seidlitz now!' The hurrahing Russians cannot keep rank at that rate of going, like a buffalo stampede; but fall into heaps and gaps: Seidlitz, with a swiftness, with a dexterity beyond praise, has picked his way across that quaggy Zabern Hollow; falls, with say 5,000 horse, on the flank of this big buffalo stampede; tumbles it into instant ruin;—which proves irretrievable, as the Prussian Infantry come on again, and back Seidlitz.

In fifteen minutes more (I guess it now to be ten o'clock), the Russian Minotaur, this end of it, on to the Gallows Ground, is one wild mass. Seldom was there seen such a charge; issuing in such deluges of wreck, of chaotic flight, or chaotic refusal to fly. The Seidlitz cavalry went sabring till, for very fatigue, they gave it up, and could no more. The Russian horse fled to Kutzdorf,—Fermor with them, who saw no more of this Fight, and did not get back till dark;—had not the Bridges been burnt, and no crossing of the Mützel possible, Fermor never would have come back, and here had been the end of Zorndorf. Luckier if it had! But there is no crossing of the Mützel, there is only drowning in the quagmires there:—death any way; what can be done but die?

The Russian infantry stand to be sabred, in the above manner, as if they had been dead oxen. More remote from Seidlitz, they break-open the sutlers' brandy-casks, and in few minutes get roaring drunk. Their officers, desperate, split the brandy-casks; soldiers flap-down to drink it from the puddles; furiously remonstrate with their officers, and 'kill a good many of them' (*viele*, says Tielcke), especially the foreign sort. 'A frightful blood-bath,' by all the Accounts: blood-bath, brandy-bath, and chief Nucleus of Chaos then extant aboveground. Fermor is swept away: this chaos, the very Prussians drawing-back from it, wearied with massacring, lasts till about one o'clock. Up to the Gallows-ground the Minotaur is mere wreck and delirium: but beyond the Gallows-ground, the other half forms a new front to itself; becomes a new Minotaur, though in reduced shape. This is Part First of the Battle of Zorndorf; Friedrich,—on the edge of great disaster at one moment, but miraculously saved,—has still the other half to do (unlucky that he left no Bridges on the Mützel), and must again change his program.

Half of the Minotaur is gone to shreds in this manner; but the attack upon it, too, is spent: what is to be done with the other half of the monster, which is again alive; which still stands, and polypus-like has arranged a new life for itself, a new front against the Galgen-grund yonder? Friedrich brings his right wing into action. Rapidly arranges right wing, centre, all of the left that is disposable, with batteries, with cavalry; for an attack on the opposite or south-eastern end of his monster. If your monster, polypus-like, come alive again in the tail-part, you must fell that other head of him. Batteries, well in advance, begin work upon the new head of the monster, which was once his tail; fresh troops, long lines of them, pushing forward to begin platoon-volleying:—time now, I should guess, about half-past two. Our infantry has not yet got within musket-range,—when torrents of Russian Horse, Foot too following, plunge-out; wide-flowing, stormfully swift; and dash against the coming attack. Dash against it; stagger it; actually tumble it back, in the centre part; take one of the batteries, and a whole battalion prisoners. Here again is a moment! Friedrich, they say, rushed personally into this vortex; rallied these broken battalions, again rallied and led them up; but it was to no purpose: they could not be made to stand, these centre battalions;—'some sudden panic in them, a thing unaccountable,' says Tempelhof; 'they are Dohna's people, who fought perfectly at Jägersdorf, and often elsewhere' (they were all in such a finely-burnished state the other day; but have not biting talent, like the grass-devils): enough, they fairly scour away, certain disgraceful battalions, and are not got ranked again till below Wilkersdorf, above a mile off; though the grass-devils, on both hands of them, stand grimly steady, left in this ominous manner.

What would have become of the affair one knows not, if it had not been that Seidlitz once more made his appearance. On Friedrich's order, or on his own, I do not know; but sure it is, Seidlitz, with sixty-one squadrons, arriving from some distance, breaks-in like a *Deus ex machinâ*, swift as the storm-wind, upon this Russian Horse-torrent; drives it again before him like a mere torrent of chaff, back, ever back, to the shore of Acheron and the Stygian quagmires (of the Mützel, namely); so that it did not return again; and the Prussian Infantry had free field for their platoon exercise. Their rage against the Russians was extreme; and that of the Russians corresponded. Three of these grass-devil battalions, who stood nearest to Dohna's runaways, were natives of this same burnt-out Zorndorf Country; we may fancy the Platt-Teutsch hearts of them, and the sacred lightning, with a moisture to it, that was in their eyes. Platt-Teutsch platooning, bayonet-charging,—on such terms no Russian or mortal Quadrilateral can stand it. The Russian Minotaur goes all to shreds a second time; but will not run. 'No quarter!'—'Well, then, none!'

'Shortly after four o'clock,' say my Accounts, 'the firing,' regular firing, 'altogether ceased; ammunition nearly spent, on both sides; Prussians snatching cartridge-boxes of Russian dead'; and then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling, man to man, 'with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth' (in some Russian instances), 'such as was never seen before.' The Russians, beaten to fragments, would not run: whither run? Behind is Mützel and the bog of Acheron;—on Mützel is no bridge left; 'the shore of Mützel is thick with men and horses, who have tried to cross, and lie there swallowed in the ooze'—'like a pavement,' says Tielcke. The Russians,—never was such *vis inertiæ* as theirs now. They stood like sacks of clay, like oxen already dead; not even if you shot a bullet through them, would they fall at once, says Archenholtz, but seemed to be deliberate about it.

Complete disorder reigned on both sides; except that the Prussians could always form again when bidden, the Russians not. This lasted till nightfall,—Russians getting themselves shoved away on these horrid terms, and obstinate to take no other. Towards dark, there appeared, on a distant knoll, something like a ranked body of them again,—some 2,000 foot and half as many horse; whom Thémicoud (superlative Swiss Cossack, usually written Demikof or Demikow) had picked-up and persuaded from the shore of Acheron, back to this knoll of vantage, and some cannon with them. Friedrich orders these to be dispersed again: General Forcade, with two battalions, taking the front of them, shall attack there; you, General Rauter, bring-up those Dohna fellows again, and take them in flank. Forcade pushes on, Rauter too,—but at the first taste of cannon-shot, these poor Dohna-people (such their now flurried, disgraced state of mind) take to flight again, worse than before; rush quite through Wilkersdorf this time, into the woods, and can hardly be got together at all. Scandalous to think of. No wonder Friedrich 'looked always askance on those regiments that had been beaten at Gross Jägersdorf, and to the end of his life gave them proofs of it';[1] very natural, if the rest were like these!

Of poor General Rauter, Tempelhof and the others, that can help it, are politely silent; only Saxon Tielcke tells us, that Friedrich dismissed him, 'Go, you, to some other trade!' —which, on Prussian evidence too, expressed in veiled terms, I find to be the fact: *Militair-Lexikon*, obliged to have an article on Rauter, is very brief about it; hints nothing unkind; records his personal intrepidity; and says, 'in 1758 he, on his request, had leave to withdraw,'—poor soul, leave and more!

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[1] Retzow;—and still more emphatically, *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officiers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), i. 34, ii. 52, etc.

Forcade, left to himself, kept cannonading Thémicoud. Thémicoud responding, would not go; stood on his knoll of vantage, but gathered no strength: 'Let him stand,' said Friedrich, after some time; and Thémicoud melted in the shades of night, gradually towards the hither shore of Acheron,—that is, of Acheron-Mützel, none now attempting to *pave* it farther, but simmering about at their sad leisure there. Feldmarschall Fermor is now got to his people again, or his people to him; reunited in place and luck: such a chaos as Fermor never saw before or after. No regiment or battalion now is; mere simmering monads, this fine Army; officers doing their utmost to cobble it into something of rank, without regard to regiments or qualities. Darkness seldom sank on such a scene.

Wild Cossack parties are scouring over all parts of the field; robbing the dead, murdering the wounded; doing arson, too, wherever possible; and even snatching at the Prussian cannon left rearwards, so that the Hussars have to go upon them again. One large mass of them plundering in the Hamlet of Zicher, the Hussars surrounded: the Cossacks took to the outhouses; squatted, ran, called-in the aid of fire, their constant friend: above 400 of them were in some big barn, or range of straw houses; and set-fire to it,—but could not get out for Hussars; the Hussars were at the outgate: Not a devil of you! said the Hussars; and the whole four hundred perished there, choked, burnt, or slain by the Hussars,—and this poor Planet was at length rid of them.[1]

Friedrich sends for his tent-equipages; and the Army pitches its camp in two big lines, running north and south, looking towards the Russian side of things; Friedrich's tent in front of the first line; a warrior King among his people, who have had a day's work of it. The Russian loss turns-out, when counted, to have been 21,529 killed, wounded and missing,

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 166.

7,990 of them killed; the Prussian sum-total is 11,390 (above the Prussian third man), of whom 3,680 slain. And on the shores of Acheron northward yonder, there still is a simmering. And far and wide the country is alight with incendiary fires,—many devils still abroad. Excellency Mitchell, about eight in the evening, is sent-for by the King; finds various chief Generals, Seidlitz among them, on their various businesses there; congratulates 'on the noble victory' (not so conclusive hitherto) 'which Heaven has granted your Majesty.' 'Had it not been for him,' said Friedrich,—'Had it not been for him, things would have had a bad look by this time!' and turned his sun-eyes upon Seidlitz, with a fine expression in them.[1] To which Seidlitz's reply, I find, was an embarrassed blush, and of articulate only, 'Hm, no, ah, it was your Majesty's Cavalry that did their duty,—but Wakenitz' (my second) 'does deserve promotion!'—which Wakenitz, not in a too overflowing measure, got.

Fermor, during the night-watches, having cobbled himself into some kind of ranks or rows, moves down well westward of Zabern Hollow; to the Drewitz Heath, where he once before lay, and there makes his bivouac in the wood, safe under the fir-trees, with the Zabern ground to front of him. By the above reckoning, 28 or 29,000 still hang to Fermor, or float vaporously round him; with Friedrich, in his two lines, are some 18,000:—in whole, 46,000 tired mortals sleeping thereabouts; near 12,000 others have fallen into a deeper sleep, not liable to be disturbed;—and of the wounded on the field, one shudders to imagine.

Next day, Saturday 26th, Fermor, again brought into some kind of rank, and safe beyond the quaggy Zabern ground, sent-out a proposal, 'That there be Truce of Three Days for burying the dead!'—Dohna, who happened to be General in command there, answers, 'That it is customary for the Victor to take charge of burying the slain; that such proposal is surprising, and quite inadmissible, in present circumstances.' Fermor, in the mean while, had drawn himself out, fronting his late battlefield and the morning sun ; and began cannonading across the Zabern ground ; too far off for hitting, but as if still intending fight : to which the Prussians replied with cannon, and drew-out before their tents in fighting order. In both armies there was question, or talk, of attacking anew ; but in both 'there was want of ammunition,' want of real likelihood. On Fermor's side, that of 'attacking' could be talk only, and on Friedrich's, besides the scarcity of ammunition, all creatures, foot and especially horse, were so worn-out with yesterday's work, it was not judged practically expedient. A while before noon, the Prussians retired to their Camp again ; leaving only the artillery to respond, so far as needful, and bow-wow across the Zabern ground, till the Russians lay down again.

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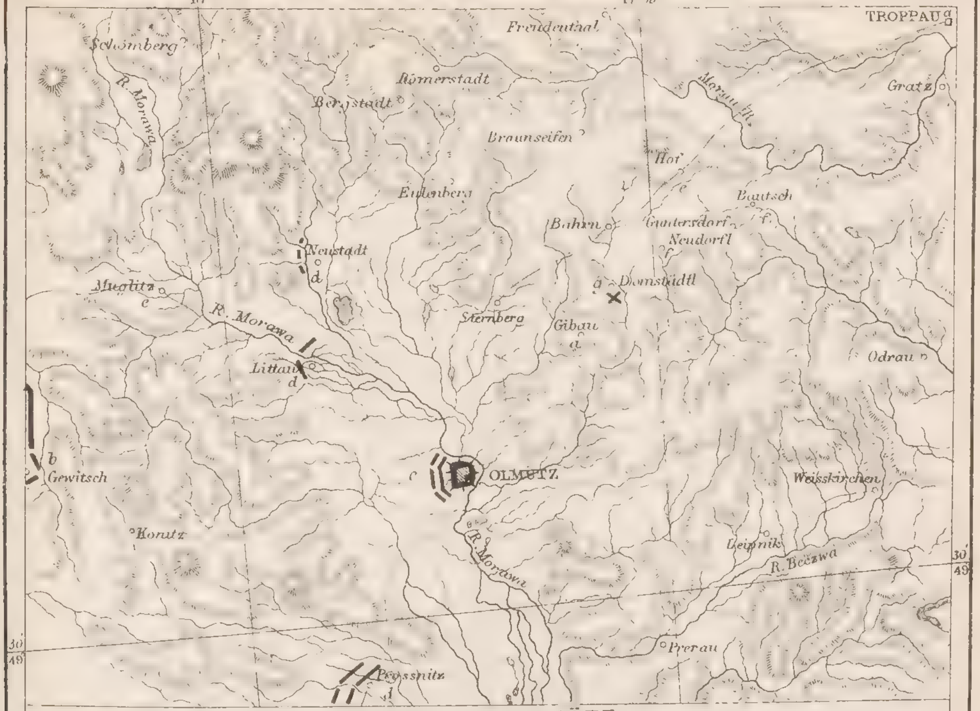
[1] Preuss, ii. 153. Mitchell (ii. 432) mentions the Interview, nothing of Seidlitz.

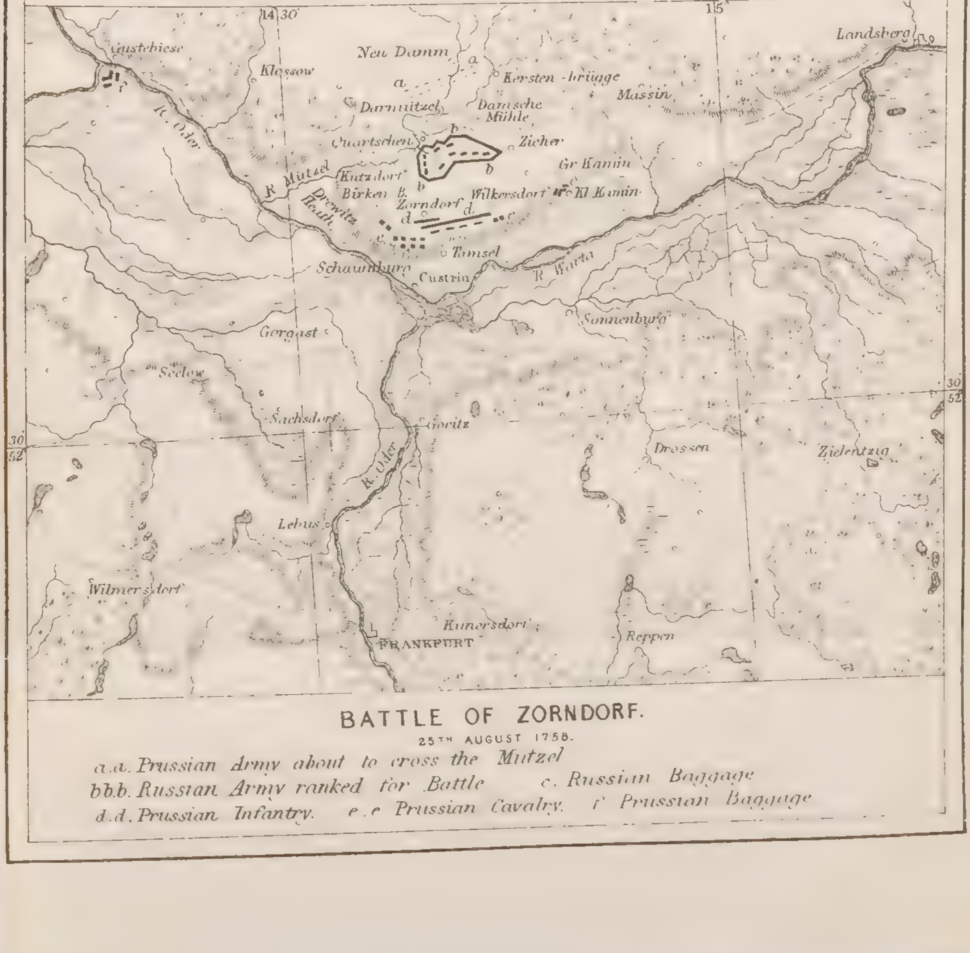
Friedrich's Hussars knew of the Russian *Wagenburg*, or general baggage reservoirs, at Klein Kamin, by this time. The Hussars had been in it, last night ; rummaging extensively, at discretion for some time ; and had brought away much money and portable plunder. Why Friedrich, who lay direct between Fermor and his Wagenburg, did not, this day, extinguish said Wagenburg, I do not know ; but guess it may have been a fault of omission, in the great welter this was now grown to be to the weary mind. Beyond question, if one had blown-up Fermor's remaining gunpowder, and carried-off or burnt his meal-sacks, he must have cowered away all the faster towards Landsberg to seek more. Or perhaps Friedrich now judged it immaterial, and a question only of hours ?

About midnight of Saturday-Sunday, there again rose bow-wowing, bellowing of Russian cannon ; not from beyond the Zabern ground this time, nor stationary anywhere, but from the south some transient part of it, and not far off ;—one ball struck a carriage near the King's tent, and shattered it. Thick mist mantles everything, and it is difficult to


17°
17 30'
TROPPAU
Freudenthal
Schömberg
R. Morawa
Römerstadt
Bergstadt
Gratz
Mora Fl.
Braunseifen
Hof
Eulenberg
Bautsch
Bahrn
Gundersdorf
Neudorfl
f
Neustadt
d
Domstadtl
g
Müglitz
c
R. Morawa
Sternberg
Giban
a
Odrau
Littau
d
b
Gewitsch
c
OLMÜTZ
Weisskirchen
Konitz
Leipnik
R. Morawa
R. Beczwa
30
49
Prerau
Prossnitz
d

SIEGE OF OLMÜTZ.
12TH MAY _ 2ND JULY 1758.

a.a. Stages of the Prussian March. b. Daun's Encampment.
c. Prussian Batteries and Entrenchments. d.d.d. Prussian Camps.
e.e. Loudon's March against Mosel's Convoy.
f f Mosel's resting quarters. g. Convoy attacked and ruined.


14 30'
15°
Landsberg
Gustebiese
f
Klossow
Neu Damm
a
a
Kersten-brügge
Massin
Darmützel
Damsche Mühle
Quartschen
b
Zicher
R. Oder
R. Mützel
Kutzdorf
b
Gr. Kamin
Birken B.
b
Wilkersdorf
c
Kl. Kamin
Zorndorf
Drewitz Heath
d
d
e
e
Tamsel
Schaumburg
Custrin
R. Warta
Sonnenburg
Gorgast
Seelow
30
52
Sachsdorf
Goritz
Drossen
Zielentzig
R. Oder
Lebus
Wilmersdorf
Kunersdorf
FRANKFURT
Reppen

BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.
25TH AUGUST 1758.

a.a. Prussian Army about to cross the Mutzel
bb.b. Russian Army ranked for Battle c. Russian Baggage
d.d. Prussian Infantry. e.e Prussian Cavalry. f Prussian Baggage

know what the Russians have on hand in their sylvan seclusions. After a time, it becomes manifest the Russians are on retreat; winding round, through the southern woods, behind Zorndorf and the charred Villages, to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way. Friedrich, following now on the heel of them, finds all got to Klein Kamin, to breakfast there in their Wagenburg refectory,—sharply vigilant, many *flèches* (little arrow-shaped redoubts, so-named) and much artillery round them. Nothing considerable to be done upon them, now or afterwards, except pick-up stragglers, and distress their rear a little. The King himself, in the first movement, was thought to be in alarming peril, such a blaze of case-shot rose upon him, as he went reconnoitering foremost of all.[1]

And this was, at last, the end of Zorndorf Battle; on the third day this. Was there ever seen such a fight of Theseus and the Minotaur! Theseus, rapid, dextrous, with Heaven's lightning in his eyes, seizing the Minotaur; lassoing him by the hinder foot, then by the right horn; pouring steel and destruction into him, the very dust darkening all the air. Minotaur refusing to die when killed; tumbling to and fro upon its Theseus; the two lugging and tugging, flinging one another about, and describing figures of 8 round each other for three days before it ended. Minotaur walking off on his own feet, after all. It was the bloodiest battle of the Seven-Years War; one of the most furious ever fought; such rage possessing the individual elements; rage unusual in modern wars. Must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians, when he next comes to speak with Keith. It was not till the fourth day hence (August 31st), so unattackably strong was this position at Klein Kamin, that the Russian Minotaur would fairly get to its feet a second time, and slowly stagger off, in real earnest, Landsberg way and Königsberg way;—

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 216-38; Tielcke, ii. 79-154; Archenholtz, i. 253-64; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 156-79 (with many *Lists*, private *Letters* and the like details); etc. etc.

Friedrich right glad to leave Dohna in attendance on it; and hasten off (September 2d) towards Saxony and Prince Henri, where his presence is now become very needful.

Fermor, walking off in this manner,—not till the third day, nay, not conclusively till the seventh day, after Zorndorf,—strove at first to consider himself victorious. 'I passed the night on the field of battle' (or *not* far from it, for good reasons, Mützel being bridgeless): 'may not I, in the language of enthusiasm, be considered conqueror? Here are 26 of their cannon, got when I cried "Arah" prematurely. (Where the 103 pieces of my own are, and my 27 flags, and my Army-chest and sundries? Dropped somewhere; they will probably turn-up again!)' thinks Fermor,—or strives to think, and says. So that, at Petersburg, at Paris and Vienna, in the next three weeks, there were *Te-Deums*, Ambrosian chantings, fires-of-joy; and considerable arguing among the Gazetteers on both parts,—till the dust settled, and facts appeared as they were. To the effect: '*Te-Deum* NON *laudamus*; alas no, we must retract; and it was good gunpowder thrown after bad!'

On always homewards, but at its own pace, waited-on by Dohna, goes the Russian Monster: violently case-shotting if you prick into its rearward parts. One Palmbach,—under Romanzow, I think, who had not taken part in the Battle, being out Stettin way, and unable to join till now,—Palmbach, with a Detachment of 15,000, which was thought sufficient for the object, did try to make a dash on Colberg,—how happy had we any port on the Baltic, to feed us in this Country! But though Colberg is the paltriest crow's-nest (*bicoque*), according to all engineers, and is defended only by 700 militia (the Colonel of them, one Heyde, a grey old Half-pay, not yet renowned in the soldier world, as he here came to be), Palmbach, with his best diligence, could make nothing of it; but, after battering, bombarding, even scalading, and in all ways blurting and blazing at a mighty rate for four weeks, and wasting a great deal of gunpowder and 2,000

Russian lives, withdrew on those remarkable terms.[1] And did then, as tail of Fermor, what Fermor and the Russian Monster was universally doing, make-off at a good pace,—having nothing to live upon farther,—and vanish from those Countries, to the relief of Dohna and mankind.

September 2d, Friedrich, leaving all that, had marched for Saxony; his presence urgently required there. Daun ought to be far-on with the conquest of that Country? Might have had it, say judges, if he had been as swift as some.—At Zorndorf, among the Russian Prisoners were certain Generals, Soltikof, Czernichef, Sulkowski the Pole, proud people in their own eyes: no lodging for them but the cellars of Cüstrin. Russian Generals complained, 'Is this a lodging for Field-Officers of rank!' Friedrich was not used to profane swearing, or vituperative outbursts; but he answered to the effect: 'Silence, ye incendiary individuals. Is there a choice left of lodgings, and for you above others!' Upon which they lay silent for some days, till better suited; in fact, till exchanged, —and perhaps will soon turn-up on us again.

CHAPTER XIV

BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH

So soon as Friedrich quitted Bohemia and Silesia for his Russian Enterprise, there rose high question at Vienna, 'To what shall our Daun now turn himself?' A Daun, a Reichs Army, free for new employment; in Saxony not much to oppose them, in Silesia almost nothing in comparison. 'Recapture of Silesia?' Yes truly; that is the steady pole-star at Vienna. But they have no Magazines in Silesia, no Siege-furnitures; and the season is far spent. They decide that there shall be a stroke upon Dresden, and recovery of Saxony, in Friedrich's absence. Nothing there at present but a Prince Henri, weak in numbers, say one to two of the Reichs Army by itself. Let the Reichs Army rise now, and advance through the Metal Mountains from south-east on Prince Henri; let Daun circle round on him, through the Lausitz from north-east: cannot they extinguish Henri between them; snatch Dresden, a weak ill-fortified place, by sudden onslaught, and recapture Saxony? That will be magnanimous to our august Allies;—and that will be an excellent scaffolding for recapture of Silesia next year. And cannot Daun leave a Force in the Silesian vicinities,—Deville with so many thousands, Harsch with so many,—to besiege one of their Frontier Places; Neisse, for example? Siege-furnitures to come from Mähren: Neisse is not farther from Olmütz than Olmütz was from it.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 349-365 ('3d-31st October 1758'), a complete and minute *Journal* of this First Siege of Colberg, which is interesting to read of, as all the Three of them are.

That was the scheme fallen upon; now getting executed while Friedrich is at Zorndorf well away. And that, if readers fix it intelligently in their memory, will suffice to introduce to them the few words more that can be allowed us here upon it. A very few words, compressed to the utmost, —merely as preface to Hochkirch, whither we must hasten; Hochkirch being the one incident which, except to studious soldiers, has now and here any interest, out of the very many incidents which, then and there, were so intensely interesting to all mankind. To readers who are curious, and will take with them any poorest authentic Outline of the Localities concerned,* the following condensed Note will not be unintelligible.

Daun and the Reichs Army invade Saxony, in Friedrich's Absence

'Daun, pushing-out with his best speed, along the Bohemian-Silesian border, had got to Zittau *August 17th*; which poor City is to be his basis and storehouse; the greatest activity and wagoning now visible there,'—among the burnt walls getting rebuilt. 'And in the same days, Zweibrück and his Reichs Army are vigorously afoot; Zweibrück pushing across the Metal Mountains, the fastest he can; intending to plant himself in Pirna Country. Not to mention General Dombâle,

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* Plan, p. 416.

Zweibrück's Austrian Second; who has the Austrian 15,000 with him; and, by way of preface, has emerged to westward, in Zwickau-Tschopau Country; calculating that Prince Henri will not be able to attend to him just now. And in effect Prince Henri, intent upon Zweibrück and the Pirna Country, takes position in the old Prussian ground there ("head-quarter Gross Seidlitz," as in 1756); and can only leave a Detachment in Tschopau Country to wait upon Dombâle; who does at least shoot-out Croat parties, "quite across Saxony, to Halle all the way," and entertain the Gazetteers, if he can do little real mischief.

'*August* 19*th*, from Zittau, Daun, after short pause, again pushes forward,—nothing but Ziethen attending him in the distance, till we see whitherward;—Margraf Karl waiting impatient, at Grüssau, till Ziethen see.[1] Daun, soon after Zittau, shoots-out Loudon, Brandenburg way, as if magnanimously intending "coöperation with the Russians"; which would give Daun pleasure, could it be done without cost. Loudon does despatch a 500 hussars to Frankfurt' (Friedrich now gone for Cüstrin), 'who, I think, carry a Letter for Fermor there; but lose it by the way,'—for the benefit of readers, if they will wait. 'Loudon captures a poor little place in Brandenburg itself; bullies it into surrender, after a day (the very day of Zorndorf Battle, "August 25th"):—place called Peitz, garrisoned by forty-five invalids; who go on "free withdrawal," poor old souls, and leave their exiguous stock of salt-victual and military furnitures to Loudon.[2] Upon which Loudon whirls back out of those Countries; finding his skirts trodden-on by Ziethen,—who now sees what Daun and he are at; and warns Margraf Karl' (properly Keith, who has now joined again, as real president or chief) 'That *hither* is the way. Margraf Karl, on the slip for some time past, starts from Grüssau instantly (I should guess, not above 25,000 of all arms); leaving Fouquet with perhaps 10,000 to do his utmost, when Generals Harsch and Deville with their 20 or 30,000 come upon Silesia and him,—as indeed they are already doing; already blockading Neisse, more or less, with an eye to besieging it so soon as possible.

'Meanwhile, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, the Reichsfolk and some Austrians with him, prefaced by Dombâle more to westward, is wending into Pirna Country; and, in spite of what Prince Henri can do (Mayer and the Free Corps shiningly diligent, and Henri one of the watchfulest of men), Zweibrück does get in; sets Maguire with Austrians, upon besieging Pirna, that is to say, the Sonnenstein of Pirna; *3d-5th September*, gets the Sonnenstein, a thought sooner than was counted on;[3]

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 258, 260 et seq.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 229-232 the 'Capitulation' *in extenso*.

[3] In *Ibid.* 223-228, account of this poor Siege, and of the movements before and after.

and roots himself there,—"headquarters in Struppen" again, "bridge at Ober-Raden" again, all as in 1756; which, if nothing else can well do it, may give his Highness a momentary interest with some readers here. Prince Henri is at Gross Seidlitz, alive every fibre of him: but with Daun circling round to northward on his left, intending evidently to take him in flank or rear; with Dombâle already to rear, in the above circumstances, on his right; and Zweibrück himself lying here in front free to act, and impregnable if acted upon: what is Prince Henri to do? It is for Henri's rear, not his flank, that Daun aims: *August 26th*, Daun, who had got to Görlitz, a march or two from Zittau, started again at his best step by the Bautzen Highway towards Meissen Bridge, a 70 or 80 miles down the Elbe: there Daun intends to cross, and to double-back upon Dresden and Prince Henri; who will thus find himself enclosed between *three* fires,—if two were not enough, or even if one (the Daun one itself, or the Zweibrück itself, not to count the Dombâle), in such strength as Prince Henri has!

'A lost Prince Henri,—if there be not shift in him, if there be not help coming to him! Prince Henri, seeing how it was, drew back from Gross Seidlitz; with beautiful suddenness, one night; unmolested: in the morning, Zweibrück's hussars find him posted inexpugnable on the Heights of Gahmig,—which is nearer Dresden a good step; nearer Dombâle; and not so ready to be enclosed by Daun, without enclosure of Dresden too. Prince Henri's manœuvring, in this difficult situation, is the admiration of military men: how he stuck by Gahmig; but threw-out, in the vital points, little camps,—"camp of Kesselsdorf" (a place memorable), on the west of Dresden; and on the east, in the north Suburb of Dresden itself, across the River (should we have to go across the River for Daun's sake), a "strong abatis"; and neglected nothing; self, and everybody under him, lively as eagles to make themselves dangerous, Mayer in particular distinguishing himself much. Prince Henri would have been a hard morsel for Daun. But beyond that, there is help on the road.'

Friedrich intervening, Daun draws back; intrenches himself in Neighbourhood to Dresden and Pirna; Friedrich following him. Four Armies standing there, in dead-lock, for a Month;—with Issue, a Flank-march on the Part of Friedrich's Army, which halts at Hochkirch (September 12th—October 10th, 1758).

Daun, since August 26th, is striding towards Meissen Bridge; without rest, day after day, at the very top of his speed,—which I find is 'nine miles a day';[1] Bos being heavy of foot, at his best. September 1st, Daun has got within ten miles of Meissen Bridge, when—Here is news, my friends; King of Prussia has beaten our poor Russians; will soon be in full march this way! King of Prussia and Margraf Karl both bending hitherward; at the rate, say, of 'nineteen miles a day,' instead of nine:—Meissen Bridge is not the thing we shall want! Daun instantly calls halt, at this news; waits, intrenches; and, in a day or two, finding the news true, hurries to rearward all he can. From the Russian side too, Daun has heard of Zorndorf, and the grand 'Victory' of Fermor there; but knows well, by this sudden reëmergence of the Anti-Fermor, what kind of Victory it is.

Was it here while waiting about Meissen, or where was it, that Daun got his Letter to Fermor answered in that singular way? The Letter of two weeks ago,—carried by Loudon's Hussars, or by whomsoever,—for certain, it was retorted, or returned upon Daun; not as if from the Dead-Letter Office, but with an Answer he little expected! Here is what record I have; very vague for a well-known little fact of sparkling nature:

'A curious Letter fell into Friedrich's hands' (Bearer, I always guess, the Loudon Hussar-Captain with his 500, pretending to form junction with Fermor), 'Prussian Hussars picking it up somewhere,—date, place, circumstances, blurred into oblivion in those poor Books; Letter itself indisputable enough, and Answer following on it; Letter and Answer substantially to this effect:

'*Daun to Fermor*' (Probably from Zittau, by Loudon's Hussars)

'"Your Excellenz does not know that wily Enemy as I do. By no means get into battle with such a one. Cautiously manœuvre about; detain him there, till I have got my stroke in Saxony done: don't try fighting him.— DAUN."

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 261.

'*Answer as from Fermor* (Zorndorf once done, Daun by the first opportunity got his Answer, duly signed "Fermor," but evidently in a certain King's handwriting)

'"Your Excellenz was in the right to warn me against a cunning Enemy, whom you knew better than I. Here have I tried fighting him, and got beaten. Your unfortunate— FERMOR."'[1]

September 9th, Friedrich and Margraf Karl, correct to their appointment, meet at Grossenhayn, some miles north of Meissen and its Bridge; by which time Daun is clean gone again, back well above Dresden again, strongly posted at Stolpen (a place we once heard of, in General Haddick's time, last Year), well in contact with Daun's Pirna friends across the River, and out of dangerous neighbourhoods. Friedrich and the Margraf have followed Daun at quick step; but Daun would pause nowhere, till he got to Stolpen, among the bushy gullets and chasms. September 12th, Friedrich had speech of Henri, and the pleasure of dining with him in Dresden. Glad to meet again, under fortunate management on both parts; and with much to speak and consult about.

A day or two before, there had lain (or is said to have lain) a grand scheme in Daun: Zweibrück to burst-out from Pirna by daybreak, and attack the Camp of Gahmig in front (35,000 against 20,000); Daun to cross the River on pontoons, some hours before, under cloud of night, and be ready on rear and left flank of Gahmig (with as many supplemental thousands as you like): what can save Prince Henri? Beautiful plan; on which there were personal meetings and dinings together by Zweibrück and Daun; but nothing done.[2] At the eleventh hour, say the Austrian accounts, Zweibrück sent word, 'Impossible tomorrow; cannot get in my Out-Parties in time!'—and next day, here is Friedrich come, and a collapse of everything. Or perhaps there never seriously was such a plan? Certain it is, Daun takes camp at Stolpen, a place known to him, one of the strongest posts in Germany; intrenches himself to the teeth,—good rearguard towards Zittau and the Magazines; River and Pirna on our left flank; Loudon strong and busy on our right flank, barring the road to Bautzen;—and obstinately sits there, a very bad tooth in the jaw of a certain King; not to be extracted by the best kinds of forceps and the skilfulest art, for nearly a month to come. Four Armies, Friedrich's, Henri's, Daun's, Zweibrück's, all within sword-stroke of each other,—the universal Gazetteer world is on tiptoe. But except Friedrich's eager shiftings and rubbings upon Stolpen (west side, north, and at length north-east side), all is dead-lock, and nothing comes of it.

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[1] Müller, *Kurzgefasste Beschreibung der drei Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1755); in whom, alone of all the reporters, is the story given in an intelligible form. This Müller's Book is a meritoriously brief Summary, incorrect in no essential particular, and with all the Battle-Plans on one copperplate: *Lieutenant* Müller, this one; not *Professor* Müller *alias* Schottmüller by any means!

[2] Tempelhof, ii. 262-265.

Friedrich has his food convenient from Dresden; but a road to Bautzen withal is what he cannot do without;—and there lies the sorrow, and the *aching*, as this tooth knows well, and this jaw well! Harsch and Deville are busy upon Neisse, have Neisse under blockade, perhaps upon Kosel too, for some time past,[1] and are carting the siege-stock to begin bombardment: a road to Silesia, before very long, Friedrich must and will have. Friedrich's operations on Daun in this post are patiently artful, and curious to look upon, but beyond description here: enough to say, that in the second week he makes his people hut themselves (weather wet and bad); and in the fourth week, finding that nothing contrivable would provoke Daun into fighting,—he loads at Dresden provisions for, I think, nine days; makes, from two or from three sides, a sudden spurt upon Loudon, who is Daun's northern outpost; brushes Loudon hastily away; and himself takes the road for Bautzen, by Daun's right flank, thrown bare in this manner.[1]

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[1] Neisse 'blockaded more and more' since August 4th (Kosel still earlier, but only by Pandour people); not completely so till September 30th, or even till October 26th: *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268-270.

Road for Bautzen; which is the road for Zittau withal, for Daun's breadbasket, as well as for Neisse and Harsch! Nine-days provision; that is our small outfit, that and our own right hands; and the waste world lies all ahead. *October 1st*, Retzow, as vanguard, sweeps-out the few Croats from Bautzen, deposits his meal-wagons there; occupies Hochkirch, and the hilly environs to east; is to take possession of Weissenberg especially, and of the Stromberg Hill and other strong points: which Retzow punctually does, forgetting nothing,—except perhaps the Stromberg, not quite remembered in time; a thing of small consequence in Retzow's view, since all else had gone right.

Hearing of which, Daun, with astonishment, finds that he must quit those beautifully chasmy fastnesses of Stolpen, and look to his bread; which is getting to lie under the enemy's feet, if Zittau road be left yonder as it is. *October 5th*, after councils of war and deliberation enough, Daun gets under way;[2] cautiously, favoured by a night very dark and wet, glides through to right of Friedrich's people, softly along between Bautzen and the Pirna Country; nobody molesting him, so dark and wet; and after one other march in those bosky solitudes, sits down at Kittlitz,—ahead or to east of Bautzen, of Hochkirch, of Retzow and all Friedrich's people; —and again sets to palisading and intrenching there. Kittlitz, near Löbau, there is Daun's new headquarter; Löbau Water, with its intricate hollows, his line of defence: his posts going out a mile to north and to south of Kittlitz. And so sits; once more blocking Zittau road, and quietly waiting what Friedrich will do.

Friedrich is at Bautzen since the 7th; impatient enough to be forward, but must not till a second larger provision-convoy from Dresden come in. Convoy once in, Friedrich hastens off, Tuesday 10th October, towards Weissenberg

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 278.

[2] *Ibid* ii. 279.

Country, where Retzow is; some ten or twelve miles to eastward,—Zittauward, if that chance to suit us; Silesia-ward, as is sure to suit. At the 'Pass of Jenkowitz,' short way from Bautzen, Pandours attempt our baggage; need to be battered off, and again off: which apprises Friedrich that Daun's whole Army is ahead in the neighbourhood somewhere. Marching on, Friedrich, from the knoll of Hochkirch, shoulder of the southern Hills, gets complete view of Daun,—stretching north and south, at right angles to the Zittau roads and to Friedrich, in the way we described;—and is a little surprised, and I could guess piqued, at seeing Daun in such a state of forwardness. 'Encamp here, then!' he says,—here, on this row of Heights parallel to Daun, within a mile of Daun: just here, I tell you! under the very nose of Daun, who is above two to one of us; and see what Daun will do. Marwitz, his favourite Adjutant, one of those free-spoken Marwitzes, loyal, skilful, but liable to stiff fits, takes the liberty to remonstrate, argue; says at length, He, Marwitz, dare not be concerned in marking-out such an encampment; not he, for his poor part! And is put under arrest; and another Adjutant does it; cannon playing on his people and him while engaged in the operation.

Friedrich's obstinate rashness, this Tuesday Evening, has not wanted its abundant meed of blame,—rendered so emphatic by what befell on Saturday morning next. His somewhat too authoritative fixity; a certain radiancy of self-confidence, dangerous to a man; his sovereign contempt of Daun, as an inert dark mass, who durst undertake nothing; all this is undeniable, and worth our recognition in estimating Friedrich. One considerably extenuating circumstance does at last turn up,—in the shape of a new piece of blame to the erring Friedrich; his sudden anger, namely, against the meritorious General Retzow; his putting Retzow under arrest that Tuesday Evening: 'How, General Retzow? You have *not* taken hold of the Stromberg for me!' That is the secret of Retzow: and on studying the ground you will find that the Stromberg, a blunt tabular Hill, of good height, detached, and towering well up over all that region, might have rendered Friedrich's position perfectly safe. 'Seize me the Stromberg tomorrow morning, the first thing!' ordered Friedrich. And a Detachment went accordingly; but found Daun's people already there,—indisposed to go; nay, determined not to go, and getting reinforced to unlimited amounts. So that the Stromberg was left standing, and remained Daun's; furnished with plenty of cannon by Daun. Retzow's arrest, Retzow being a steady favourite of Friedrich's, was only of a few hours: 'pardonable that oversight,' thinks Friedrich, though it came to cost him dear. For the rest, I find, Friedrich's keeping of this Camp, without the Stromberg, was intended to end, the third day hence: 'Saturday 14th, then, since Friday proves impossible!' Friedrich had settled. And it did end Saturday 14th, though at an earlier *hour*, and with other results than had been expected. Keith said, 'The Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here.' 'We must hope they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows,' answered Friedrich. A very dangerous Camp; untenable without the Stromberg. Let us try to understand it, and Daun's position to it, in some slight degree.

'Hochkirch (*High*kirk) is an old Wendish-Saxon Village, standing pleasantly on its Hilltop, conspicuous for miles round on all sides, or on all but the south side, where it abuts upon other Heights, which gradually rise into Hills a good deal higher than it. The Village hangs confusedly, a jumble of cottages and colegarths, on the crown and north slope of the Height; thatched, in part tiled, and built mostly of rough stone blocks, in our time,—not of wood, as probably in Friedrich's. A solid, sluttishly comfortable-looking Village; with pleasant hay-fields, or long narrow hay stripes (each villager has his stripe), reaching down to the northern levels. The Church is near the top; Churchyard, and some little space farther, are nearly horizontal ground, till the next Height begins sloping up again towards the woody Hills southward. The view from this little esplanade atop, still better from the Church belfry, is wide and pretty. Free on all sides except the south: pleasant Heights and Hollows, of arable, of wood, or pasture; well-watered by rushing Brooks, all making northward, direct for Spree (the Berlin Spree), or else into the Löbau Water, which is the first big branch of Spree.

'The place is still partly of Wendish speech; the Parson has to preach one half of the Sunday in Wend, the other in German. Among the Hills to south,' well worth noting at present, 'is one called *Czarnabog*, or "Devil's Hill"; where the Wendish Devil and his Witches (equal to any German on his Blocksberg, or preternatural Brocken of the Harz) hold their annual *Witches'-Sabbath*,—a thing not to be contemplated without a shudder by the Wendish mind. Thereabouts, and close from Hochkirch southward, all is shadowy intricacy of thicket and wild wood. Northward too from Hochkirch, and all about, I perceive the scene was woodier then than now;—and must have looked picturesque enough (had anybody been in quest of that), with the multifarious uniforms, and tented people sprinkled far and wide among the leafy red-and-yellow of October 1758.'[1]

In the Village of Wuischke, precisely at the northern base of that shaggy Czarnabog or Devil's Hill, stand Loudon and 3,000 Croats and grenadiers, as the extreme left of Daun's position. Wuischke is nearly straight south of Hochkirch; so far westward has Loudon pushed forward with his Croats, hidden among the Hills; though Daun's general position lies a good mile to east of Friedrich's:—irregularly north and south, both Friedrich and Daun; the former ignorant what Croats and Loudonries there may be among those Devil's Hills to his right; the latter not ignorant. Friedrich's right wing, Keith in command of it, stretches to Hochkirch and a little farther: beyond Hochkirch, it has Four flank Battalions in potence form, with proper vedettes and pickets; and above all, with a strong Battery of Twenty Guns, which it maintains on the next Height immediately adjoining Hochkirch, and perceptibly higher than Hochkirch. This is the finis of Keith on his right; and,—except those vedettes, and pickets of Free-corps people, thrown-out a little way ahead into the bushes, on that side,—Friedrich's right wing knows nothing of the shaggy elevations horrent with wood, which lie to southward; and merely intends to play its Twenty Cannon upon them, should they give birth to anything. This is Friedrich's posture on his right or south wing.

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[1] Tourist's, Note, September 1858.

From Hochkirch northward, or nearly so, but sprinkled about in all the villages and points of strength, as far up as Drehsa and beyond Drehsa, to near Kotitz, a less important village, Friedrich extends about four miles; centre at Rodewitz, where his own headquarter is, above two miles north of Hochkirch. Not far from Rodewitz, but a little to left and ahead, stands his second and best Battery, of Thirty Guns; ready to play upon Lauska, a poor village, and its roadway,* should the Austrians try anything there, or from their Stromberg post, which is a good mile behind Lauska. His strength, in these lines, some count to be only 28,000, or less. Four or five miles to north-east, in and behind Weissenberg (which we used to know last summer), lies Retzow, with perhaps 10 or 12,000, which will bring him up to 40,000, were they properly joined with him as a left wing. Daun's force counts 90,000; with Friedrich lying under his nose in this insolent manner.

Daun's headquarter, as we said, is Kittlitz; a Village some two miles short of Löbau, in the direction south-east of Friedrich; perhaps five miles to south-east of Rodewitz, Friedrich's lodging. It is close upon the Bautzen-Zittau Highway; Zittau some twenty miles to south of it, Herrnhuth and the pacific Brethren about halfway thither. Kittlitz lies more to south than Hochkirch itself; and Daun's outposts, as we saw, circle quite round among those Devil's Hills, and envelop Friedrich's right flank. But Daun's main force lies chiefly northward, and well to west, of Kittlitz; parallel to Friedrich, and eastward of him; with elaborate intrenchments; every village, brook, bridge, height and bit of good ground, Stromberg to end with, punctually secured. Obliquely over the Stromberg, holding the Stromberg and certain Villages to south-east and to north-west of it, lies D'Ahremberg, as right wing: about 20,000 he, put into oblique potence; looking into Kotitz, which is Friedrich's extreme left; and in a good measure dividing Friedrich from the Retzow 10,000. And lastly, as reserve, in front of Reichenbach, eight or nine miles to east of all that, lies the Prince of Baden-Durlach, 25,000 or so; barring Retzow on that side, and all attempts on the Silesian Road there. Daun's lines, not counting-in the southern outposts or Devil's-Hill parties, are considerably longer than Friedrich's, and also considerably deeper. The two headquarters are about five miles apart: but the two fronts,—divided by a brook and good hollow running here (one of many such, making all for Löbau Water),—are not half a mile apart. Towards Hochkirch and the top of this brook, the opposing posts are quite crammed close on one another; divided only by their hollow. Many brooks, each with a definite hollow, run tinkling about here, swift but straitened to get out; especially Löbau Water, which receives them all, has to take a quite meandering circling course (through Daun's quarters and beyond them) before it can disembogue in Spree, and decidedly set out for Berlin under that new name. The Landscape,—seen from Hochkirch Village, still better from the Church-steeple which lifts you high above it, and commands all round except to the south, where Friedrich's battery-height quite shuts you in, and hides even those Devil's Hills beyond,—is cheerful and pretty. Village belfries, steeples and towers; airy green ridges of heights, and intricate greener valleys: now rather barer than you like. The Tourist tells me, in Friedrich's time there must have been a great deal more of wood than now.

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* Plan, p. 416.

What actually befell at Hochkirch (Saturday 14th October 1758)

Friedrich, for some time,—probably ever since Wednesday morning, when he found the Stromberg was not to be his,—

had decided to be out of this bad post. In which, clearly enough, nothing was to be done, unless Daun would attempt something else than more and more intrenching and palisading himself. Friedrich on the second day (Thursday 12th) rode across to Weissenberg, to give Retzow his directions, and take view of the ground: 'Saturday night, Herr Retzow, sooner it cannot be' (Friedrich had aimed at Friday night, but finds the Provision-convoy cannot possibly be up); 'Saturday night, in all silence, we sweep round out of this,—we and you;—hurl Baden-Durlach about his business; and are at Schöps and Reichenbach, and the Silesian Highway open, next morning, to us!'[1] Quietly everything is speeding on towards this consummation, on Friedrich's part. But on Daun's part there is,—started, I should guess, on the very same Thursday,—another consummation getting ready, which is to fall-out on Saturday *morning*, fifteen hours before that other, and entirely supersede that other!—

Keith's opinion, that the Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here, is also Loudon's opinion and Lacy's, and indeed everybody's,—and at length Daun's own; who determines to try something here, if never before or after. His plan, all judges admit, was elaborate and good; and was well-executed too,—Daun himself presiding over the most critical part of the execution. A plan to have ruined almost any Army, except this Prussian one and the Captain it chanced to have. A universal camisado, or surprisal of Friedrich in his Camp, before daylight: everybody knows that it took effect (Hochkirch, Saturday 14th October 1758, 5 A.M. of a misty morning); nobody expects of an unassisted fellow-creature much light on so doubly dark a thing. But the truth is, there are ample accounts, exact, though very chaotic; and the thing, steadily examined, till its essential features extricate themselves from the unessential, proves to be not quite so unintelligible, and nothing like so destructive, overwhelming and ruinous as was supposed.

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 320.

Daun's plan is very elaborate, and includes a great many combinations; all his 90,000 to come into it, simultaneously or in succession. But the first and grandly vital part, mainspring and father to all the rest, is this: That Daun, in person, after nightfall of Friday, shall, with the pick of his force, say 30,000 horse and foot, with all their artilleries and tools, silently quit his now position in front of Hochkirch, Friedrich's right wing. Shall sweep off, silently to southward and leftward, by Wuischke; thence westward and northward, by the northern base of those Devil Mountains, through the shaggy hollows and thick woods there, hitherto inhabited by Croats only, and unknown to the Prussians: forward, ever forward, through the night-watches that way; till he has fairly got to the flank of Hochkirch and Friedrich: Daun to be standing there, all round from the southern environs of Hochkirch, westward through the woods, by Meschwitz, Steindörfel, and even north to Waditz (if readers will consult their Map), silently enclosing Friedrich, as in the bag of a net, in this manner;—ready every man and gun by about four on Saturday morning. Are to wait for the stroke of five in Hochkirch steeple; and there and then to begin business,—there first; but, on success *there*, the whole 90,000 everywhere,—and to draw the strings on Friedrich, and bag and strangle his astonished people and him.

The difficulty has been to keep it perfectly secret from so vigilant a man as Friedrich: but Daun has completely succeeded. Perhaps Friedrich's eyes have been a little dimmed by contempt of Daun: Daun, for the last two days especially, has been more diligent than ever to palisade himself on every point; nothing, seemingly, on hand but felling woods, building abatis, against some dangerous Lion's-spring. They say also, he detected a traitor in his Camp; traitor carrying Letters to Friedrich under pretence of fresh eggs,—one of the eggs blown, and a Note of Daun's Procedures substituted as yolk. 'You are dead, sirrah,' said Daun; 'hoisted to the highest gallows: Are not you? But put-in a Note of my dictating, and your beggarly life is saved.' Retzow Junior, though there is no evidence except of the circumstantial kind, thinks this current story may be true.[1] Certain it is, neither Friedrich nor any of his people had the least suspicion of Daun's project, till the moment it exploded on them, when the clock at Hochkirch struck five. Daun, in the last two days, had been felling even more trees than they are aware of,—thousands of trees in those Devil's wildernesses to Friedrich's right; and has secretly hewn himself roads, passable by night for men and ammunition-wagons there:—and in front of Friedrich, especially Hochkirch way, Daun seems busier than ever felling wood, this Friday night; numbers of people running about with axes, with lanterns over there, as if in the push of hurry, and making a great deal of noise. 'Intending retreat for Zittau tomorrow!' thinks Friedrich, as the false egg-yolk had taught him; or merely, 'That poor precautionary fellow!' supposing the false yolk a myth. In short, Daun has got through his nocturnal wildernesses with perfect success. And stands, dreamt-of by no enemy, in the places appointed for his 30,000 and him; and that poor old clock of Hochkirch, unweariedly grunting forward to the stroke of five, will strike-up something it is little expecting!—

The Prussians have vedettes, pickets and small outposts of Free-corps people scattered about within their border of that Austrian Wood, the body of which, about Hochkirch as everywhere else, belongs wholly to Croats. Of course there are guard-parties, sentries duly vigilant, in the big Battery to south-east of Hochkirch,—and along south-westward in that *potence*, or fore-arm of Four Battalions, which are stationed there. Four good Battalions looking southward there, with Cavalry to right; Ziethen's Cavalry,—whose horses stand saddled through the night, ready always for the nocturnal 'Pandourade,' which seldom fails them. There, as elsewhere, are the due vigilances, watchmen, watch-fires. The rest of the Prussian Army is in its blankets, wholly asleep, while Daun stands waiting for the stroke of five.

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[1] Retzow, i. 347.

That Daun, bursting-in with his chosen 30,000, will trample-down the sleeping Prussian *potence* at Hochkirch; capture its big Battery to left, its Village of Hochkirch to rear, and do extensive ruin on the whole right wing of Friedrich; rendering Friedrich everywhere an easy conquest to the rest of Daun's people, who stand, far and wide, duly posted and prepared, waiting only their signal from Hochkirch: much of this, all of it that had regard to Hochkirch Battery and Village, and the Prussians stationed there, Daun did execute. And readers, from the data they have got, must conceive the manner of it,—human description of the next Two Hours, about Hochkirch, in the thick darkness there, and stormful sudden inroad, and stormful resistance made, being manifestly an impossible thing. Nobody was 'massacred in his bed,' as the sympathetic gazetteers fancied; nobody was killed, that I hear of, without arms in his hand; but plenty of people perished, fierce of humour, on both sides; and from half-past five till towards eight, there was a general blaze of fiery chaos pushing-out ever and anon, swallowed in the belly of Night again, such as was seldom seen in this world. Instead of confused details, and wearisome enumeration of particulars, which nobody would listen to or understand, we will give one intelligent young gentleman's experience, our friend Tempelhof's, who stood in this part of the Prussian Line; experience distinct and indubitable to us; and which was pretty accurately symbolical, I otherwise see, of what befell on all points thereabouts. Faithfully copied, and in the essential parts not even abridged, here it is:

Tempelhof, at that time a subaltern of artillery, was stationed with a couple of 24-pounders in attendance on the Battalion Plothow, which with three others and some cavalry lay to the south side of Hochkirch, forming a kind of fore-arm or *potence* there to right of the big Battery, with their rear to Hochkirch; and keeping vedettes and Free-corps parties spread-out into the woods and Devil's Hills ahead. Tempelhof had risen about three, as usual; had his guns and gunners ready; and was standing by the watch-fire, 'expecting the customary Pandourade,' and what form it would take this morning. 'Close on five o'clock; and not a mouse stirring! We are not to have our Pandourade, then?' On a sudden, noise bursts-out; noise enough; sharp fire among the Free-corps people; fire growing ever sharper, noisier, for the next half hour, but nothing whatever to be seen. 'Battalion Plothow had soon got its clothes on, all to the spatterdashes; and took rank to right and left of the *flèche,* and of my two guns, in front of its post: but on account of the thick fog everything was totally dark. I fired off my cannons' (shall we say straight southward?) 'to learn whether there was anything in front of us. No answer: 'Nothing there—Pshaw, a mere crackery (*Geknacker*) of Pandours and our Free-corps people, after all!' But the noise grew louder, and came ever nearer; I turned my guns towards it' (southward, south-eastward, or perhaps a gun each way?)—'and here we had a salvo in response, from some battalions who seemed to be two hundred yards or so ahead. The Battalion Plothow hereupon gave fire; I too plied my cannons what I could,—and had perhaps delivered fifteen double shots from them, when at once I tumbled to the ground, and lost all consciousness' for some minutes or moments.

Awakening with the blood running down his face, poor Tempelhof concluded it had been a musket-shot in the head; but on getting to his hands and knees, he found the place 'full of Austrian grenadiers, who had crept-in through our tents to rear; and that it had been a knock with the butt of the musket from one of those fellows, and not a bullet,' that had struck him down. Battalion Plothow, assailed on all sides, resisted on all sides; and Tempelhof saw from the ground,—I suppose, by the embers of watchfires, and by rare flashes of musketry, for they did not fire much, having no room, but smashed and stabbed and cut,—'an infantry fight which in murderous intensity surpasses imagination. I was taken prisoner at this turn; but soon after got delivered by our cavalry again.'[1]

This latter circumstance, of being delivered by the Cavalry, I find to be of frequent occurrence in that first act of the business there: the Prussian Battalion, surprised on front and rear, always makes murderous fight for itself; is at last overwhelmed, obliged to retire, perhaps opening its way by bayonet-charge;—upon which our Cavalry (Ziethen's, and others that gathered to him) cutting-in upon the disordered surprisers, cut them into flight, rescue the prisoners, and for a time reinstate matters. The Prussian battalions do not run (nobody runs); but when repulsed by the endless odds, rally again. The big Battery is not to be had of them without fierce and dogged struggle; and is retaken more than once or twice. Still fiercer, more dogged, was the struggle in Hochkirch Village; especially in Hochkirch Church and Churchyard,—whither the Battalion Margraf-Karl had flung themselves; the poor Village soon taking fire about them. Soon taking fire, and continuing to be a scene of capture and recapture, by the flame-light; while Battalion Margraf-Karl stood with invincible stubbornness, pouring death from it; not to be compulsed by the raging tide of Austrian grenadiers; not by 'six Austrian battalions,' by 'eight,' or by never so many. Stood at bay there; levelling whole masses of them,—till its cartridges were spent, all to one or two per man; and Major Lange, the heroic Captain of it, said, 'We shall have to go, then, my men; let us cut ourselves through!'—and did so, in an honourably invincible manner; some brave remnant actually getting through, with Lange himself wounded to death.

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 324 *n.*

I think it was not till towards six o'clock that the right wing generally became aware what the case was: 'More than a Pandourade, yes';—though what it might be, in the thick fog which had fallen, blotting-out all vestiges of daylight, nobody could well say. Rallied Battalions, reinforced by this or the other Battalion hurrying-up from leftward, always charge-in upon the enemy, in Hochkirch or wherever he is busy; generally push him back into the Night; but are then fallen-upon on both flanks by endless new strength, and obliged to draw back in turn. And Ziethen's Horse, in the mean while, do execution; breaking-in on the tumultuous victors; new Cuirassiers, Gensdarmes dashing-up to help, so soon as saddled, and charging with a will: so that, on the whole, the enemy, variously attempting, could make nothing of us on that western, or rearward side,—thanks mainly to Ziethen and the Horse. 'Had we but waited till three or four of our Battalions had got up!' say the Prussian narrators. But it is thick mist; few yards ahead you cannot see at all, unless it be flame; and close at hand, all things and figures waver indistinct, — hairy outlines of blacker shadows on a ground of black.

It must have been while Lange was still fighting, perhaps before Lange took to the Church of Hochkirch, scarcely later than half-past six (but nobody thought of pulling-out his watch in such a business!)—about six, or half-past six, when Keith, who has charge of this wing, and lodges somewhere below or north of Hochkirch, came to understand that his big Battery was taken; that here was such a Pandourade as had not been before; and that, of a surety, said Battery must be retaken. Keith springs on horseback; hastily takes 'Battalion Kannacker' and several remnants of others; rushes upwards, 'leaving Hochkirch a little to right; direct upon the big Battery.' Recaptures the big Battery. But is set-upon by overwhelming multitudes, bent to have it back;—is passionate for new assistance in this vital point; but can get none: had been '*disarted* by both his Aide-de-camps,' says poor John Tebay, a wandering English horse-soldier, who attends him as mounted groom; 'asked twenty times, and twenty more, "Where are my Aide-de-camps?"'[1]—but could get no response or reinforcement; and at length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, had to retire; opening his way by the bayonet; and before long, suddenly stopping short,—falling dead into Tebay's arms; shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he had not regarded; but this on the left side was final: Keith's fightings are suddenly all done. Tebay, in distraction, tried much to bring away the body; but could by no present means; distractedly 'rid for

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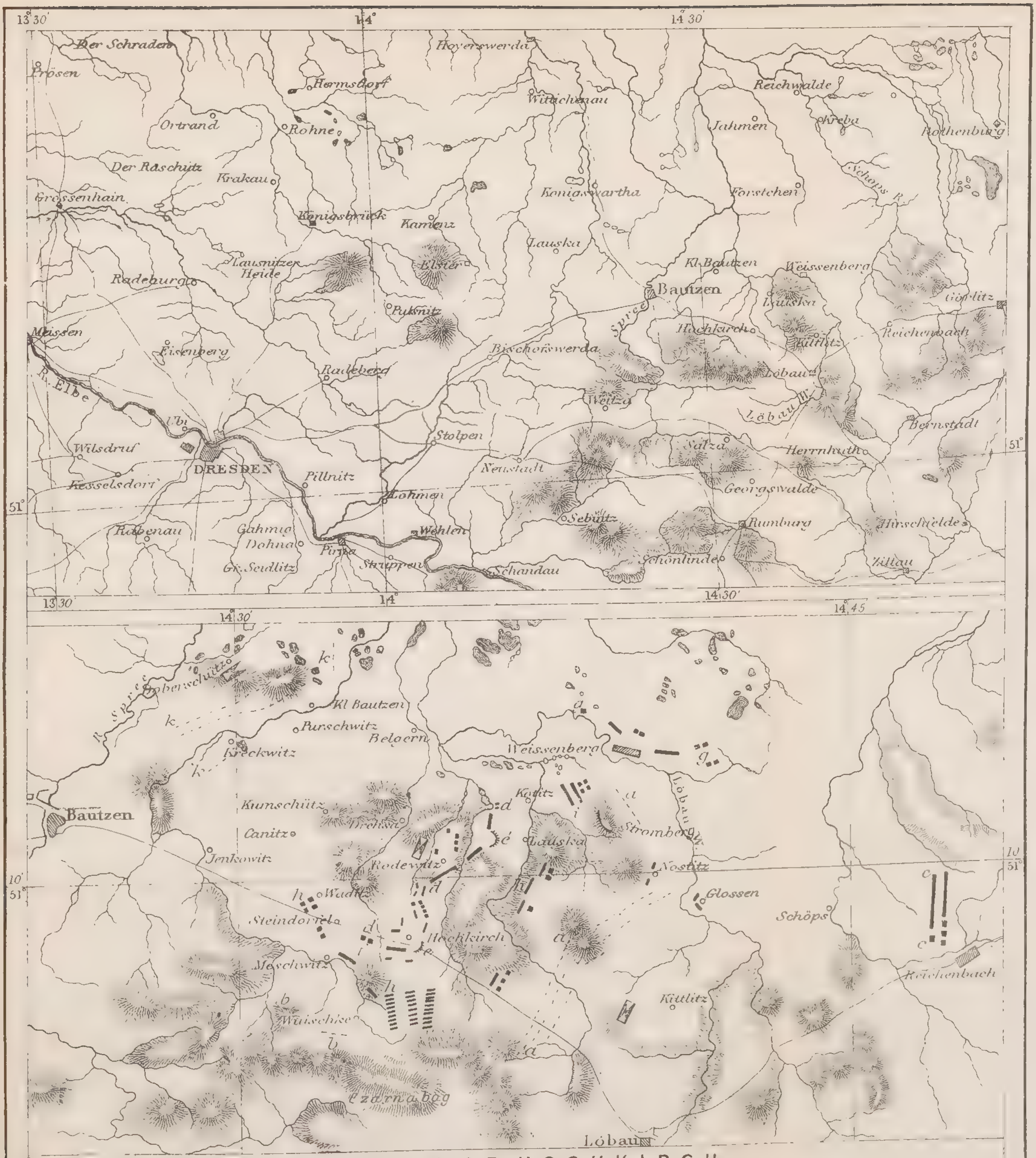
[1] 'Captens Cockcey and Goudy' he calls them—(*Cocceji* whose Father the Kanzler we have seen, and *Gaudi* whose self),—who both had, in succession, struck into Hochkirch as the less desperate place, according to Tebay: see *Tebay's Letter* to Mitchell, 'Crossen, October 29th' (in *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 501-505);—which is probably true every word, allowing for Tebay's temper; but is highly indecipherable, though not entirely so after many readings and researchings.



13°30'
14°
14°30'
Der Schraden
Prösen
Hermsdorf
Hoyerswerda
Wittichenau
Reichwalde
Ortrand
Rohne
Jahmen
Kreba
Rothenburg
Der Räschütz
Krakau
Königswartha
Forstchen
Schöps R.
Grossenhain
Königsbrück
Kamenz
Lauska
Elster
Lausnitzer Heide
Kl. Bautzen
Weissenberg
Radeburg
Bautzen
Lauska
Görlitz
Pulsnitz
Spree
Hochkirch
Kittlitz
Reichenbach
Meissen
Eisenberg
Bischofswerda
Radeberg
Löbau
R. Elbe
Weitza
Löbau R.
Ubi
Stolpen
Bernstadt
Wilsdruf
DRESDEN
Salza
Herrnhuth
Neustadt
51°
Kesselsdorf
Pillnitz
Georgswalde
Lohmen
51°
Sebnitz
Rumburg
Hirschfelde
Rabenau
Gahmig
Dohna
Wehlen
Pirna
Struppen
Gr. Seidlitz
Schandau
Schönlinde
Zittau
13°30'
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k
R. Spree
Oberschütz
Kl Bautzen
k.
Purschwitz
Belgern
a
Kreckwitz
Weissenberg
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Kumschütz
Drehsa
Bautzen
é
Lauska
Canitz
Stromberg
Löbau R.
Jenkowitz
Rodewitz
Nostitz
10'
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h
Wadtz
i
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Glossen
Schöps
c
Steindörfel
d
Hochkirch
a
c
Meschwitz
e
h
b
Kittlitz
Reichenbach
Wuischke
f
b
a
Czarna bog
Löbau

BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

14TH OCTOBER, 1758.

a.a.a. First position of the Austrian Army.
b.b. Extreme left, under Loudon.
c.c. Austrian Reserve under Baden-Durlach.
d.d.d. Prussian Army.
e.é. The two main Prussian Batteries.
f. Ziethen's Cavalry.
g.g. Prussian Vanguard under Retzow.
h.h.h. Advance of Austrian Army.
i. Right wing under D'Ahremberg
k.k.k. Position taken by the Prussians after the Battle.

a coach'; found, on return, that the Austrians had the ground, and the body of his master; Hochkirch, Church and all, now undisputedly theirs.

To appearance, it was this news of Keith's repulse (I know not whether of Keith's *death* as yet) that first roused Friedrich to a full sense of what was now going on, two miles to south of him. Friedrich, according to his habits, must have been awake and afoot when the Business first broke out; though, for some considerable time, treating it as nothing but a common crackery of Pandours. Already, finding the Pandourade louder than usual, he had ordered out to it one battalion and the other that lay handy: but now he pushes forward several battalions under Franz of Brunswick (his youngest Brother-in-law), with Margraf Karl and Prince Moritz: 'Swift you, to Hochkirch yonder!'—and himself springs on horseback to deal with the affair. Prince Franz of Brunswick, poor young fellow, cheerily coming on, near Hochkirch had his head shorn-off by a cannon-ball. Moritz of Dessau, too, 'riding within twenty yards of the Austrians,' so dark was it, he so near-sighted, got badly hit,—and soon after, driving to Bautzen for surgery, was made prisoner by Pandours;[1] never fought again, 'died next year of cancer in the lip.' Nothing but triumphant Austrian shot and cannon-shot going yonder; these battalions too have to fall back with sore loss.

Friedrich himself, by this time, is forward in the thick of the tumult, with another body of battalions; storming furiously along, has his horse shot under him; storms through, 'successfully, by the other side of Hochkirch' (Hochkirch to his left):—but finds, as the mist gradually sinks, a ring of Austrians massed ahead, on the Heights; as far as Steindörfel and farther, a general continent of Austrians enclosing all the south and south-west; and, in fact, that here is now nothing to be done. That the question of his flank is settled; that the question now is of his front, which the appointed Austrian parties are now upon attacking. Question especially of the Heights of Drehsa, and of the Pass and Brook of Drehsa (rearward of his centre part), where his one retreat will lie, Steindörfel being now lost. Part first of the Affair is ended; Part second of it begins.

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[1] In *Archenholtz* (i. 289-290) his dangerous adventures on the road to Bautzen, in this wounded condition.

Rapidly enough Friedrich takes his new measures. Seizes Drehsa Height, which will now be key of the field; despatches Möllendorf thither (Möllendorf our courageous Leuthen friend); who vigorously bestirs himself; gets hold of Drehsa Height before the enemy can; Ziethen coöperating on the Heights of Kumschütz, Canitz and other points of vantage. And thus, in effect, Friedrich pulls-up his torn right skirt (as he is doing all his other skirts) into new compact front against the Austrians: so that, in that south-western part especially, the Austrians do not try it farther; but 'retire at full gallop,' on sight of this swift seizure of the Keys by Möllendorf and Ziethen. Friedrich also despatches instant order to Retzow, to join him at his speediest. Friedrich everywhere rearranges himself, hither, thither, with skilful rapidity, in new Line of Battle; still hopeful to dispute what is left of the field;—longing much that Retzow could come on wings.

By this time (towards eight, if I might guess) Day has got the upper hand; the Daun Austrians stand visible on their Ring of Heights all round, behind Hochkirch and our late Battery, on to westward and northward, as far as Steindörfel and Waditz;—extremely busy rearranging themselves into something of line; there being much confusion, much simmering about in clumps and gaps, after such a tussle. In front of us, to eastward, the appointed Austrian parties are proceeding to attack: but in daylight, and with our eyes open, it is a thing of difficulty, and does not prosper as Hochkirch did. Duke D'Ahremberg, on their extreme right, had in charge to burst-in upon our left, so soon as he saw Hochkirch done: D'Ahremberg does try; as do others in their places, near Daun; but with comparatively little success. D'Ahremberg, meeting something of check or hindrance where he tried, pauses, for a good while, till he see how others prosper. Their grand chance is their superiority of number; and the fact that Friedrich can try nothing upon *them*, but must stand painfully on the defensive till Retzow come. To Friedrich, Retzow seems hugely slow about it. But the truth is, Baden-Durlach, with his 20,000 of Reserve, has, as per order, made attack on Retzow, 20,000 against 12: one of the feeblest attacks conceivable; but sufficient to detain Retzow till he get it repulsed. Retzow is diligent as Time and will be here.

Meanwhile, the Austrians on front do, in a sporadic way, attack and again attack our batteries and posts; especially that big Battery of Thirty Guns, which we have to north of Rodewitz. The Austrians do take that Battery at last; and are beginning again to be dangerous,—the rather as D'Ahremberg seems again to be thinking of business. It is high time Retzow were here! Few sights could be gladder to Friedrich, than the first glitter of Retzow's vanguard,—horse, under Prince Eugen of Würtemberg,—beautifully wending down from Weissenberg yonder; skilfully posting themselves, at Belgern and elsewhere, as thorns in the sides of D'Ahremberg (sharp enough, on trial by D'Ahremberg). Followed, before long, by Retzow himself; serenely crossing Löbau Water; and, with great celerity, and the best of skill, likewise posting himself,—hopelessly to D'Ahremberg, who tries nothing farther. The sun is now shining; it is now ten of the day. Had Retzow come an hour sooner;—before we lost that big Battery and other things! But he could come no sooner; be thankful he is here at last, in such an overawing manner.

Friedrich, judging that nothing now can be made of the affair, orders retreat. Retreat, which had been getting schemed, I suppose, and planned in the gloom of the royal mind, ever since loss of that big Battery at Rodewitz. Little to occupy him, in this interim; except indignant waiting, rigorously steady, and some languid interchange of cannon-shot between the parties. Retreat is to Klein-Bautzen neighbourhood (new headquarter Doberschütz, outposts Kreckwitz and Purschwitz); four miles or so to north-west. Rather a shifting of your ground, which astonishes the military reader ever since, than a retreating such as the common run of us expected. Done in the usual masterly manner; part after part wending off, Retzow standing minatory here, Möllendorf minatory there, in the softest quasi-rhythmic sequence; Cavalry all drawn-out between Belgern and Kreckwitz, baggage-wagons filing through the Pass of Drehsa;—not an Austrian meddling with it, less or more; Daun and his Austrians standing in their ring of five miles, gazing into it like stone statues; their regiments being still in a confused state,—and their Daun an extremely slow gentleman.[1]

And in this manner Friedrich, like a careless swimmer caught in the Mahlstrom, has not got swallowed in it; but has made such a buffeting of it, he is here out of it again, without bone broken,—not, we hope, without instruction from the adventure. He has lost 101 pieces of cannon, most of his tents and camp-furniture; and, what is more irreparable, above 8,000 of his brave people, 5,381 of them and 119 Officers (Keith and Moritz for two) either dead or captive. In men the Austrian loss, it seems, is not much lower, some say is rather a shade higher; by their own account, 325 Officers, 5,614 rank and file, killed and wounded,—not reckoning 1,000 prisoners they lost to us, and 'at least 2,000' who took that chance of deserting in the intricate dark woods.[2]

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 319-336; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 432-453; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 241-257: Archenholtz, etc. etc.

[2] Tempelhof, ii. 336; but see Kausler, p. 576.

Friedrich, all say, took his punishment in a wonderfully cheerful manner. De Catt the Reader, entering to him that evening as usual, the King advanced, in a tragic declamatory attitude; and gave him, with proper voice and gesture, an appropriate passage of Racine:

'Enfin après un an, tu me revois, Arbate,
Non plus comme autrefois cet heureux Mithridate,
Qui, de Rome toujours balançant le destin,
Tenait entre elle et moi l'univers incertain.
Je suis vaincu; Pompée a saisi l'avantage
D'une nuit qui laissait peu de place au courage;
Mes soldats presque nus, dans'— * *

Not a little to De Catt's comfort.[1] During the retreat itself, Retzow Junior had come, as Papa's Aide-de-camp, with a message to the King; found him on the heights of Klein Bautzen, watching the movements. Message done with, the King said, in a smiling tone, 'Daun has played me a slippery trick to-day!' 'I have seen it,' answered Retzow; 'but it is only a scratch, which your Majesty will soon manage to heal again.'—'*Glaubt Er dies*, Do you think so?' 'Not only I, but the whole Army firmly believe it of your Majesty.'—'You are quite right,' added the King, in a confidentially candid way: 'We will manage Daun. What I lament is, the number of brave men that have died this morning.'[2] On the morrow, he was heard to say publicly: 'Daun has let us out of check-mate; the game is not lost yet. We will rest ourselves here, a few days; then go for Silesia, and deliver Neisse.' The Anecdote-Books (perhaps not mythically) add this: 'Where are all your guns, though?' said the King to an Artilleryman, standing vacant on parade, next day. '*Ihro Majestät*, the Devil stole them all, last night!'—'Hm, well, we must have them back from him.'[3]

Nothing immoderately depressive in Hochkirch, it appears;—though, alas, on the fourth day after, there came a message from Baireuth; which did strike one down: 'My noble Wilhelmina dead; died in the very hours while we were fighting here!'[1] Readers must conceive it: coming unexpected more or less, black as sudden universal hurricane, on the heart of the man; a sorrow sacred, yet immeasurable, irremediable to him; as if the sky too were falling on his head, in aid of the mean earth and its ravenings:—of all this there can nothing be said at present. Friedrich's one relief seems to have been the necessity laid on him of perpetual battling with outward business;—we may fancy, in the rapid weeks following, how much was lying at all times in the background of his mind suppressed into its caves.

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[1] Rödenbeck, i. 354.
[2] Retzow, i. 359 *n.*
[3] Archenholtz, i. 299.

Daun, it appears, was considerably elated; spent a great deal of his time, so precious just at present, in writing despatches, in congratulating and being congratulated;—did an elaborate *Te-Deum*, or Ambrosian Song, in artillery, and *vox humana*,—which with the adjuncts, say splenetic people, as at Kolin, sensibly assisted Friedrich's affairs. Daun was by no means of braggart turn; but the recognition of his matchless achievement by the gazetteer public, whether in exultation or in lamentation, was loud and universal; and the joy, in Vienna and the cognate quarters, knew no bounds for the time being. Thus, among other tokens, the Holiness of our Lord the Pope, blessing Heaven for such success against the Heretic, was pleased to send him 'a Consecrated Hat and Sword,'—such as the old Popes were wont, very long ago, to bestow on distinguished Champions against the Heathen,—(much jeered at, and crowed over, by a profane Friedrich[2]): 'the effect of which miraculous furnishings,' says Tempelhof, 'turned out to be that the Feldmarschall never gained any success more';—in fact, except that small thing on Finck next Year, never any, as it chanced. Daun had withdrawn to his old camp, on the day of Hochkirch; leaving only a detachment on the field there: it was not for six or seven days more that he stept-out to the Kreckwitz and Purschwitz neighbourhood; more within sight of his vanquished enemy,—but nothing like vigilant enough of what might still be in him, after such vanquishing!—We must spare this Note, for the sake of a heroic kind of man, who had not too much of reward in the world:

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[1] On a common Business-Letter to Prince Henri, 'Doberschütz, 18th October 1758,' is this sudden bit of Autograph: '*Grand Dieu, ma Sœur de Bareith!*' —(Schöning, *Der siebenjährige Krieg, nach der Original-Correspondenz etc. aus den Staats-Archiven:* Potsdam, 1851: i. 287.)

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 122, 124, 126, etc. etc.: in *Preuss*, ii. 196, complete List of these poor Pieces; which are hearty, not hypocritical, in their contemptuous hilarity, but have little other merit.

'Tebay could not recover Keith's body: Croats had the plundering of Keith; other Austrians, not of Croat kind, carried the dead General into Hochkirch Church: Lacy's emotion on recognising him there,—like a tragic gleam of his own youth suddenly brought back to him, as in starlight, piercing and sad, from twenty-years distance,—is well known in Books. On the morrow, Sunday October 15th, Keith had honourable soldier's-burial there, — "twelve cannon" salvoing thrice, and "the whole Corps of Colloredo" with their muskets thrice; Lacy as chief mourner, not without tears. Four months after, by royal order, Keith's body was conveyed to Berlin; reinterred in Berlin, in a still more solemn public manner, with all the honours, all the regrets; and Keith sleeps now in the Garnison-Kirche:—far from bonnie Inverugie; the hoarse sea-winds and caverns of Dunottar singing vague requiem to his honourable line and him, in the imaginations of some few. "My Brother leaves me a noble legacy," said the old Lord Marischal: "last year he had Bohemia under ransom; and his personal estate is 70 ducats" (about 25*l.*).[1]

'In Hochkirch Church there is still, not in the Churchyard as formerly, a fine, modestly impressive Monument to Keith; modest Urn of black marble on a Pedestal of grey,—and, in gold letters, an Inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way: * * "DUM IN PRÆLIO NON PROCUL HINC INCLINATAM SUORUM ACIEM MENTE MANU VOCE ET EXEMPLO RESTITUEBAT PUGNANS UT HEROAS DECET OCCUBUIT. D. XIV. OCTOBRIS" These words go through you like the clang of steel.[2] Friedrich's sorrow over him ("tears," high eulogies, "*loua extrêmement*") is itself a monument. Twenty years after, Keith had from his Master a Statue, in Berlin. One of Four; to the Four most deserving: Schwerin (1771), Winterfeld (1777), Seidlitz (1778), Keith (when?),[1]—which still stand in the Wilhelm Platz there.

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[1] Varnhagen, p. 261.

[2] In *Rödenbeck*, i. 149. Given also (very nearly correct) in *Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith* (London, 1849), i. 151. This is the junior of the two Diplomatic Roberts, genealogical cousins of Keith; by this one (in 1771, not 1776 as German Guide-books have it) the Hochkirch Monument was set up. A very interesting Collection of *Letters*, those of his;—edited with the usual darkness, or rather more.

'Hochkirch Church has been rebuilt in late years: a spacious airy Church, with galleries, and requisites, especially with free air, light and cleanliness. Capable perhaps of 1,500 sitters: half of them Wends. "Above 700 skeletons, in one heap, were dug out, in cutting the new foundations." The strong outer Door of the old Church, red oak, I should think, is still retained in that capacity; still shows perhaps half-a dozen rough big quasi-*keyholes*, torn through it in different parts, and daylight shining in, where the old bullets passed. The Keith Monument, perhaps four feet high, is on the flagged floor, left side of the pulpit, close by the wall,—"the bench where Keith's body lay has had to be cased in new plank" (zinc would be better) "against the knives of tourists."'

Old Lord Marischal,—George, '*Maréchal d'Ecosse*' as he always signs himself,—was by this time seventy-two; King's Governor of Neufchâtel, for a good while past and to come (1754-1763). In 'James,' the junior, but much the stronger and more solid, he has lost, as it were, a *father* and younger brother at once; father, under beautiful conditions; and the tears of the old man are natural and affecting. Ten years older than his Brother; and survived him still twenty years. An excellent cheery old soul, he too; honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gaiety, and 'pleasant wit,' in him: what a treasure to Friedrich at Potsdam, in the coming years; and how much loved by him (almost as one *boy* loves another), all readers would be surprised to discover. Some hints of him will perhaps be allowed us farther on.

Sequel of Hochkirch; the Campaign ends in a Way surprising to an attentive Public (22d October—20th November 1758)

There followed upon Hochkirch five weeks of rapid events; such as nobody had been calculating on. To the reader, so weary of marchings, manœuvrings, surprisals, campings and details of war, not many words, we hope, may render these results conceivable.

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[1] Nicolai (*Beschreibung der Residenzstädte*, i. 193, 194) gives these dates for the Three, and for Keith's no date.

Friedrich stayed ten days, refitting himself, in that Camp of Klein Bautzen, on one of the branches of the Spree. Daun, who had retired to his old strong place, on the 14th, scarcely occupying Hochkirch Field at all, came out in about a week; and took a strong post near Friedrich; not attempting anything upon him, but watching him, now better within sight. Friedrich's fixed intention is, to march to Neisse all the same; what probably Daun, under the shadow of his laurels and his new Papal Hat, may not have considered possible, with the road to Neisse blocked by 80,000 men. Friedrich has refitted himself with the requisite new cannon and furnitures, from Dresden; especially with Prince Henri and 6,000 foot and horse,—led by Prince Henri in person; so Prince Henri would have it, the capricious little man; and that Finck should be left in Saxony instead of him. All which weakens Saxony not a little. But Friedrich hopes the Reichs Army is a feeble article; ill-off for provision in those parts, and not likely to attempt very much on the sudden. Accordingly:

Friedrich marches, enigmatically, not on Glogau, but on Reichenbach and Görlitz; to Daun's Astonishment

Sunday Evening October 22d, Convoy of many wagons quits Bautzen (Bautzen Proper, not the Village, but the Town), laden with all the wounded of Hochkirch; above 3,000 by count, to carry them to Dresden for deliberate surgery. Keith's Tebay, I perceive, is in this Convoy; not ill hurt, but willing to lie in Hospital a little, and consider. These poor fellows cannot get to Dresden: on the second day, a Daun Detachment, hussaring about in those parts, is announced ahead; and (by new order from headquarters) the Convoy turns northwards for Hoyerswerda,—(to Tebay's disgust with the Commandant; 'shied off,' says Tebay, 'for twelve hussars!' [1])—and, I think, in the end, went on to Glogau instead of Dresden. Which was very fortunate for Tebay and the others. The poor wounded being thus disposed of, Friedrich next night, at 10 o'clock, Monday 23d, in the softest manner, pushes-off his Bakery and Army Stores a little way, northward down the Spree Valley, on the western fork of the Spree (fork farthest from Daun); follows, himself, with the rest of the Army, next evening, down the eastern fork, also northward. 'Going for Glogau,' thinks Daun, when the hussars report about it (late on Tuesday night): 'Let him go, if he fancy that a road *to* Neisse! But, indeed, what other shift has he,' considers Daun, 'but to try rallying at Glogau yonder, safe under the guns?'—and is not in the slightest haste about this new matter.[1]

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[1] Second *Letter* from Tebay, in Mitchell, *ubi suprà.*

United with his baggage-column, Friedrich proceeds north-eastward; crosses Spree still northward or north-eastward; encamps there, in the dark hours of Tuesday; no Daun heeding him. Before daylight, however, Friedrich is again on foot; in several columns now, for the bad country-roads ahead;—and has struck straight *south*-eastward, if Daun were noting him. And, in the afternoon of Wednesday, Daun is astonished to learn that this wily Enemy is arrived in Reichenbach vicinity; sweeping-in our poor posts thereabouts; immovably astride of the Silesian Highway, after all! An astonished Daun hastens out, what he can, to take survey of the sudden Phenomenon. Tries it, next day and next, with his best Loudons and appliances; finds that this Phenomenon can actually march to Neisse ahead of him, indifferent to Pandours, or giving them as good as they bring;—and that nothing but a battle and beating (could we rashly dream of such a thing, which we cannot) will prevent it. 'Very well, then!' Daun strives to say. And lets the Phenomenon march (*from* Görlitz, *October* 30*th*); Loudon harassing the rear of it, for some days; not without counter harassment, much waste of cannonading, and ruin to several poor Lausitz Villages by fire,—'Prussians scandalously burn them, when we attack!' says Loudon. Till, at last, finding this march impregnably arranged, 'split into two routes,' and ready for all chances, Loudon also withdraws to more promising business. Poor General Retzow Senior was of this march; absolutely could not be excused, though fallen ill of dysentery, like to die;—and did die, the day after he got to Schweidnitz, when the difficulties and excitement were over.[2]

Of Friedrich's march, onward from Görlitz, we shall say nothing farther, except that the very wind of it was salvatory to his Silesian Fortresses and interests. That at Neisse, on and after November 1st,—which is the third or second day of Friedrich's march,—General Treskow, Commandant of Neisse, found the bombardment slacken more and more ('King of Prussia coming,' said the Austrian deserters to us); and that, on November 6th, Treskow, looking out from Neisse, found the Austrian trenches empty, Generals Harsch and Deville hurrying over the Hills homewards,—pickings to be had of them by Treskow,—and Neisse Siege a thing finished.[1] It had lasted, in the way of blockade and half-blockade, for about three months; Deville, for near one month, half-blockading, then Harsch (since September 30th) wholly blockading, with Deville under him, and an army of 20,000; though the actual cannonade, very fierce, but of no effect, could not begin till little more than a week ago,—so difficult the getting-up of siege-material in those parts. Kosel, under Commandant Lattorf, whose praises, like Treskow's, were great,—had stood four months of Pandour blockading and assaulting, which also had to take itself away on advent of Friedrich. Of Friedrich, on his return-journey, we shall hear again before long; but in the mean while must industriously follow Daun.

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[1] Tempelhof, ii. 341-347.

[2] Retzow, i. 372.

Feldmarschall Daun and the Reichs Army try some Siege of Dresden (9th-16th November)

October 30th, Daun, seeing Neisse Siege as good as gone to water, decided with himself that he could still do a far more important stroke: capture Dresden, get hold of Saxony in Friedrich's absence. Daun turned round from Reichenbach, accordingly; and, at his slow-footed pace, addressed himself to that new errand. Had he made better despatch, or even been in better luck, it is very possible he might have done something there. In Dresden, and in Governor Schmettau with his small garrison, there is no strength for a siege; in Saxony is nothing but some poor remnant under Finck, much of it Free-corps and light people: capable of being swallowed by the Reichs Army itself,—were the Reichs Army enterprising, or in good circumstances otherwise. It is true the Russians have quitted Colberg as impossible; and are flowing homewards dragged by hunger: the little Dohna Army will, therefore, march for Saxony; the little Anti-Swedish Army, under Wedell, has likewise been mostly ordered thither; both at their quickest. For Daun, all turns on despatch; loiter a little, and Friedrich himself will be here again!

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[1] *Tagebuch*, etc. ('Diary of the Siege of Neisse,' 4th August,—26th October,—6th November 1758, '1 A.M. suddenly'), in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 468-472: of Treskow's own writing; brief and clear. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268-270.

Daun, I have no doubt, stirred his slow feet the fastest he could. *November 7th*, Daun was in the neighbourhood of Pirna Country again, had his Bridge at Pirna, for communication; urged the Reichs Army to bestir itself, Now or never. Reichs Army did push-out a little against Finck; made him leave that perpetual Camp of Gahmig, take new camps, Kesselsdorf and elsewhere; and at length made him shoot across Elbe, to the north-west, on a pontoon bridge below Dresden, with retreating room to northward, and shelter under the guns of that City. Reichs Army has likewise made powerful detachments for capture of Leipzig and the north-western towns; capture of Torgau, the Magazine town, first of all: summon them, with force evidently overpowering, 'Free-withdrawal, if you don't resist; and if you do—!'—At Torgau there was actual attempt made (November 12th), rather elaborate and dangerous-looking; under Haddick, with near 10,000 of the 'Austrian-auxiliary' sort: to whom the old Commandant,—judging Wedell, the late Anti-Swedish Wedell, to be now near,—rushed out with '300 men and one big gun'; and made such a firing and gesticulation as was quite extraordinary, as if Wedell were here already: till Wedell's self did come in sight; and the overpowering Reichs Detachment made its best speed elsewhither.[1] The other Sieges remained things of theory; the other Reichs Detachments hurried home, I think, without summoning anybody.

Meanwhile, Daun, with the proper Artilleries at last ready, comes flowing forward (*November 8th-9th*); and takes post in the Great Garden, or south side of Dresden; minatory to Schmettau and that City. The walls, or works, are weak; outside there is nothing but Mayer and the Free-corps to resist,—who indeed has surpassed himself this season, and been extraordinarily diligent upon that lazy Reichs Army. Commandant Schmettau signifies to Daun, the day Daun came in sight, 'If your Excellenz advance farther on me, the grim Rules of War in besieged places will order That I burn the Suburbs, which are your defences in attacking me,'—and actually fills the fine houses on the Southern Suburb with combustible matter, making due announcements, to Court and population, as well as to Daun. 'Burn the Suburbs?' answers Daun: 'In the name of civilised humanity, you will never think of such thing!'

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[1] Tempelhof, etc.; 'Letter from a Prussian Officer,' in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 286.

'That will I, your Excellenz, of a surety, and do it!' answers Schmettau. So that Dresden is full of pity, terror and speculation. The common rumour is, says Excellency Mitchell, who is sojourning there for the present, 'That Brühl' (nefarious Brühl, born to be the death of us!) 'has persuaded Polish Majesty to sanction this enterprise of Daun's,'—very careless, Brühl, what become of Dresden or us, so the King of Prussia be well hurt or spited!

Certain enough, *November 9th,* Daun does come-on, regardless of Schmettau's assurances; so that, 'about midnight,' Mayer, who 'can hear the enemy busily building four big batteries' withal, has to report himself driven to the edge of those high Houses (which are filled with combustibles), and that some Croats are got into the upper windows. 'Burn them, then!' answers Schmettau (such the dire necessity of sieged places): and, 'at 3 A.M.' (three-hours notice to the poor inmates), Mayer does so; hideous flames bursting-out, punctually at the stroke of 3: 'whole Suburb seemed on blaze' (about a sixth part of it actually so), 'nay, you would have said the whole Town was environed in flames.' Excellency Mitchell climbed a steeple: 'will not describe to your Lordship the horror, the terror and confusion of this night; wretched inhabitants running with their furniture' (what of it they had got flung-out, between 12 o'clock and 3) 'towards the Great Garden; all Dresden, to appearance, girt in flames, ruins and smoke.' Such a night in Dresden, especially in the Pirna Suburb, as was never seen before.[1] This was the sad beginning, or attempt at beginning, of Dresden Siege; and this also was the end of it, on Daun's part at present. For four days more, he hung about the place, minatory, hesitative; but attempted nothing feasible; and on the fifth day,—'for a certain weighty reason,' as the Austrian Gazettes express it,—he saw good to vanish into the Pirna Rock-Country, and be out of harm's way in the mean while!

The truth is, Daun's was an intricate case just now; needing, above all things, swiftness of treatment; what, of all things, it could not get from Daun. His denunciations on that burnt Suburb were again loud; but Schmettau continues deaf to all that,—means 'to defend himself by the known rules of war and of honour'; declares, he 'will dispute from street to street, and only finish in the middle of Polish Majesty's Royal Palace.' Denunciation will do nothing!

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[1] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, i. 459. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 295-302) minute account (corresponding well with Mitchell's); *ib.* 303-33, the certified details of the damage done: '280 houses lost'; '4 human lives.'

Daun had above 100,000 men in those parts. Rushing forward with sharp shot and bayonet storm, instead of logical denunciation, it is probable Daun might have settled his Schmettau. But the hour of tide was rigorous, withal;—and such an ebb, if you missed it in hesitating! *November 15th*, Daun withdrew; the ebbing come. That same day, Friedrich was at Lauban in the Lausitz, within a hundred miles again; speeding hitherward; behind him a Silesia brushed clear, before him a Saxony to be brushed. 'Reason weighty' enough, think Daun and the Austrian Gazettes! But such, since you have missed the tide-hour, is the inexorable fact of ebb,—going at that frightful rate. Daun never was the man to dispute facts.

November 20th, Friedrich arrived in Dresden; heard, next day, that Daun had wheeled decisively homeward from Pirna Country; that the Reichs Army and he are diligently climbing the Metal Mountains; and that there is not in Saxony, more than in Silesia, an enemy left. What a Sequel to Hochkirch! 'Neisse and Dresden both!' we had hoped as sequel, if lucky: 'Neisse *or* Dresden' seemed infallible. And we are climbing the Metal Mountains, under facts superior to us.

And Campaign Third has closed in this manner;—leaving things much as it found them. Essentially a drawn match; Contending Parties little altered in relative strength;—both of them, it may be presumed, considerably weaker. Friedrich is not triumphant, or shining in the light of bonfires, as last Year; but, in the mind of judges, stands higher than ever (if that could help him much);—and is not 'annihilated' in the least, which is the surprising circumstance.

Friedrich's marches, especially, have been wonderful, this Year. In the spring time, old Maréchal de Belleisle, French Minister of War, consulting officially about future operations, heard it objected once: 'But if the King of Prussia were to burst-in upon us there?' 'The King of Prussia is a great soldier,' answered M. de Belleisle; 'but his Army, is not a shuttle (*navette*),'—to be shot about, in that way, from side to side of the world! No surely; not altogether. But the King of Prussia has, among other arts, an art of marching Armies, which by degrees astonishes the old Maréchal. To 'come upon us *en navette*,' suddenly 'like a shuttle' from the other side of the web, became an established phrase among the French concerned in these unfortunate matters.[1]

'The Pitt-and-Ferdinand Campaign of 1758,' says a Note, which I would fain abridge, 'is more palpably victorious than Friedrich's, much more an affair of bonfires than his; though it too has had its rubs. Loss of honour at Crefeld; loss of Louisburg and Cod-fishery: these are serious blows our enemy has had. But then, to temper the joy over Louisburg, there was, at Ticonderago, by Abercromby, on the small scale (all the extent of scale he had), a melancholy Platitude committed: that of walking into an enemy without the least reconnoitering of him, who proves to be chin-deep in abatis and field-works; and kills, much at his ease, about 2,000 brave fellows, brought 5,000 miles for that object. And obliges you to walk away on the instant, and quit Ticonderago, like a—surely like a very tragic Dignitary in Cocked-hat! To be cashiered, we will hope; at least to be laid on the shelf, and replaced by some Wolfe or some Amherst, fitter for the business! Nor were the Descents on the French Coast much to speak of: "Great Guns got at Cherbourg," these truly, as exhibited in Hyde-Park, were a comfortable sight, especially to the simpler sort: but on the other hand, at Morlaix, on the part of poor old General Bligh and Company, there had been a Platitude equal or superior to that of Abercromby, though not so tragical in loss of men. "What of that?" said an enthusiastic Public, striking their balance, and joyfully illuminating.—Here is a Clipping from Ohio Country, "*Letter* of an Officer" (distilled essence of Two Letters), "dated, *Fort-Duquesne, 28th November* 1758:

'"Our small Corps under General Forbes, after much sore scrambling through the Wildernesses, and contending with enemies wild and tame, is, since the last four days, in possession of Fort Duquesne" (*Pittsburg* henceforth): "Friday 24th, the French garrison, on our appearance, made-off without fighting; took to boats down the Ohio, and vanished out of those Countries,"—forever and a day, we will hope. "Their Louisiana-Canada communication is lost; and all that prodigious tract of rich country,"—which Mr. Washington fixed upon long ago, is ours again, if we can turn it to use. "This day a detachment of us goes to Braddock's field of battle" (poor Braddock!), "to bury the bones of our slaughtered countrymen; many of whom the French butchered in cold blood, and, to their own eternal shame and infamy, have left lying above ground ever since. As indeed they have done with all those slain round the Fort in late weeks";—calling themselves a civilised Nation too!'[1]

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 316; Montalembert, *sæpius*, for the phrase '*en navette*.'

Lower Rhine, July—November 1758. 'Ferdinand's manœuvres, after Crefeld, on the France-ward side of Rhine, were very pretty: but, without Wesel, and *versus* a Belleisle as War-Minister, and a Contades who was something of a General, it would not do. Belleisle made uncommon exertions, diligent to get his broken people drilled again; Contades was wary, and counter-manœuvred rather well. Finally, Soubise' (readers recollect him and his 24 or 30,000, who stood in Frankfurt Country, on the hither or north side of Rhine), famed Rossbach Soubise,—'pushing-out, at Belleisle's bidding, towards Hanover, in a region vacant otherwise of troops,—became dangerous to Ferdinand. "Making for Hanover?" thought Ferdinand: "Or perhaps meaning to attack my 12,000 English that are just landed? Nay, perhaps my Rhine-Bridge itself, and the small Party left there?" Ferdinand found he would have to return, and look after Soubise. Crossed, accordingly (August 8th), by his old Bridge at Rees,—which he found safe, in spite of attempts there had been;[2]—and never recrossed during this War. Judges even say his first crossing had never much solidity of outlook in it; and though so delightful to the public, was his questionablest step.

'On the 12,000 English, Soubise had attempted nothing. Ferdinand joined his English at Soest (August 20th); to their great joy and his;[3] 10 or 12,000 as a first instalment:—Grand-looking fellows, said the Germans. And did you ever see such horses, such splendour of equipment, regardless of expense? Not to mention those *Bergschotten* (Scotch Highlanders), with their bagpipes, sporrans, kilts, and exotic costumes and ways; astonishing to the German mind.[4] Out of all whom

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[1] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 41, 39).

[2] 'Fight of Meer' (Chevert, with 10,000, beaten off, and the Bridge saved, by Imhof, with 3,000;—both clever soldiers; Imhof in better luck, and favoured by the ground: '5th August 1758'): *Mauvillon*, i. 315.

[3] Duke of Marlborough's heavy-laden *Letter* to Pitt, 'Koesfeld, August 15th': 'Nothing but rains and uncertainties'; 'marching, latterly, up to our middles in water'; have come from Embden, straight south towards Wesel Country, almost 150 miles (Soest still a good sixty miles to south-east of us). *Chatham Correspondence* (London, 1838), i. 334, 337. The poor Duke died in two months hence; and the command devolved on Lord George Sackville, as is too well known.

[4] Romantic view of the *Bergschotten* (2,000 of them, led by the Junior of the

(*Bergschotten* included), Ferdinand, by management,—and management was needed,— got a great deal of first-rate fighting, in the next Four Years.

'Nor, in regard to Hanover, could Soubise make anything of it; though he did (owing to a couple of stupid fellows, General Prince von Ysenburg and General Oberg, detached by Ferdinand on that service) escape the lively treatment Ferdinand had prepared for him; and even gave a kind of Beating to each of those stupid fellows,[1]—one of which, Oberg's one, might have ruined Oberg and his Detachment altogether, had Soubise been alert, which he by no means was! "Paris made such jeering about Rossbach and the Prince de Soubise," says Voltaire,[2] "and nobody said a word about these two Victories of his, next Year!" For which there might be two reasons: one, according to Tempelhof, that "the Victories were of the so-so kind (*sie waren auch darnach*)"; and another, that they were ascribed to Broglio, on both occasions,—how justly, nobody will now argue!

'Contades had not failed, in the mean while, to follow with the main Army; and was now elaborately manœuvring about; intent to have Lippstadt, or some Fortress in those Rhine-Weser Countries. On the tail of that second so-so Victory by Soubise, Contades thought, Now would be the chance. And did try hard, but without effect. Ferdinand was himself attending Contades; and mistakes were not likely. Ferdinand, in the thick of the game (October 21st-30th), "made a masterly movement"—that is to say, cut Contades and his Soubise irretrievably asunder: no junction now possible to them; the weaker of them liable to ruin,—unless Contades, the stronger, would give battle; which, though greatly outnumbering Ferdinand, he was cautious not to do. A melancholic cautious man, apt to be overcautious,—nicknamed "*L'Apothécaire*" by the Parisians, from his down looks,—but had good soldier qualities withal. Soubise and he haggled about, a short while,—

Robert Keiths above mentioned, who is a soldier as yet), in *Archenholtz*, i. 351-353: *ib.* and in *Preuss*, ii. 136, of the 'uniforms with gold and silver lace,' of the superb horses, 'one regiment all roan horses, another all black, another all' etc.

[1] 1°. 'Fight of Sandershausen' (Broglio, as Soubise's vanguard, 12,000; *versus* Ysenburg, 7,000 who stupidly would not withdraw *till* beaten: '23d July 1758,' *before* Ferdinand had come across again). 2°. Fight of Lutternberg (Soubise, 30,000: *versus* Oberg, about 18,000, who stupidly hung-back till Soubise was all gathered, and *then* etc., still more stupidly: '10th October 1758'). See *Mauvillon*, i. 312 (or better, *Archenholtz*, i. 345); and *Mauvillon*, i. 327. Both Lutternberg and Sandershausen are in the neighbourhood of Cassel;—as many of those Ferdinand fights were.

[2] *Histoire de Louis XV.*

not a long, in these dangerous circumstances; and then had to go home again, without result, each the way he came; Contades himself repassing through Wesel, and wintering on his own side of the Rhine.'

How Pitt is succeeding, and aiming to succeed, on the French Foreign Settlements: on the Guinea Coast, on the High Seas everywhere; in the West Indies; still more in the East,—where General Lally (that fiery O'Mul*lally*, famous since Fontenoy), missioned with 'full-powers,' as they call them, is raging up and down, about Madras and neighbourhood, in a violent, impetuous, more and more bankrupt manner:—Of all this we can say nothing for the present, little at any time. Here are two facts of the financial sort, sufficiently illuminative. The much-expending, much-subsidying Government of France cannot now borrow, except at 7 per cent. Interest; and the rate of Marine Insurance has risen to 70 per cent.[1] One way and other, here is a Pitt clearly progressive; and a long-pending *Jenkins's-Ear Question* in a fair way to be settled!—

Friedrich stays in Saxony about a month, inspecting and adjusting; thence to Breslau, for Winter-quarters. His Winter is like to be a sad and silent one, this time; with none of the gaieties of last Year; the royal heart heavy enough with many private sorrows, were there none of public at all! This is a word from him, two days after finishing Daun for the season:

Friedrich to Mylord Marischal (at Colombier in Neufchâtel)

'Dresden, 23d November 1758.

'There is nothing left for us, *mon cher Mylord*, but to mingle and blend our weeping for the losses we have had. If my head were a fountain of tears, it would not suffice for the grief I feel.

'Our Campaign is over; and there has nothing come of it, on one side or the other, but the loss of a great many worthy people, the misery of a great many poor soldiers crippled forever, the ruin of some Provinces, the ravage, pillage and conflagration of some flourishing Towns. Exploits these which make humanity shudder: sad fruits of the wickedness and ambition of certain People in Power, who sacrifice everything to their unbridled passions! I wish you, *mon cher Mylord,* nothing that has the least resemblance to my destiny; and everything that is wanting to it.' 'Your old friend, till death.'— F.[1]

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[1] Retzow, ii. 5.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 273.

END OF VOL. VI.

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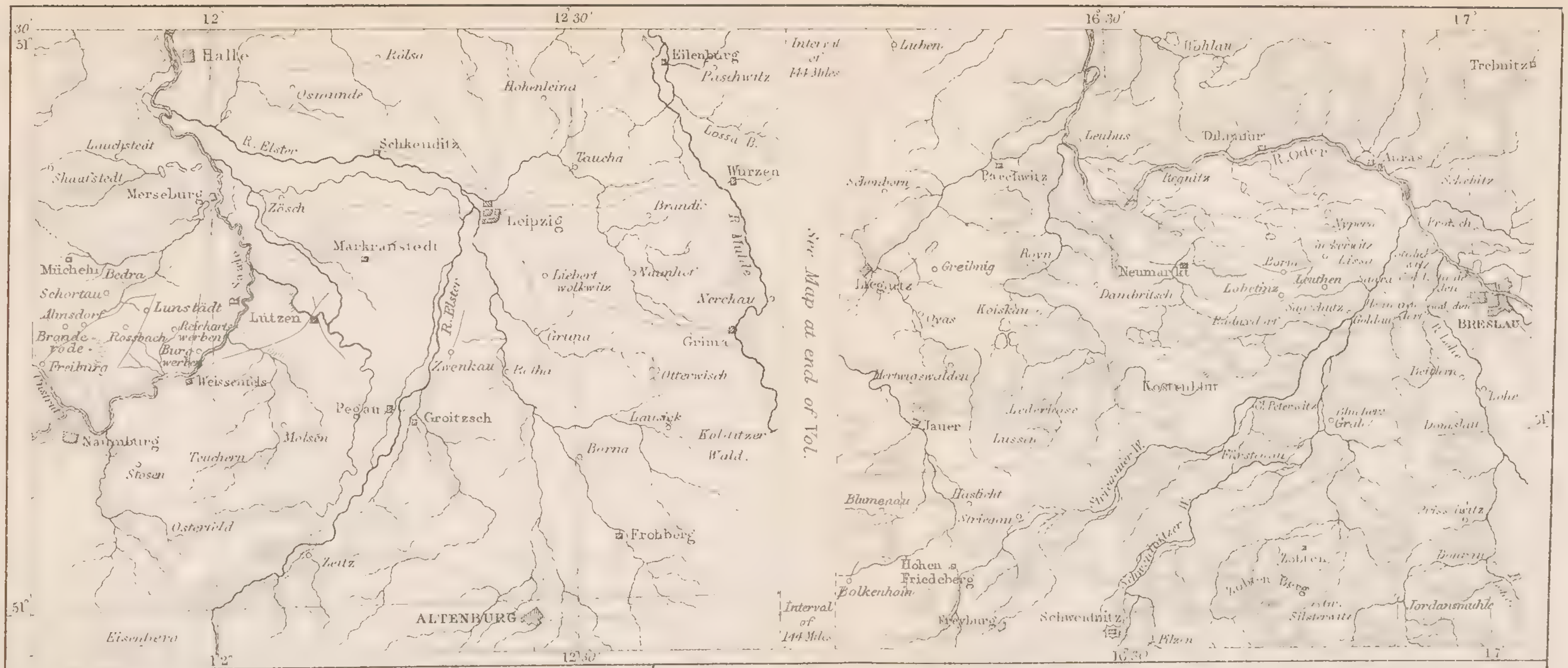
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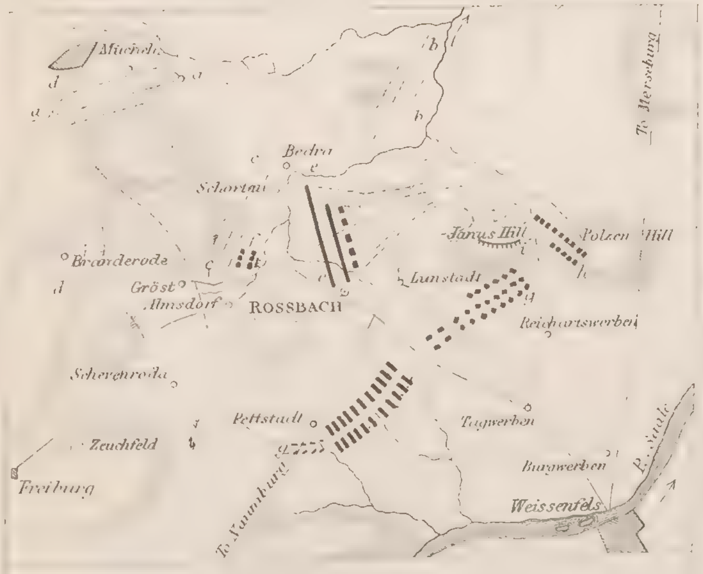
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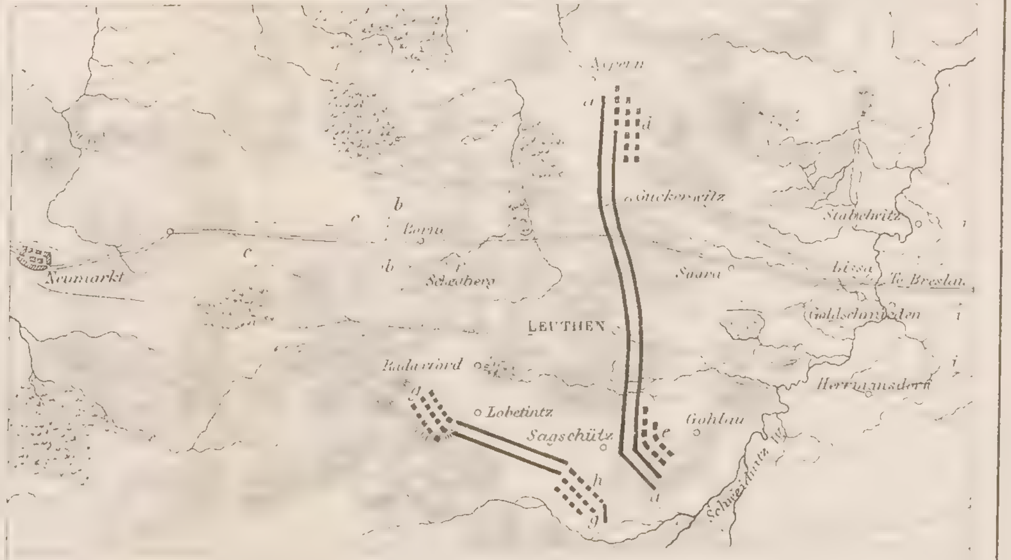
Pettstadt
Zeuchfeld
Tagwerben
Burgwerben
Weissenfels
Freiburg
To Merseburg
To Naumburg
R. Saale

BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

5TH NOVEMBER 1757.

a. a. *First position of Combined Army.*
b. b. *First position of Prussian Camp.*
c. c. *Advance of Prussian Army.*
d. d. *Second position of Combined Army.*
e. e. *Prussians retire to Rossbach.*
f. *French Cavalry, under St Germain.*
g. g. *March of Combind Army to attack Prussian rear.*
h. *Prussian attack led by Seidlitz.*
i. *Position of Prussian Guns.*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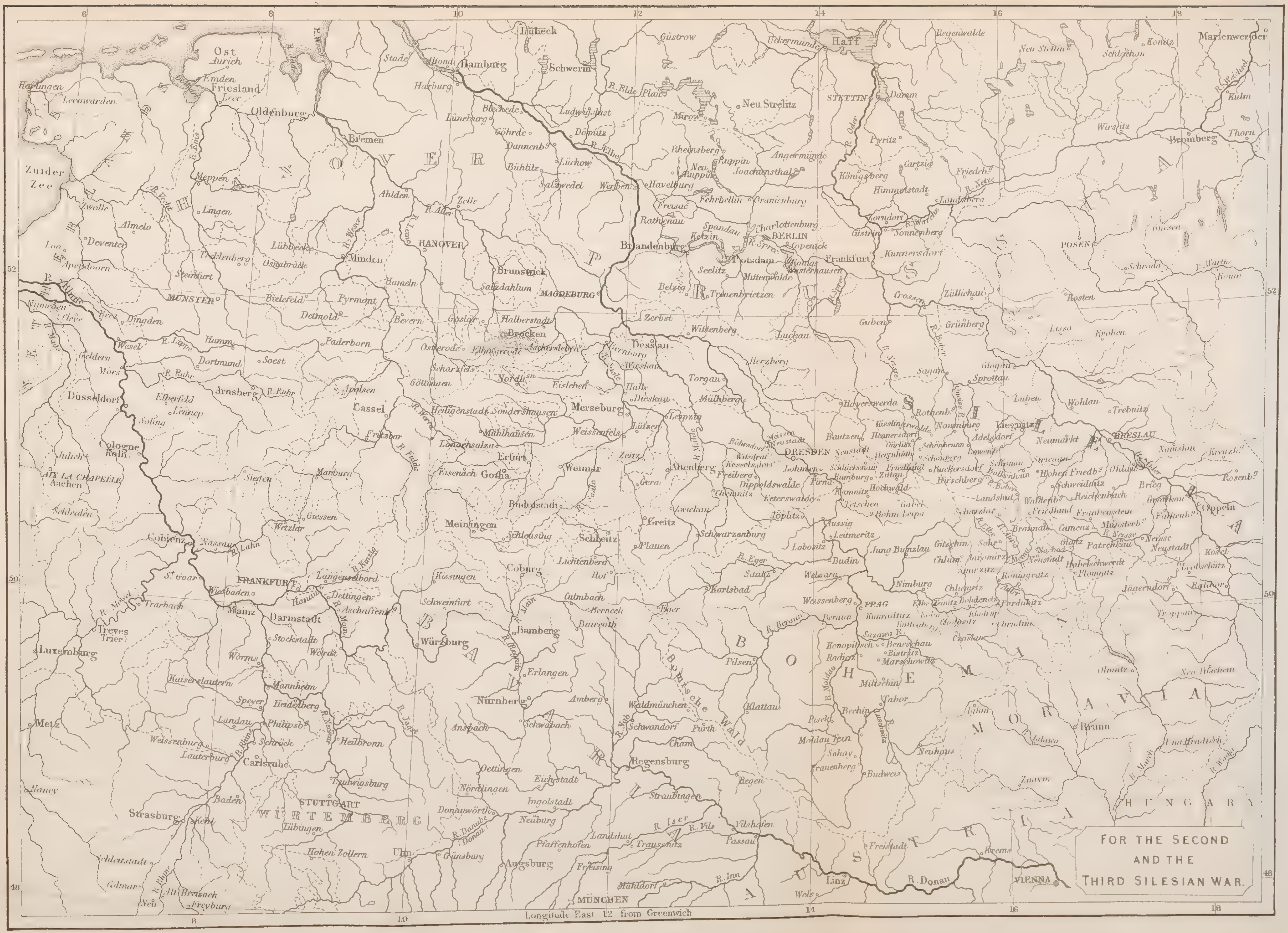
Sagschütz
Gohlau
Goldschmieden
Herrmannsdorf
Schweidnitz

BATTLE OF LEUTHEN.

5TH DECEMBER 1757.

a. a. *Austrian Army.*
b. b. *Position of Saxon Forepost, under Nostitz.*
c. c. *Advance of Prussian Army.*
d. *Lucchesi's Cavalry, reinforced by Daun.*
e. *Left wing, under Nadasti.*
f. *Friedrich's hill of observation.*
g. g. *Prussian Army about to attack.*
h. *Ziethen's Cavalry.*
i. i. i. *Retreat of Austrians.*



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